

☆ ☆ ☆

THE CHURCH·MISSIONARY CLEANER



HE · THAT · REAPETH
RECEIVETH · WAGES
AND
GATHERETH · FRUIT
UNTO · LIFE · ETERNAL

VOLUME
VII
1880.



"And they took up of the
fragments that remained twelve
baskets full."—St. Matt. xiv. 20.

*And Ruth said, Let me now go to the field, and glean.
And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field.*

RUTH ii. 2, 3.

LONDON: SEELEY, JACKSON, & HALLIDAY, 54, FLEET STREET, E.C.
CHURCH MISSIONARY HOUSE, SALISBURY SQUARE.



INDEX OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

AFRICA.		Page
Yoruba :—		
Sunday School Teachers at Breadfruit Church, Lagos	79	
The Ek-que-nc-o-ah-toh-meh (Human Sacrifices) of the Hwae-nooee- wha (Annual Festival) in Dahomey	134	
Portrait of Sarah Forbes Bonetta (Mrs. Davies)	135	
Niger :—		
Five Scenes on the River Niger	19	
Kano, the great Commercial Town of the Sokoto Country	62	
Nyanza :—		
The Tribes on the Upper Nile : Funeral Dance of the Latookas.....	2	
A Latooka Chief	3	
Wife of Latooka Chief	3	
Obbo War Dance.....	22	
Chief of Ellyria	22	
The Murchison Falls on the Upper Nile	35	
Unyoro—Sir S. Baker on the Road to Mruli in 1864	43	
Unyoro—Sir S. Baker and the Chiefs, 1864	43	
King and Chiefs in Uganda in 1862	63	
Drinking Pombé in Uganda.....	63	
Presentation of King Mtesa's Envoys to the Queen	90	
PALESTINE.		
Goza	46	
Parsonage at Mejedel	131	
Building used as a Chapel and School at Mejedel	131	
Portrait of Bishop Gobat	138	
PERSIA.		
Persian and Armenian Women (four Illustrations)	139	
INDIA.		
North India :—		
The Santal Mission : A Group at Taljhari, November, 1878.....	10	
Group of Santals and Paharis.....	50	
Three Young Widows of Agarparah	59	
The Zahur Bahah Church Mission House, Lucknow	123	
Punjab and Sindh :—		
Famine Orphans Learning to Sew in Front of the Rev. T. R. Wade's Bungalow, Kashmir	43	
Missionaries and Native Christians at Batala, Punjab	47	
Deserted Palace at Batala, now used as a Mission House and Board- ing School	47	
Building used as a Boys' School at Bannu, on the Afghan Frontier	106	
Yahiyah, a Christian Convert from Cabul	123	
The Late Rev. G. M. Gordon	126	
Kandahar—The Principal Bazaar and the Citadel	127	
Western India :—		
Nasik : Temples on the Godavery River	107	
South India :—		
The Bishop of Madras, and Bishops Caldwell and Sargent	66	
The Noble High School, Masulipatam	74	
Missionary Graves in the Churchyard, Masulipatam.....	75	

CEYLON.

Devil-Dancer's Mask, Ceylon
Devil-Dancers, Ceylon
Ceylon—Starting on a Seventy Miles' Journey

CHINA.

Portraits of the Rev. Dzing Ts-Sing and Bishop Russell
The Fiery Furnace (Chinese Sketch).....
Daniel in the Lions' Den (Chinese Sketch)
Naaman in the Jordan (Chinese Sketch)
The Good Samaritan (Chinese Sketch)
A Group at the Ku-Cheng Ordination, May, 1880
Ming-Ang-Teng, on the River Min, below Fuh-Chow

JAPAN.

A Japanese Home
Japanese Ladies
Kobe, before and after the Typhoon of 1871
Japanese Curiosity Shop
Kioto, the Sacred Capital of Japan
A Fire in Japan
Bird's-eye View of the Kiyomidzu Temple (Japanese Sketch)
Modern Japanese Policeman and Soldier
State Reception by the Mikado
Japanese Peasant and Wife
Roadside Shrine in Japan
Japanese Postman (before 1870)
Japanese Waitress
A Meal of Rice and Fish
Japanese Mode of Sleeping
Female Costumes
Japanese Musicians (three Illustrations)
Japanese Kago (three Illustrations)
The First Railway in Japan (Japanese Sketch)
Mount Fuji (Japanese Sketch)
The Japanese Drawn by Themselves (seven Illustrations)
Iwakura and the Ladies of the Japanese Embassy.....
The Japanese Christians at Tokio
Views in Japan (six Illustrations).....

NORTH-WEST AMERICA.

Fac-Simile of Picture used by Roman Catholics among Red Indians.....
Esquimaux Huts on Little Whale River
Red Indian Medicine Man

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Mohammedan Mosque in Turkestan, Central Asia
Portrait of the late Rev. Henry Venn
Portrait of the late Rev. H. Wright
Acrostic—Henry Wright.....
Coniston Lake (where the Rev. H. Wright was drowned)

MAPS.

Part of Central Africa	34
Map of Japan	110

INDEX OF ARTICLES.

YORUBA.		Page
The Story of King Gezo's Gift to Queen Victoria. (With Two Illustrations)	134	
Okusende's Two Bags	135	
NIGER.		
How the Twins were Saved. A True Story from Onitsha	17	
Scenes on the Niger. (With Illustrations)	18	
More Good News from Bonny.....	29	
A Gift of Ten Thousand Bricks	56	
Two Evenings at the Royal Geographical Society. (With Illustrations)...	62	
EAST AFRICA.		
Frere Town. Letter from Mr. J. R. Streeter	81	
A School Examination at Frere Town. Letter from Mr. J. W. Handford...	128	
NYANZA.		
Up the Nile to Uganda. Journal of Mr. R. W. Felkin. (With Illustrations)	2, 22, 34, 43	
The French Priests in Uganda.	33	
Two Evenings at the Royal Geographical Society. (With Illustrations)...	62	
News from Uganda.....	73	
The Presentation of King Mtesa's Envoys to the Queen. (With Illustration)	91	
PALESTINE.		
Dr. Koelle and the Turkish Government	24	
Gaza. (With Illustration)	46	
An Afternoon Ride to Mejdell. (With Illustrations)	131	
Bishop Gobat. (With Portrait).....	138	
PERSIA.		
Our Persia Mission. (With Illustrations)	139	
PUNJAB AND SINDH.		
The Kashmir Famine and the C.M.S. Mission. By Mrs. W. H. Duncan ...	41	
Pictures from Batala. (With Illustrations)	46	
The Peshawar Memorial Church of the Afghan Mission. Letter from the Rev. T. P. Hughes	84	
Some Illustrations of Native Christianity in the Punjab. From the Rev. R. Bateman's Report.....	93	
The Barber of Batala. By A. L. O. E.	104	
Work Amongst Women on the Afghan Frontier. (With Illustration.) By Mrs. Mayer	106	
Converts from Cabul. Letter from the Rev. T. P. Hughes. (With Illustration).....	123	
The late Rev. G. M. Gordon. (With Portrait and Illustration).....	126	
WESTERN INDIA.		
Our Work in Western India. (With Illustration).....	107	
NORTH INDIA.		
A Group at Taljhari. (With Illustration)	10	
Santals and Paharis. (With Illustration)	50	
A Story of Three Young Widows. (With Illustration.) By Miss Neele ...	59	
The Old Patriarch, Jadu Bindu Ghose. Letter from the Rev. J. Vaughan	81	
A Word about Lucknow. (With Illustration).....	122	
SOUTH INDIA.		
Sketches of the Telugu Mission. By the Rev. J. E. Padfield. (With Illustrations) :-		
Chap. I.—First Impressions.....	16	
" II.—The Field of Labour	32	
" III.—Robert Noble and High Class Mission Education.....	74	
" IV.—Early Seed-time. The Outlook in 1860	88	
A Holiday in North Tinnevely. By the Rev. H. Horsley	45	
Letters from the Rev. W. T. Sathianadhan	57	
What Hindu Boys think of the Gospel. Letter from the Rev. A. W. Poole	64	
The Centenary of Christianity in Tinnevely. (With Three Portraits) ...	66	
Another Letter from Raghapuram. By Mrs. Alice C. Stone	101	
CEYLON.		
"Without God." By the Rev. J. I. Jones. (With Two Illustrations).....	10	
A Travelling Missionary in Ceylon. (With Illustration).....	23	
Ceylon: A Conversion and a Death. From the Rev. J. Allcock's Report...	56	
From the Power of Satan unto God. By the Rev. J. I. Jones	65	
Nine Years After. By the Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin.....	77	
CHINA.		
"A Respectful Petition." Sent to the Rev. A. Elwin, Hang-Chow, by the Persecuted Christians of Great Valley, China	21	
More about Great Valley. Letter from the Rev. A. Elwin	45	
A Chinese Clergyman on his Bishop. Obituary Notice of the late Bishop Russell. By the Rev. Dzing Ts-Sing. (With Portraits).....	51	
First Experiences of Chinese Travel. Letter from the Rev. J. B. Ost	68	
Matthew Tai's Scripture Pictures. (With Illustrations)	95	
"Chinese Stories for Boys and Girls"	123	
The Twelfth Chinese Clergyman. (With Three Portraits and Illustration)	129	
"One Soweth and Another Reapeth." A True Story from Fuh-Chow. By M. A. Foster	133	

JAPAN.		Page
A Visit to Japan. By the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson. (With Illustrations).....	5, 13, 27, 37, 53, 69, 82, 85, 97, 124,	133
Destruction by Fire of the C.M.S. Church and House at Hakodate. (With Illustration).....		81
The Mikado of Japan—Before and after 1868. (With Illustration).....		55
Notes on Japan and the Japanese. (With a Map and Fifteen Illustrations) :-		
The Land of the Rising Sun.....		109
The People of Japan		109
The Two Religions of Japan		110
Japanese History		110
The Jesuit Missions		112
Japan Re-opened. The Revolution		113
New Japan		114
Protestant Missions in Japan		116
The C.M.S. Missions in Japan		116
Story of a Japanese Policeman. From Report of the Rev. J. Piper.....		117
The C.M.S. Converts at Tokio. Letter from the Rev. J. Piper		118
Glimpses of the Work at Osaka. From Journal of the Rev. C. F. Warren		120
NEW ZEALAND.		
Episcopal Work in New Zealand. Letter from Bishop Stuart.....		105
NORTH-WEST AMERICA.		
The First Church for the Esquimaux. Letter from the Rev. E. J. Peck. (With Illustration)		58
The Negro and the Red Indian. (With Illustration)		91
NORTH PACIFIC.		
Christmas at Metlakatla. By the Bishop of Athabasca.....		9
A Bomish Missionary Picture. (With Illustration)		26
Bishop Ridley in the Far West		127
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Bible Thoughts about Missionary Work. By the Bishop of Sodor and Man	1, 13, 25, 37, 49, 73, 85,	121
"Estimates Restored!"		1
Talks with Young Workers. By the Rev. J. E. Sampson.....	4, 20, 28, 40,	
52, 68, 76, 92, 100, 125,		136
Our Portfolio	8, 21, 32, 56, 65, 105,	129
Missionary Almanack	12, 21, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 120, 132,	140
The "Little Green Book"		12
Epitome of Missionary News	12, 24, 36, 48, 60, 72, 84, 96, 108, 132,	140
A "Gleaner" Competitive Examination		16
A Working Men's Missionary Box. By H. H. S.		23
Our Appeal Responded to.....		25
Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer	12, 36, 48, 60, 72,	108
Another Working Men's Missionary Box. By a Scripture Reader		41
How the £25,000 was Raised		49
Good News from a Rural District. Letter from E. D. S.....		56
The Eighty-first Anniversary of the Church Missionary Society.....		61
Central Asia. Islam or the Gospel. (With Illustration).....		66
A Penny a Week for a Year. A Letter		69
Henry Venn. (With Portrait)		78
A Letter with a Five-Pound Note from A Young Man		78
Sunday Schools in the Mission Field. (With Illustration)		79
Proverbs from the Mission Field. By the Rev. J. Long		87
The "Birkin Feast." By A. E. B. L.		94
Proposed Church Missionary Gleaner Examination		96
This Year's Reinforcement		97
August 13th, 1880. (With Portrait of Rev. H. Wright and Acrostic)		102
Henry Wright: Another Word "In Memoriam"		121
The Gleaner Localised. Letter from the Rev. T. S. Scott		132
The Gleaner Competitive Examination		140
Missionary Lessons from the Life of St. Peter :-		
I.—A Brother's Call		8
II.—Fishers of Men.....		20
III.—Learning to Work		33
IV.—The Truths to be Taught		41
V.—The Labourer's Hire		56
VI.—The Great Fall		64
VII.—The Fallen One Restored		89
VIII.—Power from on High		107
POETRY.		
In Memoriam—W. A. Russell. By the Rev. A. E. Moule		4
Ruth. Lines on the "Gleaner's" New Front Page. By Q.		25
"Thine is the Kingdom," &c. By Ellen Lakshmi Goreh.....		53
The Warriors at Rephidim. By Q.		68
Gone Before. By A. T.		77
The Qualifications of an Afghan Lady. Translated from Khushhal Khan		81
"Lighten our Darkness, We beseech Thee, O Lord." By the Rev. A. E. Moule		93
The Men are Waiting, but the Means are Wanting. By the Rev. H. C. Howard.....		97
August 13th, 1880. By the Rev. A. E. Moule.....		104
"Arise, Shine!" By the Rev. A. E. Moule		120
In Memory of George Maxwell Gordon. By the Rev. A. E. Moule		126
An Acrostic for Christmas. By the Rev. A. E. Moule		135
The Lonely Light. By Q.		139

INDEX OF THE EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

WEST AFRICA.	Page
Return Home of Missionaries.....	48
Ordinations at Sierra Leone.....	108
Death of Rev. D. Brown.....	140

YORUBA.	Page
New Church at Faji.....	48
Archdeacon H. Johnson's Work at Breadfruit Church.....	60
C.M.S. Auxiliary formed at Lagos.....	72
Return Home of Rev. J. A. Maser.....	96

NIGER.	Page
The <i>Henry Venn</i> up the Binue.....	12
Reoccupation of Gbegebe.....	12
Death of King Ockiya.....	48
Presentation to Bishop Crowther by Royal Geographical Society.....	72
Return Home of Mr. J. H. Ashcroft.....	132
Baptism of King Ockiya before Death.....	132

EAST AFRICA.	Page
Return Home of Missionaries.....	48
Baptism of Freed Slaves.....	96
Rev. T. C. Wilson appointed to East Africa.....	108, 132
Threatened Attack on Frere Town.....	140

NYANZA.	Page
Letters from the Mission.....	24
Missionaries and Waganda Envoys <i>en route</i> for England.....	36, 48
Arrival in England of Nyanza Missionaries and Waganda Envoys.....	72
Return of Waganda Envoys.....	84, 96, 108
Appointments to the Mission.....	96
Letters from Mpwapwa, Mambaia, and Uyu.....	108
Waganda Chiefs at Zanzibar, started for Interior.....	132
News from Uganda.....	132

PALESTINE.	Page
Rev. A. Schapira's Work at Gaza.....	12

WESTERN INDIA.	Page
Confirmation at Aurangabad.....	24
Visit of Bishop of Bombay to Nasik—Confirmation.....	60
Rev. C. Mountfort appointed to West India.....	84, 132
Baptism of Brahmin Student.....	96

PUNJAB AND SINDH.	Page
Rev. T. J. L. Mayer on the Massacre at Cabul.....	24
Medical Work among the Beluchis.....	36
Return Home of Missionaries.....	48, 96
Bishop French and Rev. G. M. Gordon at Kandahar.....	48, 72
Appointments to the Mission.....	84, 108, 132
New Testament in Kashmiri by Rev. T. R. Wade.....	108
Return of Rev. R. Clark to the Mission.....	132
Death of Professor Ram Chandra.....	140

NORTH INDIA.	Page
Ordinations at Allahabad.....	12
Distress through Floods in Krishnaghur.....	12
Death of Rev. J. Welland.....	24
Return Home of Missionaries.....	48, 132
Visit of Bishop of Calcutta to Nasik.....	60

NORTH INDIA (continued).	Page
Benefaction of Rev. E. H. Bickersteth to new Bhil Mission.....	84
The New Bhil Mission—Appointment of Rev. C. S. Thompson.....	108, 132
Return of Rev. E. Champion to North India.....	132

SOUTH INDIA.	Page
Departure of Bishop Speechly.....	12
Proposed Ordination of Tamils.....	12
Jesuit Aggression in Tinnevely.....	12
Rev. V. Harcourt appointed to Ceylon.....	24
Bishop Sargent's Review of Tinnevely Mission.....	36
Scriptures burnt by Romanists at Cochin.....	36
Return Home of Missionaries.....	48, 96, 132
Visit of Bishop of Madras to Travancore and Cochin.....	48
Ordination of Rev. A. F. Painter.....	48
Centenary of Christianity in Tinnevely.....	60
Death of Rev. J. Cornelius.....	60
Arrival of Bishop Speechly in Travancore.....	72
Conversion of High Caste Hindu.....	72
Appointments to the Mission.....	84, 132
A Church built by a Tinnevely Christian.....	84
Rev. J. Sharp appointed Secretary of British and Foreign Bible Society.....	96
Bishop Sargent's Annual Report.....	96
Death of Rev. J. Bilderbeck.....	108
Return of Missionaries to the Mission.....	132
Movements of Bishop Speechly in Travancore.....	132
Consecration of Bishop Caldwell's Church at Edeyengudi—Sermon preached by Bishop Sargent.....	140

CEYLON.	Page
Death of Rev. E. Blackmore.....	12
Memorials from Missionaries to Archbishop of Canterbury.....	24
Collections by Tamil Scholars for Bishop Ridley's Steamer.....	24
Baptisms at Cotta.....	36
The Ceylon Difficulties.....	48, 72
Return Home of Missionaries.....	48
Appointments to the Mission.....	24, 96, 108, 132

MAURITIUS.	Page
Bishop of Mauritius in England.....	12
Return Home of Rev. P. Ansorgé.....	42

CHINA.	Page
Continued Persecution in Fuh-Kien.....	36, 72, 96
The Rev. G. E. Moule appointed Bishop-Designate of Mid-China.....	48
The C.M.S. Mission at Hang-Chow.....	60
The College at Ningpo.....	72
The Opium Traffic in China.....	72
Rev. W. Banister appointed to China.....	84, 132
Consecration of Rev. G. E. Moule.....	96, 140
Degree conferred on Rev. G. E. Moule.....	96
Deputation to Lord Granville on Fuh-Chow troubles.....	108
Ordinations at Ku-Cheng.....	108

JAPAN.	Page
Return Home of Rev. C. F. Warren.....	48
Fire at Tokio.....	48
Completion of Prayer-book in Japanese.....	48
The Mission in Kiu-Shiu—Baptisms.....	72
Distress at Tokio—Contributions.....	96
Admiral Coote at Nagasaki—Gift to College.....	108

JAPAN (continued).	Page
Return of Rev. C. F. Warren to the Mission.....	1
Appointment of Rev. G. H. Pole to the Mission.....	1

NEW ZEALAND.	Page
Ordination of Wiki Te Paa.....	1
Rev. W. Pomare appointed Chaplain to Bishop of Auckland.....	1
Commemoration of Founding of Mission at Otaki.....	1

NORTH-WEST AMERICA.	Page
The Mission in the Saskatchewan.....	1
Bishop Horden at York Factory.....	1
Ordination of Mr. J. Sinclair.....	1
Letter from Rev. E. J. Peck—Baptisms.....	1
Hon. E. Dewdney on the Indians in the Saskatchewan.....	1
Return Home of Rev. W. D. Reeve.....	1
Expected Arrival in England of Bishop Horden.....	1

NORTH PACIFIC.	Page
Collections by Tamil Scholars for Bishop Ridley's Steamer.....	1
Bishop Ridley on his need of a Steamer.....	1
A "Penny Fund" for Bishop Ridley's Steamer.....	1
Return Home of Rev. R. Tomlinson.....	1

HOME.	Page
C.M.S. Anniversary.....	36,
Death of Rev. H. Moule.....	36,
The <i>Indian Female Evangelist</i>	36,
The Day of Intercession.....	60,
The F. R. Havergal C. M. Memorial Fund.....	60,
Rev. C. C. McArthur presented to Living of Burlington St. Andrew.....	60,
Election of Vice-Presidents of C.M.S.....	60,
Meeting on the Opium Question.....	60,
Ordination of C.M.S. Students.....	60,
Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Examination passed by C.M.S. Students.....	60,
Benefaction of Rev. E. H. Bickersteth to new Bhil Mission.....	60,
Lord Granville on number of Christians in India.....	60,
A new "Church of England Zenana Missionary Society".....	60,
Rev. E. H. Bickersteth on C.M.S. Funds.....	60,
Rev. J. Sharp appointed Secretary of B. and F. Bible Society.....	60,
Speech of Sir R. Temple on C.M.S. Missions in India.....	60,
Death of Rev. C. F. Schlenker.....	60,
Deaths of Revs. Canon Miller and Prebendary Auriol.....	60,
Rev. Dr. Dyson appointed Senior Tutor of C.M. College.....	60,
Deputation to Lord Granville on Fuh-Chow Troubles.....	60,
Poems "in Memoriam" of the late Rev. H. Wright.....	60,
The "Gleaner" Competitive Examination.....	60,
Appointment of Rev. F. E. Wigram as successor to the late Rev. H. Wright.....	60,
Retirement of Rev. John Rooker from Directorship of C.M. Children's Home.....	60,
Memorial raised by Congregation of St. John's, Hampstead, to the late Rev. H. Wright.....	60,
The Rev. I. J. Taylor "lent" to the British and Foreign Bible Society.....	60,
New Magazine of the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society.....	60,

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JANUARY, 1880.

BIBLE THOUGHTS ABOUT MISSIONARY WORK.

BY THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

I.

"Then remembered I the Word of the Lord."—*Acts xi. 16.*

NE of the greatest hindrances to missionary work is to be found in the prejudices of Christian people themselves. Thus at the very outset, when Peter returned to Jerusalem from the house of Cornelius, he had to contend with the prejudice of the disciples. They objected to the door being opened to the Gentiles. But Peter, though himself a man full of prejudice, had been taught to value the Saviour's Word, and to place it above his own experience: "Nevertheless, at Thy word I will let down the net." So all he did was simply to tell them how prejudiced he had been himself, until he had seen the actual working of the Spirit of God, and was then reminded of what Christ had promised: "Then remembered I the Word of the Lord." Thus the disciples were convinced. They held their peace, and the missions to the Gentiles went forward.

What we need, then, for the removal of prejudice and the advancement of missionary work is to bear in mind, first of all, the Word of the Lord Jesus, and then to look for the working of the Spirit of God. The two, in fact, go together. The Holy Ghost is sent to carry out the Word and Work of Christ. Every promise which He has given us we may expect the Holy Spirit to fulfil. Only let us remember what Jesus has said, and all our preconceived difficulties will vanish away. We may have been saying to ourselves, Who will roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? Let us simply go forward, and we shall find that it is gone, and our faithlessness will be rebuked by the angel's word, "Remember how He spake unto you."

There are three matters, I think, particularly, in which people doubt His power and fail to realise the Word of the Lord Jesus.

The Preaching of the Gospel.—Many seem to think that it is rather out of date—they have an idea that it has lost its power—they prefer for work amongst the heathen subtle arguments, civilising influences, and great educational schemes. All these may be very good in their way, but should we not remember the Word of the Lord, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"? It was in the spirit of this command that the greatest of all our Christian missionaries acted, and he has left it on record, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Conversion to God.—Many, again, have a notion that it is quite impossible to convert the heathen—that we may improve them socially, but that we can never turn them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God. We grant that it is difficult, but should we not remember the Word of the Lord, "Verily, verily I say unto you, He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do, because I go unto My Father"? The truth of this the great missionary proved, for in writing to the converts in Ephesus, the centre of the world's idolatry, he says, "You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins."

Intercessory Prayer.—Once more, there are latent doubts and prejudices with many in reference to prayer. They listen to the philosophy, falsely so called, of the present day, or they neglect it if they do not see the answer given so speedily as they wish. But should we not remember the Word of the Lord, "Whatever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask anything in My

name I will do it"? Here, again, we have the testimony of the greatest missionary: "Always in every prayer of mine for you all making request with joy"; "I beseech you that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me"; "I know that this shall turn to my salvation through your prayer, and the supply of the Spirit of Jesus Christ."

Dear Christian reader, if you would only thus remember the Word of the Lord Jesus, you would never have a doubt as to the result of the work of God at home or abroad. It is true that we are living in days of great unbelief, but we are living in days of great opportunity. Thank God, there is much in every way to encourage us! Doors are being opened, men are being raised up in answer to prayer, converts are being gathered in, the Gospel is being faithfully preached. It is for us to be increasingly diligent in prayer and earnest effort. Souls are perishing, eternity is nearing, the Master's voice is calling! Let this be our thought at the opening of another year, "Then remembered I the Word of the Lord."

"ESTIMATES RESTORED!"

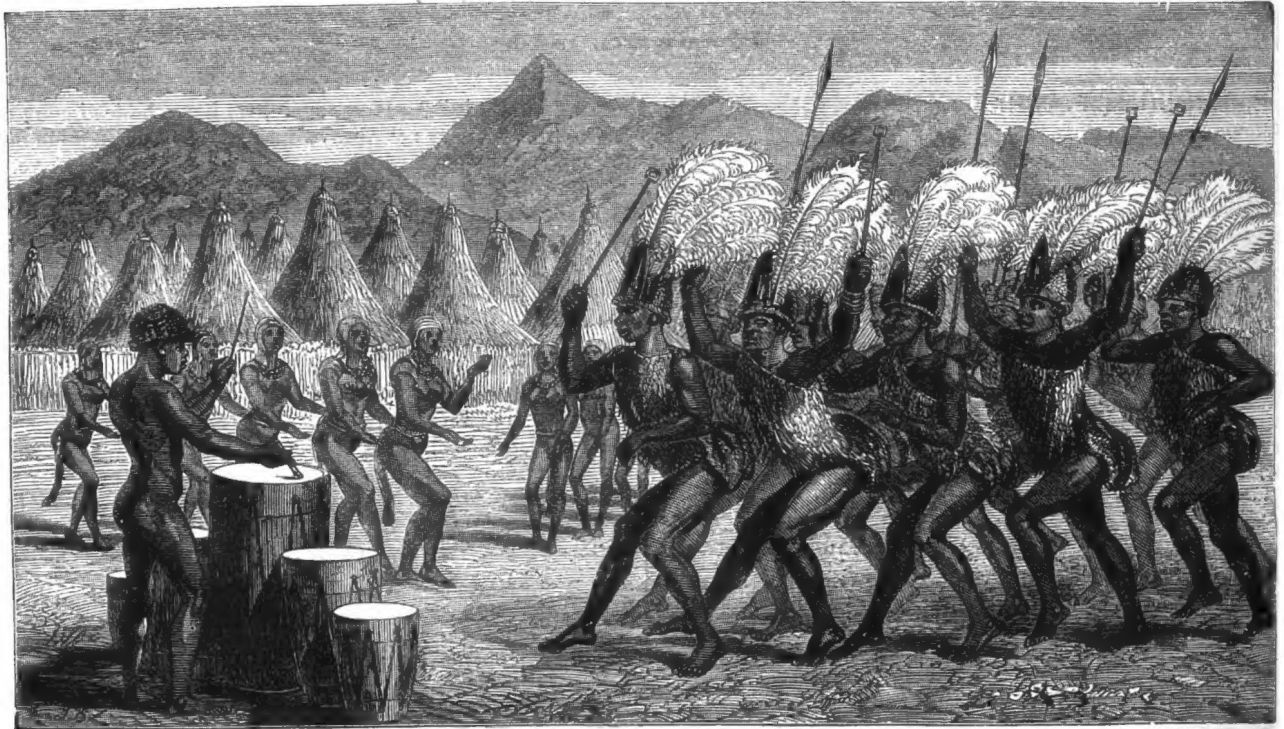


UCH was the joyful telegram flashed round the world a few months ago from a great Missionary Society to its missionaries in many lands. "*Estimates restored!*" What did it mean? It meant, first, that when the missionaries sent home to the Society a careful statement of the money required for a particular mission for the year, the Society was obliged to *cut down* the amount, to tell them that they must dismiss Native teachers, close schools, stop preaching tours that cost money, and expect no reinforcements; and, secondly, that the estimate thus ruthlessly clipped was *restored*, that is, they might re-engage teachers, re-open schools, resume preaching tours, and look for fresh men from home.

Why were the estimates cut down at first? Because the funds were short. And why was that? Because Christian people were content to give their little paltry subscriptions as before, instead of rising to their responsibilities, and denying themselves for the sake of the perishing heathen. And then, why were the "estimates restored"? Because *one man* had felt the burden of souls upon him, and out of his abundance had more than made up for all the deficiencies of others.

That society was not the Church Missionary Society. The Committee of the C.M.S. have indeed had to do the *first* thing, to cut down the estimates from its Missions all round the world. But they have not yet been enabled to send the glad message across the deserts and beneath the seas, "*Estimates Restored.*" The society that was privileged thus to girdle the globe with a song of thanksgiving was the American Board of Foreign Missions, and the stirring story is told in the last number of its *Herald*. After several years of "cutting down," the Board had, twelve months ago, to make what it calls "another sharp incision," which called forth "an almost audible wail all around the missionary world." One missionary wrote, "We groan, and groan, because of grand opportunities which we cannot improve." During six following months, the monthly messenger reported to the brethren who were anxiously looking for some token of relief, "There is nothing." And then, one morning, the Board found itself the heir to an estate worth a million of dollars; and the joyful telegram was sent off at once to Asiatic Turkey, to India, to China, to Japan.

While heartily rejoicing at the noble bequest which has thus given such timely aid to a most noble work, we cannot but think of our own beloved Society, and ask, Will it please God to send



THE TRIBES ON THE UPPER NILE.—FUNERAL DANCE OF THE LATOOKAS.

us a like blessing? Nothing is too hard for the Lord; and if those wondrous words that were spoken to Solomon were spoken to us—"Ask what thou wilt"—our petition would be for another and a still greater blessing. A greater!—what can that be? This: that estimates might be restored, waiting men sent forth, open doors entered, with means provided by the contributions of many. If every contributor to the Church Missionary Society just gave this year twice as much as he gave last year, the total would almost equal the grand legacy left to our American brethren; and that would mean deeper interest, wider sympathy, more fervent prayer. The large gifts of the few are good—let us thank God for them; but the small gifts of the many are better.

On the 1st of April last the Society began its eighty-first year with a deficiency, on the previous two years, of £24,758. Many faithful friends have come forward with special gifts to meet that deficiency, and have contributed thus far about £15,000. So £10,000 is still wanted for arrears, and all the while our Missions are costing in this current year almost as much as last year, in spite of the "cutting down" which has been going on.

Perhaps most of our readers can do very little towards wiping off that £10,000. But every one of them can help, for all that—by making known everywhere the Society's need—by telling of its work and God's blessing on it—by earnestly asking God to pour out a spirit of liberality upon those who can give—as well as by a little extra offering of their own.

Last Trinity Sunday fifteen young missionaries were presented by the Society to the Bishop of London, and were solemnly ordained to the ministry of the Gospel in St. Paul's Cathedral. Eight of these fifteen (besides some other men) have gone forth, four to India, one to China, one to East Africa, one to Palestine, one to Hudson's Bay. Where are the other seven? Kept back for lack of funds, two from Africa, three from India, one from China, one from Japan. Piteous letters have come from the missionaries to whose help they were going. How are those letters to be answered?

UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

(Continued from the GLEANER of September last.)

[Our September number brought the missionary party, consisting of Mr. C. W. Pearson, the Rev. G. Litchfield, and Mr. Felkin, to Lado, principal station of Colonel Gordon's on the Upper Nile, opposite Gondokoro. We shall now follow them on from thence to Mesa's capital. The sketch map in the GLEANER of last June shows the stages of the route clearly. A larger map, with full details, is given in this month's *Intelligencer*. The present instalment of Mr. Felkin's narrative describes the journey from Lado to Bedden in boats towed by gangs of men against the tremendous current of the river, and from thence to Kerrie by steamer. There they prepared for a march by land to Dufi, the Nile not being here available. Our pictures are from Sir S. Baker's *Album Nyanza*, by permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]



OF 18, 1878.—Tents were struck before sunrise, and all our goods taken on board the two boats which had been waiting to take us to Bedden. They were strong boats, and had a tent fixed in the stern to protect us from the sun. Pearson, Ismael Effendi, Abou Hattab, the Governor of Regima, and myself went in the first boat; Litchfield, Nicola (the interpreter), and Ibrahim Effendi, a man sent from Lado to look after all our needs on the way, went in the second. At 7.30 we started. Each boat was pulled at first by twelve natives, and we went along at a far greater speed than I had expected, as the men were often up to their waists in water, sometimes even having to swim a short distance. The current was very strong indeed. The banks of the river are both under water, which makes the work of towing boats hard and dangerous.

Any number of hippos could be seen in the river, and on the banks counted twenty-seven at one time visible, and two elephants I saw with my glass. The hippos popped up their huge heads quite close to the boat, took a long look at us, perhaps opened their mouths and then vanished again, but so quietly as hardly to leave a ripple on the surface of the water. I was very surprised to see how quietly, and with what majestic grace, these animals took the water. Often the men would come upon them asleep on the bank. They would get up and go into the water slowly, gracefully, and without a single splash.

We found the boat fairly comfortable, and soon got settled down to her; the only thing except heat which in any way troubled us was the

smoke from the fire, which was placed in the only available place, the bow of the boat. Ismael Effendi had brought some bread, hard-boiled eggs, four cooked fowls and some live ones, half a sheep and a live one, as well as lemons, &c., so that we had plenty to eat, and here, as in England when one goes to a picnic, the appetite is very good when travelling. The men pulled well and sang as they went, laughing heartily when one or other of them fell into a hole, or some other small *contretemps* occurred; these people are not unhappy, that is certain.

We changed men at ten o'clock, and as the rapids commence about here we had twenty-five men. The village from which they came is Chief Tambi's headquarters, and he came on board and went with us for a stage. He is a fine old man, full of fun and wit. He told us about his fighting against Sir Samuel Baker. He used to be able to put 5,000 or 6,000 men in the field. He told us English people had only one wife, and he was better than many chiefs as he had only eight, whereas many have between twenty and thirty, the latter number being, it would seem, the highest limit. Many of the natives now pulling us were decorated with flowers, having them placed in the links of the small chains round their necks and arms. This would seem to prove that they have an eye for the beautiful, a fact doubted or altogether denied by some African travellers.

The river was very rapid now, and progress much slower; sometimes half the men would have to stand holding the boat fast while half went round to shallow water; then an Arab, a most splendid swimmer, would take the rope in his teeth and swim across the deep water with it. The reason of this was that the bank is very uneven and in places very low; the water therefore in some places was too deep for the men to walk through pulling at the same time. In one of these places the Arab nearly lost his life. He had just taken the rope across and was getting on board the boat, when his foot slipped and he fell back into the river. It was only by a tremendous effort that he managed to gain the bank. Two of the men pulling Litchfield's boat were drowned, poor fellows!

We changed men twice more before three o'clock, when we met the agent of Bedden with thirty men for our boat; the other one was far behind. The river bends here, and the agent had ridden across country on an ox, the first riding ox that I have seen. The current was getting stronger and stronger, and we passed Baker's Island with great difficulty.

About five o'clock it was intensely exciting, the boat having to be steered through rocks jutting out of the river, and only just room enough to get through sometimes; at other times the current was so strong that we were in danger of getting swamped, and what would have happened had the rope snapped,



THE TRIBES ON THE UPPER NILE.—A LATOOKA CHIEF.

or our man steered badly, I do not know. The climax was reached soon after six. It was getting dark, and the bank had changed into rocks, over which the men had to climb, trees overhanging the river making the work doubly difficult.

When nearly opposite the Pasha's Rock we had a narrow escape. We had just rounded a rock when the current caught us and dashed us with great force against an overhanging tree, smashing our tent frame to pieces and nearly breaking the rope. For two or three minutes we were in great peril, but God helped us; the rope held well, and we got free.

We arrived at Bedden, which is a nice town built on an island, at 6.30, and found to our surprise that Litchfield was already there. He had walked for two hours across the bend in the river and so arrived before us. His boat did not turn up till very late, having had great difficulties to contend with.

Nov. 20.—Went round Bedden early in the morning, and then was asked to see a few sick folk, which I did.

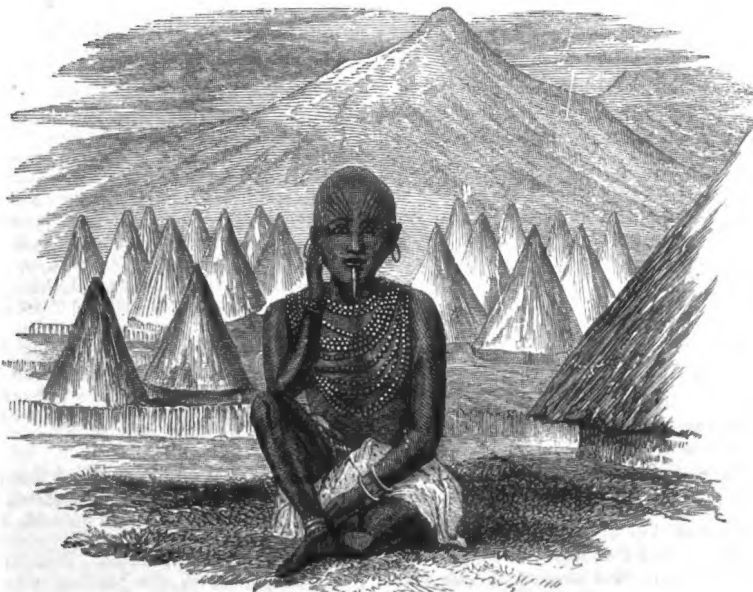
Nov. 21.—Left Bedden at 6.30 A.M. in steamer No. 9, a broken-down old boat, but we got on very well, making the journey to Kerrie in nine and a half hours. To give you an idea how strong the river is, a boat can go from Kerrie to Lado in three and a half hours. The view of Kerrie is very fine; the town is built upon a rock some 150 feet above the river, which forms its fortification on two sides. The mountains form a grand background. We stopped about a mile below the town, as the steamer could get no higher on account of the rocks. Our houses, or rather huts, were built about half a mile from the town, on the river's bank. The huts were very good, and I may mention here that new huts are built for us at each place we go to, and we have an enclosure to ourselves, with a sentry night and day. The huts are roofed with grass, but have wicker-work sides.

Nov. 22.—We all rode to Kerrie to see the Mudir. We have one horse, a splendid chestnut, which carried me well, though I did not get a good character with him, and three mules, one donkey, and one ox. I had been requested to see the sick of the place. Thirty-one men and three women came, but they were mostly chronic cases, and I fear I did not do much good; some few cases I treated while remaining in the place.

Nov. 24.—Litchfield very ill with fever all day; he got wet in walking to Bedden, and could not change his wet things for some time.

Nov. 26.—Litchfield very ill in the morning. We had decided to start to-morrow, but I doubted if I should be able to take him on. He was most anxious for us to have no more delay on his account. In the afternoon I thought he might be carried, and as he was still anxious to go on, an angereb was made into a covered bed for him, and we got all ready for a start.

(To be continued.)



THE TRIBES ON THE UPPER NILE.—WIFE OF LATOOKA CHIEF.

IN MEMORIAM—W. A. RUSSELL, D.D.
 Missionary of the C.M.S. at Ningpo 1848–1872.
 Missionary Bishop in North China 1872–1879.
 Died October 5th, 1879.

FAREWELL, beloved and honoured chief!
 Well nigh too deep for words my grief
 That thou art gone before!
 Thou art not lost; 'tis well for thee;
 The loss, the pain, are ours, for we
 Shall see thy face no more.

Brave, courteous, gentle, thou wast praised
 By earlier comrades, and when raised
 To rule the Church of God;
 On China's tongues, in English speech,
 Thy name is fragrant, and shall reach
 Beyond the prisoning sod.

A wise enthusiast, long ago
 Thou liftedst up in dark Ningpo
 Thy Master's conquering Sign;
 And, when thy strength was well-nigh spent,
 Still was thy eager spirit bent
 On large and wide design.*

O noble life! O life-long love!
 Which pain nor failure could remove,
 For China burnt the flame!
 Hopes were deferred—unanswered tears;
 Scarce half a score in thirty years†
 To bear the standard came.

Where have they laid thee now to rest?
 Close to the "Peaceful River's" breast‡;
 Fit place for slumbers deep;
 The clamorous junk her anchor heaves,
 Or steamer's rush the tideway cleaves,
 But may not break thy sleep.§

Here one-and-thirty years before,
 The verdure of the fruitful shore
 First met thy eager eye.||
 The seasons still in order roll;
 But sadder, since thy gentle soul
 Has passed beyond our sky.

'Neath Eastern heavens thy body lies;
 Thou wilt be near to see them rise
 Who owe their hopes to thee;
 And lead them, as in days of yore,
 Within the City to adore
 The Eternal One in Three!

A. E. MOULE.

* I allude to the Bishop's appeal for £5,000 to found a larger Mission College in Ningpo made only nine months before his death.

† Eleven missionaries represents, I believe, the total who joined the Cheh-kiang Mission between 1848 and 1879.

‡ Ningpo = "Peaceful Wave."

§ An anchorage for Chinese junks is near the cemetery, and the steamers to and from Shanghai pass by daily.

|| Messrs. Russell and Cobbold landed May 13, 1848, when the rice would be in its beauty.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER I.

DON'T think missionaries do much good, at least I've heard my father say so."

"Ah, that's because neither you nor your father know anything about the good they are doing."

The first speaker was John Treddel, a respectable young working man, the son of a working man. About three years before, the Holy Spirit of God had touched his heart and convinced him of sin. He sought and found mercy in Christ, and, as is always the case where there is real conversion of the heart to God, his soul was stirred with a strong desire to tell out that mercy to others. Of course he became a Sunday-school teacher. The best of all our missionary workers are found among these Sunday workers. But it was not so with John. He took no interest in missionary work. He heard the Rector now and then allude to the subject in the pulpit, and he felt a

passing desire to know more about it. But the desire was only passing. At the time of the annual meetings he had happened to be busy or tired, and so, not caring much about it, he had made no effort to be there.

The friend to whom he spoke was the superintendent of the Sunday-school, a man twenty years his senior; and he, on the other hand, was a zealous worker in the missionary cause. And yet he had just been reproaching himself for his lack of zeal. "I have never tried to interest Treddel in this blessed work," he thought to himself. "He does not seem to care much about it. Perhaps he does not know much about it. At any rate, I will ask him to subscribe."

I have already recorded the reception Mr. Harper's application met with, and his friend's answer.

"Well," said Mr. Treddel, "to speak the truth, I do not know much about missionaries and their work."

"I know that, because a Christian cannot know what Christ is doing in a fallen world, and what He is asking his followers to do, without being deeply interested both in the work done and the work which waits to be done. Have you never felt any desire to help?"

"Yes, sometimes. I have heard Mr. Verity speak of it sometimes in his sermons as a great duty, but somehow or other I have never done anything. The fact is, Mr. Harper, I have never been asked. You are now the first person who has spoken to me on the subject."

It is often so. For three years our young and earnest friend had been serving the Lord with a loving heart, and yet no one had ever directed his thoughts or invited his energies towards a lost and ruined world. The routine of Christian worship and work had been gone through, not, in his case, as a matter of routine, but seriously as before God. In parochial works his labours were great, and were highly valued by his pastor. In the Sunday-school, in the Temperance Society, in the night school, he was a zealous worker. At the teachers' meetings, the Communicants' meetings, the Bible classes, he was generally present. But the missionary work had no place among these.

There is many a zealous pastor, tearfully anxious for the salvation of his parishioners, whose very zeal contracts his vision within the acres of streets of his own parish. All there is well-ordered and well-worked. The districts are visited, the schools teachered, the parochial machinery carefully arranged and tended and kept going. But of this machinery the great missionary work is no part. It comes in as a brief parenthesis rather than as a chapter in the book of orders. So there is a faint impression, with no permanent or very palpable results. The collectors, if there are any, go their round among their old subscribers, but it is nobody's business to look out for new ones.

"I am sorry I never spoke to you about it before, Treddel. I thought some one else would be asking you. You live in Mrs. Welby's district?"

"Yes, I believe my mother gives her a small subscription. But though I often see her, she never asked me."

"I dare say she thought I should look after you. I suppose it is a duty which a superintendent owes to his teachers. I hope you will show that you forgive my past neglect by promising me a subscription now."

"I will gladly do so."

"But," said Mr. Harper, "I want something more than your money. I want your interest; I want your heart; I want you to take it up as a work for God. An annual offering is a very easy-going thing."

"I really don't know how to go about it."

"I tell you what, Treddel, if you only knew more of what our missionaries are, by the grace of God, doing, you would soon know how to help."

"But how am I to get to know?"

"There are the magazines published by the Society. They are deeply interesting. There is the *Intelligencer* (sixpence), full of instructive and heart-stirring matter. And there is the *GLEANER* (only a penny) with its monthly handful of information gathered from many fields. There is the *Juvenile Instructor* (a halfpenny) for the little ones. And there is the little *Quarterly Token*, and the *Quarterly Paper*, given freely to subscribers and collectors, old and young."

"I do occasionally see one or other of these; but I never seem to get interested in them."

"Ah, my dear friend, you have told me why. 'Occasionally'—that's the reason. Why, you only take a now-and-then glance at them. No wonder you don't care for them. Now I know you are very fond of astronomy. You have studied the science, and an astronomical book is great delight to you. Is it not?"

"Yes, it is indeed."

"But it isn't at all to me. Not that I despise astronomy. It is a grand science, revealing the marvellous power and wisdom of God; but if I take up a scientific book on this subject, it is of no interest at all to me. Simply because I know nothing about it. I don't know Mars from Uranus, and you don't know Metlakhtla from Tinnevely. I should not know where in the heavens to look for any star you might name, however familiar its position might be to you. And you would not know where on the earth to look for almost any missionary or any mission station I might name."

"I believe you have hit the right nail on the head. I must read more about it."

"Yes, if you would get your heart thoroughly into missionary work you must study it as you study a science. You must begin with the *Missions*. How many Missions has the Church Missionary Society?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

I wonder how many of my readers know!

"Then when you have 'got up' the Missions, and know where they are on the map, you must learn the *districts* and the *stations*, and the missionaries and catechists working in those stations, and the character of the work in each place. The arrangement, you see, is quite scientific. The very stars will grow dim before a study so sublime as this!"

"I did not know there was all this division and subdivision in the work."

"No, all you know is that a missionary is a man sent out from England to some benighted place, but what he does there, or whether he ever gets there, you don't know anything at all about it."

"Do you think it would be a good plan to have a monthly class for the study of missionary work?"

"I think it would."

"Suppose we ask the Rector to conduct one."

"Now there you are wrong, Treddel. No one loves and reverences our dear pastor more than I. But it is just because I love him, and want him long to rule us in this parish, that I should hesitate to ask him to undertake this. It would take him far more time than the hour he might spend among us, that is if he would make it profitable; and I know him well enough to be sure that he would not undertake it unless he did. It ought to be in the hand of some layman whose heart is in the work, and who has time to give to it."

"And who better than yourself?" interrupted Mr. Treddel. "I am sure Mr. Verity will sanction it."

"I am sure of that too; and I would not undertake it unless he did. I am a believer in order."

"And I have no doubt he would come and see us sometimes."

So they arranged that they were to meet monthly, that Mr. Harper was to see the Rector, and Mr. Treddel was to beat up recruits, and that they were all to ask the blessing of God upon their new work.

"I am sure it will result in good," mused Mr. Harper as he walked homeward that evening. "Good in our own souls, good in our school and parish, good every way."

The next evening he called on Mr. Verity and propounded his scheme. I need not say how fully it met with his pastor's sympathy. "I should like to undertake it myself," he said, "but with all my other work it is out of the question. Besides I do not feel that I am sufficiently *up* in the subject. I sometimes think I do not acquaint myself with it, or press the duty of helping on my flock so much as I ought. But our church expenses and other charities are often behindhand. And this, perhaps, makes me a little shy of seeking missionary contributions."

"I venture to think, my dear sir," suggested Mr. Harper, "that if we can double our missionary gifts, it will largely increase all our other offerings."

Mr. Verity smiled. "Your zeal makes you hopeful. May your work be blessed, and your hopes be more than realised!"

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

I.



OW lovely! how beautiful! were the exclamations which rose unbidden to the lips, as we gazed for the first time upon the well-wooded hills and dales, the beetling crags and deepening glens, of the harbour of Nagasaki, upon a bright Sunday morning in July of last year. We had reached our anchorage in safety, but in darkness, the previous evening, and were all unprepared for the glorious view which with the day opened upon us. Away to the right, for some two or three miles, we could trace the narrow channel by which we had entered; on the left, about a mile from us, lay the town of Nagasaki, half hidden amongst the encircling hills, which rose grandly tier after tier to the height of some two thousand feet. Before us the shore seemed lined with dwellings, whilst the tiled roofs and brilliantly white walls of buildings, public and private, peeped out from among the trees and shrubs on many a knoll and hill top. Most grateful to eyes that had long gazed upon the barren hills of China were

the dense masses of foliage which in rich luxuriance crown every hill and filled every valley, save where man's hand had been at work, as was evidenced by the soft green of the growing rice. We turned, and beheld behind us other hills equally well wooded, at the foot of which nestled here a factory and there a dockyard, whilst two or three men-of-war, English and Russian, lay peacefully at anchor, together with a few merchant ships, all bathed in the brilliant sunshine, before which the night mists were curling away, upwards, into space. And as we looked more closely at the panorama, we could distinguish several buildings which from their appearance promised to be places for Christian worship.

A bright clean native boat, with a very scantily clad boatman, carried us quickly to the shore, and at once we were struck by the contrast between the coolies, who eagerly yet quietly had been bidden to take our supposed luggage, and the yelling excited crowd that assaults the new-comer in China. Some of these had no clothing save a loin cloth, others had their wide dark trousers rolled up to their thighs, and, with stiff short jackets with a queer device between the shoulders as large as a cheese-plate, looked like merry-andrews at a fair. Polite custom-house officials in European dress passed us at once, and taking one of the almost naked yet brilliantly tattooed coolies as a guide, we soon found ourselves, after breasting a steep ascent, on the verandah of the Church Mission House, and were at once warmly welcomed to the "Land of the Rising Sun."

We were on historic, on sacred ground. This had been the house of Bishop Williams, the first Protestant missionary to Japan, a privilege he shared with Mr. Liggins, also of the Episcopal Church of America. Here it was that they landed in 1859 to claim for Christ the newly opened country. Here too, in 1869, the first missionary to Japan from the Church Missionary Society (Mr. Ensor) had his residence, received the first inquirers, baptized his first converts. But here is Mr. Maundrell, just returned from the native morning service. He has a second in English for the residents; and we find ourselves, a few steps below the Mission House, entering a neat and simple, yet bright looking church, which was built by the residents, American and English, when they were more numerous than at present, and in which the resident Church Missionary has been the minister. The crew of H.M.S. *Lily* in their white jackets formed the majority of the congregation, and very pleasant it was to hear their hearty singing and responding which marked the service.

Afterwards we strolled through the garden of the Mission House, and visited the theological college. Not a lofty or pretentious European structure, but plain and practical, well adapted for the purpose. [See the picture in the *GLEANER* of Dec. 1877.] A series of rooms in Japanese style opening on to a wide verandah, airy, quiet, and clean. There were four students in residence, learning, amongst other things, to read and speak English. It was suggestive to see on their shelves, besides Bibles and Hymn-books, many neatly bound volumes of English books. This is but the beginning of an indispensable branch of mission work, the training of native catechists, the foundation of the future native ministry. The unquiet bell from the Roman Church on a neighbouring hill reminds us how necessary it is that Japan should be made acquainted with the Word of God in its simplicity and integrity, and that her believing sons and daughters should be led to found their faith upon the "law and the testimony." Our glance roves from the pile of buildings which marks the site of the present active labours of the Propaganda, out along the harbour towards the Isle of Pappenberr, the scene of the martyrdom of thousands of Japanese Romish Christians more than two centuries since; and we cannot help thinking how different might have been the whole course of Japanese history from that time had these but known a purer faith.

We descend and walk along the bay towards the town.



A JAPANESE HOME. (Fac-simile of a Japanese Picture.)

the waterside across a little bridge is the Native C.M. Church. [See the picture in the GLEANER of March, 1877.] Like all the buildings of the Japanese it pleases us with its finish. Inside it is light and roomy, affording accommodation for about 230 worshippers. Beyond it, on a contiguous lot, a large school-house is being built, with commodious upper store. The cupola for the bell is to be surmounted with a cross, which will be a marked object to all ships entering the harbour. It is significant that the cross has already upon the church borne testimony to the change that by God's providence has taken place in the attitude of Japan towards Christianity. We are standing in Deshimu where once Europeans voluntarily resided in shameful captivity for the sake of sordid gain, and saw for more than two centuries the cross literally trampled on and treated with contempt as the emblem of the Christian faith. Thank God a brighter and better day has dawned upon Japan.

Next to the school is a block of buildings which are to be made the residence of Mr. Maundrell, an expected colleague, and Rev. W. Andrews [who has since arrived]. As we stand amidst the piles of wood in the silent yard (for the native buildings have been made to know that it is a sacred day, day of rest), we notice a sweet fragrance which pervades the air. It is from the timber; nearly all the trees of Japan are sweet-scented. We note the hollow construction of the walls, the spaces between the uprights which are the chief supports of the roof being made of round bamboo basket-work; they look flimsy, but will last many years plastered over, still they are most influential.



JAPANESE LADIES.

mable. We can understand now how it is that Japanese cities so often suffer from great conflagrations.

Turning into the town, we pass a very plain structure, which is the chapel of the American Dutch Reformed Church. We found Mr. Stout, the missionary, a pleasant travelling companion when we resumed our journey. He finds that it is chiefly sowing time as yet, though he can even now look round upon a small congregation. We walked a short distance through the streets on the way to the hospital. What we saw was sufficient to make us feel the immense difference between Chinese and Japanese customs in everything. The width of the roadway, its cleanliness, the way in which the shops were laid out—all was strange. We passed the residence of the Japanese Governor. Outside the gates was a long public notice board (*kosatsu*) with a penthouse cover to keep off rain. On such boards, till very recently, appeared the edicts against Christianity. These are now withdrawn.

As we mounted steep flights of steps we ever and anon had most interesting views afforded us of the harbour and surrounding country. We passed a graveyard on the hill-side, which looked strangely to Christian eyes, with its long rows of graves, each marked by a small headstone. We looked across ravines to other graveyards—they are a feature in the scenery of Nagasaki. Stately trees threw their shadows across the tombs, and here and there a small shrine was to be seen. [See pictures in GLEANER of March, 1874.] We emerged upon the stone platform of an old temple, and saw roofs of other temples amongst the foliage. Whilst Mr. Maundrell was visiting the one or two patients, we sat in the verandah overlooking the town and harbour, and thankfully meditated upon the wondrous Providence that has again opened this long secluded land to the sound of the Gospel. Three hundred years have elapsed since the port below us was sequestered to the Crown by a famous warrior and general, named Hideyoshi. During this time it has seen Christianity taught and spread, rise and fall, excluded and reintroduced. Still a flourishing port with 60,000 inhabitants, what a magnificent field it offers for the labours of the missionary—a centre from which the southern island of Kiushiu may be evangelised.

We retrace our steps, charmed with the brilliant sunset hues in which earth and sea and sky are glowing, and then in the evening attend Divine service in Japanese. The church is well lighted by paraffin lamps. There is a goodly gathering of natives. Some are in European costume, but most in their becoming native dress. Contrary to Chinese custom, husband and wife, brother and sister, sit side by side. The singing is very sweet, sounding more like Italian than does our Cantonese. There is no pulpit as yet. Mr. Wolfe, from Foochow, standing in the chancel, addresses those present in English, which Mr. Maundrell translates sentence by sentence. The attention is marked; some produce portable ink cases and pens, and take notes. A bright-eyed little girl, a native, gave me her hymn-book. I asked Mrs. Goodall, who accompanied the singing on the harmonium, whether she thought the child understood what was said, and was surprised to find that the little girl herself spoke English. After service several young men came up to us and walked with us to the foot of the hill, asking questions about China and the Chinese Christians. They bid us adieu, earnestly requesting us to ask their brethren of the older churches in China to pray for the little Church of Nagasaki.

Returning to our ship alone in the dark amid pouring rain I seemed to see, as we glided out into the black night with our single lantern, a picture of the little ship of Christ's Church in Nagasaki. It is afloat, it has the light of the Word, and it is making across the waves of this troublesome world, through the darkness and the storm, towards the great beacon light of the Church triumphant, which is beckoning us all onward to the haven where we would be—the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

I.—A BROTHER'S CALL.

"And he brought him to Jesus."—St. John i. 35—42.



IN this passage, the beginning of the Church of Christ. The first stones in a great edifice—the first trickling of the mighty river—the first blades of an abundant harvest. Five men who became apostles—missionaries—called in this chapter. In what different ways! Two by a preacher's words (John and Andrew), one by a brother's influence (Simon), one by a friend's visit (Nathanael), one by Christ's direct call (Philip).

I. *The Two Brothers.* Simon and Andrew—sons of Jonas—fishermen of Bethsaida—"ignorant and unlearned men" (Acts iv. 13; 1 Cor. 26—29). With John Baptist at the Jordan—why there? (See Matt. iii. 5, 6; Luke iii. 15.) Eagerly looking out for coming Messiah.

One day Andrew comes in haste to Simon—"We have found Him! Who were 'they'? How had they found Messiah? (vs. 35—42) And he brought him to Jesus."

II. *The Lamb of God.* What did Simon see when he came? A great king to sit on David's throne? A mighty warrior to drive out Roman conquerors? A learned Rabbi with puzzling questions? No: a carpenter from Nazareth! But what had John called Him? "*The Lamb of God*"—why? (See Isa. liii. 6, 7; comp. Gen. xxii. 8; 1 Pet. i. 19; Rev. v. 6, 12.) That was what they wanted!—a Saviour to take away sin and that is what we all want.

III. *The New Name.* God gave Abram a new name—and Jacob. Now Jesus gives Simon one. But not for him to have yet—"Thou Simon; thou shalt be called Cephas." Simon not like a stone at sea, unstable, easily moved; but should be with Jesus the Rock, and by-and-by become rock-like.

SEE WHAT A MISSIONARY MUST BE.—(1) Must be "brought to Jesus." (2) Must come to him as a Saviour, as the Lamb of God. Must learn to be like Him.

But how shall he be brought?

A BROTHER'S CALL MAY DO IT. Two brothers at Ang-Iong in China—a carpenter and a tailor. Carpenter heard Gospel at a city fifteen miles off—believed—then told his brother. Both set to work to tell others. Now hundreds of Christians in the neighbourhood.

Have you called your brother—your sister? Bring them to Jesus, and you may be making a missionary!

But have you come to the Lamb first yourself? Perhaps a brother or sister is calling you—are you turning away? "O Lamb of God, thou takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us!"

OUR PORTFOLIO.



THE day before he started for Africa, the late Dr. Muller wrote to a friend:—"Some say of me, that I have Africa on the brain, and that I am forgetting India. Well, the best of my life has been spent for India. I have worked, prayed, struggled for India, and must do so to the end; but thank God, my heart is big enough to take in Africa as well as India. Oh, for more of the spirit of the Master, who said, 'Go ye,' not only into India and Africa, but 'into all the world, and preach the Gospel.' Well, brother, let us work until the shadows deepen, and the day is done."

"AND so, Mr. Morrison," said a ship-owner to the first Protestant missionary to China, "you really expect to make an impression on the idolatry of the great Chinese Empire?"

"No, sir," was the reply; "I expect God will."

THE missionaries who laboured for the relief of distress in the terrible famine in North China have won the hearts of the people in a remarkable manner. One man travelled a long distance to let the full Chinese name of Mr. Richard, of the Baptist Mission, to be put up in the temple of his village to be worshipped with other benefactors. Mr. Whiting, an American missionary, caught famine fever and died. His grave was purchased and his funeral expenses paid by the governor of the province, and at the burial the Chinese with difficulty restrained from paying adoration to the dead body.

THE Hindus call their great river, the Ganges, "Mother Gunga"; and another sacred river, the Godavery, is honoured, by those who dwell on its banks, with the same name. A Brahmin named Govind Shastri who embraced the Gospel three or four years ago at Nasik, a city on the Godavery, said, "If I were still a devotee, I should be sitting on

water's edge of the Gunga, and people would come to bless themselves in my name. Now I am here a poor sinner; but I have my Gunga. My Gunga is the blood of Jesus."

AN aged Emir in Syria said to a lady missionary, "I read in your book that God said He would make children of Abraham out of stones. What does this mean? I am a stone, cold and hard. I don't believe in anything, not even in the Koran. Will He make *me* His child?"

A GREAT Japanese writer on religion, named Motoori, taught that "morals were invented by the Chinese because they were an immoral people; but in Japan there was no necessity for any system of morals, as every Japanese acted aright if he only consulted his own heart!"

CHRISTMAS AT METLAKAHTLA.

BY THE BISHOP OF ATHABASCA.

[It will be remembered that in the autumn of 1877-8 Bishop Bompas crossed the Rocky Mountains and visited the C.M.S. stations on the Pacific coast. Some pictures illustrating his journey appeared in the GLEANER of August, 1878. He spent Christmas at Metlakahla, and sent home the following account of it.]



HE festivities of the season commenced here on Christmas Eve, when a party of about twenty-five of the elder school-girls were invited to meet us at tea. After tea we were all entertained by Mr. Duncan with the exhibition of a galvanic battery and other amusements. This party having dispersed to their homes in good time, at a later hour came together the singers who were appointed to sing Christmas carols during the night along the village street, led by Mr. Schutt, the schoolmaster. After their singing they returned to supper at the Mission before retiring to rest.

On Christmas morning the first sight which greeted us was that of the constables lengthening to its full height the flagstaff on the watch-house, to hoist the flag for Christmas, and all the village street was soon gaily dressed with flags. The constables then marched about the village to different houses to shake hands and make Christmas peace with all whom they had been called to interfere with in the course of the year. At eleven o'clock the church bell rang, and the large church was thronged with a well-dressed and attentive congregation.

After service all the villagers, to the number of about 600, had to come and pass through the Mission-house to shake hands with all the inmates. In doing this they so crowded the verandah that the boards actually gave way beneath them, but the ground being only about two feet below no injury resulted. After all the shaking of hands was over, the villagers returned home to their own private entertainments, and most of us at the Mission enjoyed a quiet Christmas evening together; but Mr. Duncan entertained at tea a party of the chiefs and principal persons of the village, whom we did not join, from inability to converse in the Tsimshian tongue.

The day after Christmas was again a gay one. The constables, twenty-five in number, paraded and exercised on the green with banners and music, and about fifty volunteers in neat white uniform, with drums and fifes and banners flying, went through creditable evolutions and exercises. All the strangers who had come from neighbouring villages to spend Christmas at Metlakahla were collected by Mr. Duncan in the Mission Hall, and after a suitable address received, all of them, presents of soap, apples, sugar, tobacco, &c. In the evening the usual week-day service was held in the school-room, always crowded.

The following day all the children of the schools were assembled by Mr. Duncan at his house, first the girls and then the boys, about 200 in all, and after being amused by him were treated to sugar-plums and apples, and each one received some article of clothing (cap or cape, &c.), so as to be sent away to their homes rejoicing.

Next day all the men of the village, about 300, were assembled in the market-house to be addressed by Mr. Duncan. After he had given them the best advice he could, their Christmas presents were distributed to them in the presence of all the Mission party. These consisted of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar and six apples to each one, with copy-book and pencil, or tobacco for the older men.

The day after this, Mr. and Mrs. Schutt kindly entertained all the widows of the village, about sixty in number, to a substantial dinner. It was a pleasure to see even the old and decrepid able to sit at table and enjoy their meal, and it made us enter fully into the idea of the renovating influence of Christmas blessings, to think in what dark and murderous heathenism these aged widows had been reared when young. After dinner Mr. Duncan brought them to his hall to listen to an address, so that they might not return home without words of gospel truth and comfort to cheer them for struggling days.

The morrow, being Sunday, was marked by the usual services. These consist, first, of morning Sunday-school at half-past nine, at which about 200 are present, both children and adults, males and females being in separate buildings. All the elder scholars learn and repeat a text both in English and Tsimshian, and have it explained to them, and they are able to use intelligently their English Bibles for this purpose. At eleven is morning service in church, attended at Christmas time by 700 to 800. Hymns are sung both in English and Tsimshian, and heartily joined in by the congregation. This being the last Sunday in the year the service was made a specially devotional one to seek mercy for the offences of the past twelvemonth.

After morning service the adults meet again in Sunday-school to learn in English and Tsimshian the text of the sermon, and have it again explained to them by the native Sunday-school teachers, who are prepared for this duty at a meeting with Mr. Duncan on Saturday evening. It is very interesting to see about 300 adults gathered together in the three schools at midday, entirely in the hands of native teachers, and with English Bibles in their hands poring intelligently over the text, and following out again the subject of the morning discourse. I cannot but think it would be a great gain if this scheme of Mr. Duncan's could be largely followed in other Missions.

Afternoon service is held in the church at three o'clock, with a Litany, and after this, when the daylight lasts long enough, there is a second Sunday-school. The church is as full in the afternoon as in the morning, and the punctuality of the attendance is surprising. In the evening, at seven o'clock, service is again held in the school-room, which is crowded, and occasional meetings are held by the elder converts for the benefit of any aged people unable to come to church.

To return to the Christmas doings. On the Monday all the women of the village, about 300, assembled in the market-house, and after suitable addresses valuable presents were made to each, viz., 1 lb. soap, 1 lb. rice, and several apples, &c., so that they returned home laden and rejoicing. Altogether about £50 must have been spent upon the Christmas presents.

On Monday evening, being the last night of the old year, a suitable service was held in church, the subject being Psalm xc., "So teach us to number our days," &c. On New Year's Day the festivities were renewed. Bugle-notes and drums and fifes, and the exercises of the volunteers, enlivened the scene. The youth of the village played football on the sands. All the men of the village were assembled in the market-house, and were permanently enrolled in ten companies, the members of each company receiving rosettes of a distinguishing colour. Each company has in it, besides ordinary members, one chief, two constables, one elder, and three councillors, who are all expected to unite in preserving the peace and order of the village. The ten chiefs all spoke in the market-house on New Year's Day, and in sensible language promised to follow the teaching they



REV. SHAM BESRA. KADRU. JOSEPH. REV. BHIM HASDA. REV. WM. SIDO AND FAMILY.
SHAM'S WIFE AND CHILDREN. MR. TUNBRIDGE. REV. W. T. STORRS. BHIM'S WIFE LUCY AND CHILDREN.

THE SANTÁL MISSION: A GROUP AT TALJHARI, NOVEMBER, 1878.

had received, and to unite in promoting what is good. After the meeting all adjourned to the green in front of the church, and joined in singing "God save the Queen," in English, before dispersing to their homes. The rest of the day was spent in New Year's greetings.

Wednesday evening was occupied by the usual week-day service, and Thursday and Friday evenings were devoted to the exhibition in the school-room, first to the women and then to the men, of a large magic lantern, with oxygen light, and also a microscope, showing living insects and sea-water animalcules, as well as various slides.

The above is but an imperfect sketch of the efforts made by Mr. Duncan for the welfare and happiness of his village.

1878.) Nearly two thousand of this simple-hearted people have embraced the Gospel, and on St. Andrew's Day, 1878, the Bishop of Calcutta ordained the first three Santál clergymen, all of whom, with their families, appear in the picture. Mr. Storrs writes as follows:—

I send you the photograph. To my right hand is Tunbridge; beyond him Sham's wife and two of her children, with Sham himself standing behind her with an umbrella in his hand. Between Tunbridge and myself, a little to the back, stands Kadru, my Santál chaprasi or messenger, a capital energetic fellow; on a line with him, exactly behind me, is Joseph, my cook, a Pahari, and a very decent little fellow. To my left is Bhim, the first Santál baptized; then his wife Lucy, with her hands spread out on her knees, their eldest boy standing behind her, and the second sitting at her feet. Then comes Jauna, Sido's wife, with one child on her knee and another at her feet; and last of all Sido himself, the second Santál who was baptized in our Mission.

A GROUP AT TALJHARI, NOVEMBER, 1878.

FAST year, no contributions to the GLEANER were more attractive to its readers than the "Letters to my Parish from Santalia," written by the Rev. W. T. Storrs during his late visit to the Santál Mission; and the group we now present will interest very many. For the benefit of those who are only beginning to read the GLEANER with this number, we may just say that the Santáls are a tribe in Bengal, not Hindus in either race or religion, among whom the Society began a Mission just twenty years ago. (See GLEANER, January, 1875; April, 1877; October,

"WITHOUT GOD."



THE national religion, so to speak, of Ceylon is Buddhism, a system which numbers its votaries by hundreds of millions. It is a religion which in one sad particular stands almost by itself. It may in the strictest sense be termed atheistic—it knows no Creator, no one who may properly be called God.

In his teaching Buddha asserts himself to be supreme. On the other hand he nowhere claims to be the Creator, or to have in any way contributed to the coming into being of the present course

of things. But there is the further remarkable fact: Buddhism presents the spectacle of a religion living and flourishing without a head! Its own sacred books declare that there is now no Buddha! Gautama Buddha came to an end two thousand years ago. He died, and, not only so, in death his being, whether in this or any other world, absolutely terminated. He who is stated to have passed through countless transmigrations, whose history during part of the almost endless period so occupied is recorded in the famous book entitled *Pansiya panas jātaké*, i.e., the five hundred and fifty births, when he ended his life as Buddha, ceased to be.

He had foreseen and foretold this. On the day of his birth he had walked seven paces, and proclaimed this desired consummation with a voice which shook the universe. His words were, *Aggō hamasmi lokassa—jetthō hamasmi lokassa setthō hamasmi lokassa—ayamanti mā jātī natthi dāni punabbhawōti*—"I am the supreme—I shall have no further transmigration; this is my final existence." Buddhists express their belief that this prediction has met its fulfilment, and that Buddha has thus attained to "nirwāna," or extinction, by a saying which in English may be versified as follows:—

"When camphor burns, the fragrant gum perfumes the balmy air,
Yet of its substance nought is left: nor dross nor ash is there.
Thus in Nirwana, of the sage nought that was man remains,
But dharma * lives, and thro' its power his ancient creed sustains."

It follows, then, that in Buddhism there is no Creator, no Saviour, no friend: none to punish, none to reward, and, strictly speaking, no object of worship. It cannot be matter for surprise that of the millions who call themselves by its name, comparatively few appear to place their full trust in it. Such an empty shell is not likely to satisfy the craving of hungry souls. In Ceylon, at least, men find in themselves needs which Buddhism does not meet, and, as they look around for help, Satan presents



DEVIL-DANCER'S MASK, CEYLON.
(Drawn from a Mask now in the Church Missionary House.)

himself as ready to supply their wants. In an almost universal devil worship are seen the terrible result.

Devil worship in all its ramifications it would be well-nigh impossible to describe, but from one specimen its general character may be learned.

The hideous mask, an engraving of which is here given, is supposed to represent one whose history in very minute particulars agrees with that of Amnon, the wicked son of David. This, too, was a king's son,

and for a similar awful crime he suffered the punishment of being, in his next transmigration, born as a demon.

In case of serious illness among their females, this is the devil whom the Singhalese invoke. The *Ædurā*, or devil-priest, is summoned, and fixes the day on which the ceremony is to take place. Offerings are prepared of cocoa-nuts, rice, eggs, flowers, arrack, opium, and flesh, and hideous images are prepared and placed before the patient. The devil-priest wears the mask which is here depicted, and through the ceremonies of a whole

night personates the demon, reciting verses containing disgusting details of the history, and sometimes shouting and yelling as he dances and gyrates.

At daybreak the priest announces that the demon is satisfied, and that the disease will depart. He then casts the images into some waste place, and takes the offerings as the reward for his labour.

Over much that is said and done on such occasions one must draw a veil. Such deeds hate the light, and are themselves darker than the night with which it is generally sought to shroud them. They give terrible meaning to the words of the Risen Saviour to Saul: "The Gentiles to whom I now send thee, to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness unto light, and from the power of Satan unto God." They may help some to realise, as they have not done before, what the true state is of those whom that same Paul himself afterwards described as "having no hope, and without God in the world."

J. IRELAND JONES.

COLOMBO, July, 1879.



DEVIL-DANCERS, CEYLON.

* Doctrine.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK FOR JANUARY.



It is proposed to print in each number of the GLEANER the calendar for the month, taken from the Church Missionary Almanack, with the texts for every day and the dates of interesting Missionary events; and to append to this some brief notes, as below. Many of our readers, we trust, will make the daily texts their own; and may these little seeds of the Word of Life, thus sown in many hearts, spring up and bear fruit to the glory of God!

Last Qr. 5d. 8h. 49m. a.m.
New Moon ... 11d. 10h. 40m. p.m. **JANUARY.** First Qr. ... 19d. 4h. 40m. a.m.
Full Moon ... 27d. 10h. 12m. a.m.

- 1 T Circum. Show me now Thy way. Ex. 33. 13.
- 2 F I will show thee great and mighty things. Jer. 33. 3. [Gen. 12. 1.
- 3 S *Krapf visited Mombasa, 1844.* Unto a land that I will show thee. [gates of the daughter of Zion. Ps. 9. 14.
- 4 S 2nd aft. Christmas. That I may show forth all Thy praise in the M. Is. 42. Matt. 8. E. Is. 43 or 44. Acts 2. 22.
- 5 M Show how great things God hath done unto thee. Luke 8. 39.
- 6 T Epiphany. That He should show light unto the people, and to the Gen- M. Is. 60. Luke 3. 13-21. E. Is. 49. 13-24. John 2. 1-12. [tiles. Acts 26. 23.
- 7 W Thou wilt show me the path of life. Ps. 16. 11.
- 8 T God is the Lord, which hath showed us light. Ps. 118. 27.
- 9 F *French and Knott sailed, 1869.* Showing the glad tidings of the
- 10 S He will show you things to come. John 16. 13. [Kingdom. Lu. 8. 1. [John 21. 1.
- 11 S 1st aft. Epiphany. Jesus showed Himself again to the disciples. M. Is. 51. Matt. 8. 19. to 7. E. Is. 52. 13, & 53 or 54. Acts 7. 1-35.
- 12 M Stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which He will show.
- 13 T Showing mercy unto thousands. Ex. 20. 6. [Ex. 14. 13.
- 14 W Study to show thyself approved unto God. 2 Tim. 2. 15.
- 15 T 1st *Arrian baptisms, 1852.* Grace hath been showed from the Lord.
- 16 F He will show them His covenant. Ps. 25. 14. [Ezra 9. 8.
- 17 S Open Thou my lips, and my mouth shall show forth Thy praise. [Ps. 51. 15.
- 18 S 2nd aft. Epiphany. Show the Lord's death till He come. 1 Cor. 11. 26. M. Is. 55. Matt. 10. 24. E. Is. 57 or 51. Acts 10. 24.
- 19 M This people have I formed for Myself: they shall show forth My
- 20 T Thou showest loving-kindness. Jer. 32. 18. [praise. Is. 43. 21
- 21 W A good man showeth favour. Ps. 112. 5. [Acts 16. 17.
- 22 T 1st *C.M.S. Miss. landed, Japan, 1869.* Show the way of salvation.
- 23 F *'Henry Venn' launched, 1878.* Sent to show glad tidings. Lu. 1. 19.
- 24 S He hath showed His people the power of His works. Ps. 111. 6. [things he must suffer for My name's sake. Acts 9. 16.
- 25 S Septuagesima. Conversion of St. Paul. I will show him how great M. Gen. 1 & 2 to 4. Rev. 21. 1-9. E. Gen. 2. 4, or Job. 33. Rev. 21. 9 to 22. 6.
- 26 M To him that ordereth his conversation aright will I show the salvation
- 27 T In all things showing thyself a pattern. Tit. 2. 7. [of God. Ps. 50. 23.
- 28 W Show us Thy mercy. Ps. 85. 7. [what way ye should go. Deut. 1. 33.
- 29 T *Nyanza reached, 1877.* Who went in the way before you, to show by
- 30 F *J. Devasagayam d., 1864.* Show me Thy glory. Ex. 33. 18.
- 31 S *Islington Coll. op., 1825.* We desire that every one of you do show [the same diligence. Heb. 6. 11.

NOTES.

In the Church Missionary Almanack for this year, the daily texts are selected on the following plan. For each month a word is chosen; and all the texts in that month contain that word. The twelve words this year are all verbs, viz., Show, Bear, See, Remember, Give, Call, Gather, Go, Keep, Bring, Cast, Come.

This month the word is Show, and we begin the year by asking God to "Show us His way." That is what we all want, month by month, and day by day, and hour by hour. And then we find how good a word it is for the Epiphany season—the "Manifestation" or *showing* of Christ to the Gentiles. This is what all true missionary work is, to *show* Christ to all nations, Christ crucified, Christ risen, Christ enthroned, Christ the Redeemer, Christ the Lord.

In the texts of this month there are two kinds of showing. There is what God shows to us, and there is what we are to show to God or to others. God promises to show us "great and mighty things," "the path of life," "things to come," "the salvation of the Lord," "mercy unto thousands," "His covenant," "loving-kindness," "the power of His works"; we pray Him to show us "His glory"; and we have Jesus "showing Himself." And then we are to show forth "His praise," to show ourselves "a pattern" and "approved unto God," to show "the glad tidings of the kingdom" and "how great things God have done for us"; and in the sacrament of His love to "show the Lord's death till He come."

Among the events of January we notice three arrivals of missionaries in new fields. In 1844, Krapf in East Africa, "a land God showed him." In 1869, Ensor in Japan, where religion is called a "way" (*michi*), and where he "showed the way of salvation." In 1877, O'Neill and Wilson

at the Victoria Nyanza, God having shown them the road thither. January, too, we have the memorable sailing of French and Knott in 1869 to establish the Lahore College; the first baptisms of the Arrians by Henry Baker in 1852; the opening of Islington College in 1825; the death of old John Devasagayam (the first Native clergyman in South India) in 1864; and, just two years ago, the launch of the steamer *Henry Venn* for the Niger Mission—"sent to show glad tidings."

THE "LITTLE GREEN BOOK."

WITH this month begins a new series of the CHURCH MISSIONARY JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, the old and familiar "little green book" which so many of us who are now grown up remember reading with delight years and years before the children who now are born or thought of. It is now to be all printed on green paper, inside and out, and to be of a larger and squarer shape, so as to be more room for good-sized pictures.

All the children who help the Church Missionary Society all over the country ought to pay their halfpenny a month (over and above their missionary subscriptions) to buy the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; and the Editor of the GLEANER knows that the more they read the "Little Book," the more they will learn to value the GLEANER in its turn, as they are old enough to take it in too.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Bishop of Mauritius, Dr. Royston, is in England. He was formerly C.M.S. Secretary at Madras, and was consecrated in 1872, together with Bishop Horden and the late Bishop Russell.

The Bishop of Travancore and Cochin, Dr. Speechly, bid farewell to the C.M.S. Committee on Nov. 25th, and started on Dec. 1st for India.

On Nov. 2nd, at Allahabad, the Bishop of Calcutta ordained three missionaries of the C.M.S., viz., Mr. G. H. Weber, of that station; R. J. Bell, of the Cathedral Mission College, Calcutta, and Mr. J. B. Baumann, R. Elliott, and H. D. Williamson received priests' orders from the Bishop Sargent is hoping to admit several Tamil deacons in Timor to priest's orders on Jan. 11th.

We regret to announce the death, on Oct. 24th, at Jaffna, in Ceylon, of the Rev. Edwin Blackmore, who went out in 1874 to Tinnevely as C.M.S. missionary, and was transferred to Ceylon a year ago. His words were, "Jesus has come! Good-bye!"

The distress caused by the disastrous floods in Krishnagar, referred to in our November number, still continues. Mr. Vaughan writes that many of the people were living on "the little drowned rice they grub out of the water."

The *Henry Venn* has returned safely after a very successful voyage to the Binue, the eastern branch of the Niger. It ascended some 2000 beyond any spot previously reached, and 900 miles from the sea, to a wholly unknown country. Mr. Ashcroft penetrated still further beyond. He found large populations, both heathen and Mohammedan, and the kings and chiefs asked for Christian teachers to be sent among them.

The Jesuit priests are distributing money freely among the adherents of both the C.M.S. and S.P.G. Missions in Tinnevely, to them to join the Church of Rome, and have succeeded in a few cases.

Gbegbe, a town on the Niger 230 miles from its mouth, which was one of the first stations opened in the mission in 1857, but was afterwards destroyed in a civil war (see GLEANER, Nov., 1878), has been re-opened by one of Bishop Crowther's Native agents at the invitation of the people. It was at Gbegbe that the first baptisms of converts on the Niger took place, on Sept. 14th, 1862.

The Rev. A. Schapira reports encouragingly of his new work at His Arabic services, Sunday schools, &c., are well attended; in his schools there are 150 children, half of them Moslems; his small dispensary has been visited by a thousand people in a few months; large numbers of tracts have been distributed; and interesting conversations have been held with Mussulman sheikhs.

TOPICS FOR THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

THANKSGIVING that we have been brought in mercy "safely to another year." Prayer that the year 1880 may be a blessed year for the Church Missionary Society, for all its Missionaries, for the Native Churches, and for the souls of the perishing heathen.

THANKSGIVING for the preservation so far of the Nyanza Mission. PRAYER for them all, wherever they may now be, and for the success of their great enterprise.

PRAYER for Japan (see p. 5); for Metlakatla (see p. 9); for the clergy (see p. 10); for the devil-worshippers of Ceylon (see p. 11).

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

BIBLE THOUGHTS ABOUT MISSIONARY WORK.

BY THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

II.

"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.
Amen."—*St. Matt. vi. 13.*



seeking to arouse amongst Christian people a greater interest in the work of Missions to the heathen, in asking for their prayers, their sympathy, their contributions, we cannot urge a stronger plea, we cannot advance a better ground of encouragement, than part of the prayer most familiar to us all, "For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever."

So many of us forget that day by day we pray for the extension of missionary work, and that Christ himself has asked us thus to make supplication. For what does it mean, "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven"? Is it not that the kingdoms of this world may become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ? And who asked us to make this our prayer? Was it not our Blessed Lord Himself? He knew the value of prayer in the furtherance of missionary work. For before He came into the world the Father had said, "Ask of Me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession."

Now the plea which is advanced here should set at rest all doubts as to success. The work is God's, not man's. It is true that we shall not find these words in the Lord's Prayer as given by St. Luke, and indeed they are wanting in some MSS. of St. Matthew. But still we should be slow to give them up. They form such a grand ascription of praise, wherewith to close the prayer, to Son and Spirit and Father. They form also the mightiest plea wherewith to urge petitions. The work is all of God and not of man, and in this threefold ascription we have a certain pledge and assurance of success.

The Kingdom is God's. He has given it to the Son of His love. "The Lord said unto my Lord, Sit Thou at My right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool." The Divine purpose is that Christ shall reign. And all that we read in Ancient History about the rise and fall of empires, all that we see going on around us now in the opening up of kingdoms and the disturbance of nationalities, all that we are doing in the way of Missions to the heathen, all is tending to the accomplishment of what we read, "In the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom which shall never be destroyed." This is our first encouragement. The kingdom is God's.

But, the Power is God's. In vain would be the missionary's labour if he depended only upon human resources, upon national influence, and the effects of civilisation. These may be all helpful. But when the earliest missionaries went forth, their strength was in the power given them from heaven. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." And the same Holy Ghost is vouchsafed to us. This, too, is a grand encouragement in missionary effort. The power is God's.

And, further, *the Glory is God's.* As we recognise that our work is the establishment of Christ's kingdom, and as we believe that the power of the Holy Ghost is that alone by which success will be ensured, so we ascribe the glory entirely to the Father. This is our great end and aim, just as it was with our Blessed Lord. "I have glorified Thee on the earth. I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." Once more we have the greatest encouragement. God will be glorified. The glory is His.

Remember this each time you pray the Lord's Prayer. You have a mighty plea with God for the Church Missionary Society.

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

II.

In the Inland Sea—From Kobe by Rail—The Jin-riki-sha—Osaka—C.M.S. Mission—A Sunday with Japanese Christians—Osaka Shops, Temples, Castle.



UNSHINE and rain alternated as we resumed our voyage. Some of the loveliest views in the "Inland Sea" were lost to us in the mist or were passed at night. We had anchored off Shimonoseki, one bright afternoon, to be tantalised by a glimpse of Japanese life from the deck, for the order was peremptory: "No one allowed to land." Boats came off with vegetables, the young boatmen looking like classic bronzes as they stood propelling and guiding their frail unpainted craft by means of a long sweep at the stern. A pleasure-boat full of merry faces, round as the moon, enamelled and painted, rowed round our ship, and black eyes from under its awning gazed curiously at the foreigner, whilst melancholy notes came from the *sansien*, or three-stringed guitar. On shore a flight of stone steps, flanked by two lions, seemed to invite approach to the town, whose neatly tiled houses peeped out from the foliage, but in vain. The despatches were soon on board, and we were again threading our way amid "the green islands of glittering seas, where fragrant forests perfume the breeze," islands which make this voyage a series of delightful scenes in fine weather, and form a fertile source of peril when mists hide them from view.

At last, on a bright summer day, we anchor in the port of Kobe. [See pictures on next page.] Landing, we make for the railway station, and can almost imagine that we are dreaming; so strangely do the old and new, the products of Eastern and Western civilisation, jostle against and mingle with each other. Station, rails, train, telegraph wires, all are European; passengers, costumes, packages, manners, are Japanese. We glide along across a well-cultivated plain; on our left lofty well-wooded mountains, on our right the sea. We pass many neat villages, whose thatched roofs have a pleasant home-like look; and we note the busy blue-clad workers in the rice fields—when all too soon we find ourselves at our destination. We alight at a large brick-built station, hand our tickets to a native in an inspector's garb, and imagine for a moment, as we pass by spacious booking-offices and well-appointed waiting-rooms, that we have been set down at some Midland stopping-place at home. Outside, however, instead of omnibuses and cabs, stand rows of *jin-riki-shas*, a kind of hooded Bath chair, with handsome wheels, and a man between the shafts, ready to run us along at the rate of five miles an hour for a shilling. [See the picture in the GLEANER of March, 1877.]

"*San ban Kawaguchi*" (No. 8, River's mouth), we exclaim three or four times with varying emphasis, and it is evidently intelligible, for we are quickly traversing a long street of diminutive houses, of which but few have an upper story. Our road runs parallel to a river; ever and anon we cross or pass the end of a bridge, or have peeps of water and boats between the houses. At last we emerge upon a strand, turn to the left, and crossing a handsome iron swing bridge of European construction, find ourselves in the foreign settlement at OSAKA.

Old friends once associated with Hong Kong work, the Rev. C. F. and Mrs. Warren, give us a warm welcome to their neat cottage-like bungalow, and we are soon deep in the contrasts and experiences of Mission work in China and Japan. Stepping across a narrow passage in rear of the house we enter



THE PORT OF KOBE, JAPAN, BEFORE AND AFTER THE TYPHOON OF JULY, 1871.

a commodious vestry, or quire's room, doors from which open into the church. Everything looks bright and light. A cross a wide street and find the former church nicely adapted for a school, in a courtyard of Mr. Oxlad's home. It was wheeled bodily "over way," a few fine cracks being the only material of the journey. [See pictures in GLEANER of August, 1871.] In an adjoining compound is Evington's building, a galow, and there we have practically head-quarters for the C.M.S. Mission. Very pleasant was its assemblage on Sunday morning, the Native Christian congregation — albeit service was in English, an unknown tongue; very suggestive the gathering around the Table of the Lord, with some twenty Native communicants, and to remember that but a few years had elapsed since Mr. Warr arrived, and then there was not one convert.

NOTE.—The pictures on this page show us the port of Kobe, Japan, before and after the typhoon of July 1871. Mr. Hutchins landed on his way to Osaka. They illustrate the mode of building the foreign settlements (which may be contrasted with the native houses of our last number) and also one of the great perils of Japan.

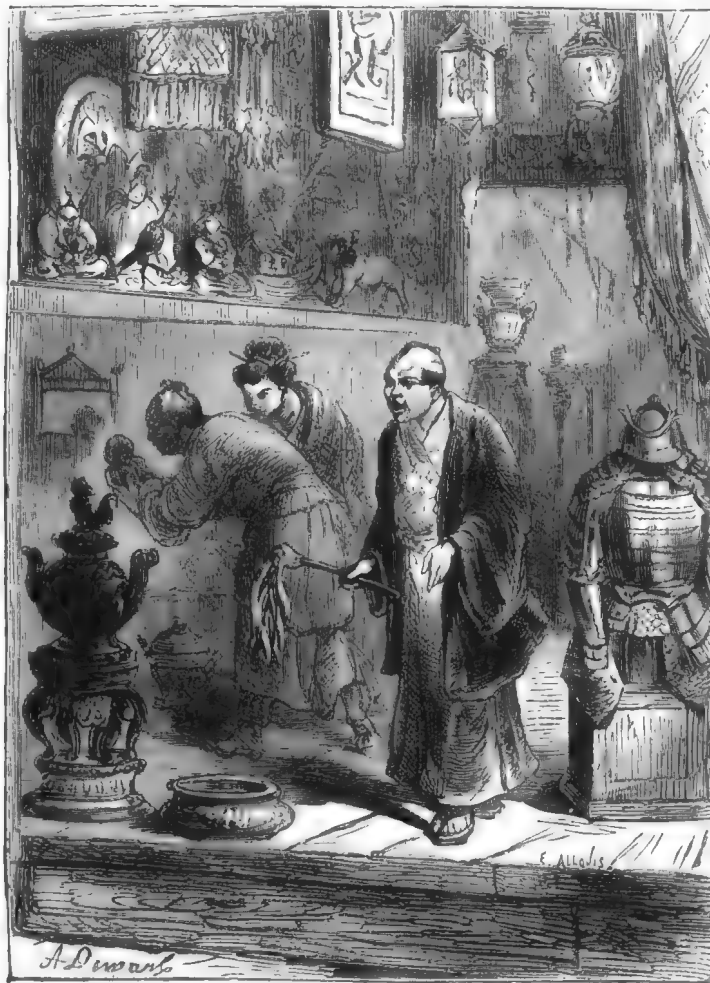
That Sunday afternoon I went into the city with Mr. Evington to the Bible Class, which is held in a book shop, open during the week for the sale of Christian literature. Some six or seven earnest-looking men had assembled. We enter by a side door, and put off our boots on the outer ledge or gallery from which the rooms open. The day being hot, the transverse screens which divide the long building into rooms are taken down, and we can see the whole length from the shutters in front to the charming little garden in the rear, with its miniature lake, and lantern, and hill, and trees, and gold-fishes, and bridge—a little gem, very pleasing to the eyes, and witnessing to that inherent love of beauty which is characteristic of the Japanese in all ranks of life. We all kneel down on the matted floor, sitting back on the soles of our shoeless feet, and are thus quite at home in a Japanese way. This is one of the radical differences in the customs of China and Japan. The best Chinese house has no floor clean enough for such a posture. In praying all lean forward, putting the hands together on the ground, and bowing the head. The reading seems to be full of interest to those present. They question in an animated way, and discuss with vivacity. Our host's wife, meanwhile, in the adjoining kitchen, keeps her eyes on the fire and the cooking, whilst her ears are open to the Gospel, and then when an hour and a half have expired she modestly asks us to refresh ourselves with a tiny cup of fragrant tea ere we leave.

Another meeting and a second Native service have been held in the church, and we return in time for the English service, at which we meet a few residents and some of our brethren of the American Episcopal Mission. Greatly indeed are we privileged to be permitted to see this day of comparative peace and security for the entrance of the Gospel into the imperial city, where fifty years since seven natives were crucified on the bare suspicion of their being Christians. Now there are three Protestant societies at work here, quietly, faithfully sowing the seed of the Word, and already permitted to behold the first fruits of the coming harvest.

Osaka is a large and busy city, offering a good opportunity for studying every-day Japanese life. In one respect the cities of Japan much resemble those of England. No walls surround them. Generally there is a castle, which is in itself a large fortress, with central keep and wide moats, but the city shades away gradually, and almost imperceptibly, from its central quarter into suburbs of poorer and smaller houses, terminating in open

country. Very long seemed the level streets of Osaka. Its population is over half a million, and these, having no four or five-storied houses to dwell in, are spread out over a large area. The roads and streets are as wide as those of the newer portions of London, and are thronged by as busy a crowd. Such good-natured, kindly-looking people too. They win upon one at first sight. Shops of all kinds expose their tempting wares in perplexing abundance. We lift the curtains which keep out the glare, and see a large drapery establishment crowded with customers, who sit on the edge of the counter or upon it, for the well-matted floor is the counter, and is only about a foot above the level of the street. Mothers are buying rich silk stuffs for

dresses, and young ladies coloured crapes for their hair or their necks, and careful country visitors are looking at cheap remnants, or listening to the persuasive eloquence of grave salesmen, whose heads are shaved in the centre, and their back hair twisted up and bent forward in a style which to us seems most ludicrous. Photographers abound, and will supply charming carte-de-visite views of noted places at a penny each; shops for the sale of educational appliances are numerous; toy shops in abundance show that the children are well remembered in Japan; shops for earthen and chinaware; lacquer ware for every-day use; fans of gorgeous colouring and fantastic devices; foreign articles of clothing, especially hats; for these and a hundred other requirements allure the passer-by by the brilliancy of their colouring and picturesque arrangement of their contents. Every street is intersected by canals, over which in Osaka alone are nearly a thousand bridges; at each corner of which will generally be a bath-house, with separate doors for men and women, distinguished by Chinese characters a foot high in white on the blue



JAPANESE CURIOSITY SHOP.

cloth curtain. This is a recent improvement on old customs.

Numerous shops for the sale of shrines, idols, or religious emblems and requirements for worship remind us constantly and painfully that we are sojourning amongst the heathen. Temples abound. It is said that there are nearly two thousand scattered over the city. We ascend a flight of steps on approaching the chief of these, and enter a fine old gateway of wood, beautifully carved. Crossing a spacious courtyard, we mingle with the crowd of worshippers constantly coming and going in the lofty hall. An intense earnestness in their manner makes one yearn to tell them of the God Man, Christ Jesus, that they may be turned from idols to serve the living and true God.

We pass on to the N.E. corner of the city, and admire the width and depth of the moat, the vast stones of the gateways, and the extent of the castle enclosure. The soldiers on guard have a continental appearance both in bearing and uniform. One accompanies us to the lofty citadel, from which we look down upon town and country and crowded dwellings and open fields, note the extensive buildings of the Mint and Arsenal, and track the silvery windings of the two rivers, the Yodo and Yamato, which circle round the city, until where the Town Hall raises its imposing spire they spread out towards the sea. We gaze upon the marks of fierce conflagrations yet visible on the massive stones that flank the gateways—for here, three hundred years since, the temporal might of Buddhism received its deathblow. From that day Buddhism has been a great but spiritual power only, the ally, and not the rival, of that military government of the Shoguns which lasted till 1868. A mightier power is now confronting Japanese Buddhism, and assailing it with weapons of a different kind. "For the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strongholds." Would that there were more found ready to go forth and wield them for the great Captain of our Salvation!

A "GLEANER" COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.



THE request of the Rev. Canon Blenkin, Vicar of Boston, the Editor lately prepared a paper of questions upon the contents of the eleven numbers of the GLEANER from January to November last, a few young people in that town having well studied its pages during the year, and desiring to be examined in the knowledge of missionary work which they had gained. The examination was held on November 29th, when seven candidates presented themselves, two above the age of fourteen, and five under; and a young lady who signs the name of "Susan" stands first with 74 marks out of a possible 100.

The questions set were as follows:—

1. Write down three of Christ's "Marching Orders" in His own words.
2. Two Bishops for new Missionary Dioceses were consecrated in July last. Give their names, and state briefly what you know of them, and of the countries to which they were appointed.
3. Draw a rough outline map of Eastern Africa, from Egypt to Zanzibar, showing the two routes to the Victoria Nyanza.
4. State what you know of any two of the following C.M.S. Missions:—Bonny, Frere Town, Peshawar, Santal Mission, Great Valley.
5. Where are the following places?—Abeokuta, Mombasa, Kagei, Taljhari, Goruckpore, Palamcottah, Shaohing, Queen Charlotte's Island.
6. Give any illustrations of the following Christian graces that you have noticed in this year's GLEANER:—Patience under disappointments; Steadfastness under persecutions; Earnestness in seeking after the truth; Liberality in giving to the service of God.
7. Give an account of any one person converted to God, of whom you have read in this year's GLEANER.

Besides these the Editor also proposed the following, but they were thought too difficult, or more than enough, and were not submitted to the candidates. Of course all the questions refer to persons, places, and events prominently mentioned in last year's volume:—

Give illustrations of the progress of the C.M.S.'s work within the twenty years from 1858 to 1878. [This refers to the article in the March number.]

Name some missionary workers who have died lately, and state briefly who they were. Particularly, a great statesman, a Travancore missionary, and a Hindu clergyman's wife.

Write a brief explanation of any one of the following pictures:—

- C.M.S. Clergy in Palestine.
- Teaching in a Zenana at Umritsur.
- The Mission Press at Cottayam.
- Mission Church at Tokio.
- Admiral Prevost and the Christians of Metlakatla.

The answers show unmistakably that the young competitors had thoroughly well read the GLEANER month by month. On the second question four of them write nicely about Bishops Speechly and Ridley, and "Susan" gives from memory quite an elaborate account of Travancore. One writer, however, says Bishop Ridley is for Travancore, and cannot remember the name of "the other one for British Columbia." Four attempt the map required in Question 3, and all show that they

have a rough notion of the position of Uganda, the Nile, and Mo "Susan's" sketch in particular is a very creditable effort of mind. Under the fourth question some nice little accounts are given of Frere Town, Peshawar, and the Santal Mission. No one mentions the Great Valley. "Susan's" account of Peshawar is worth quoting:—

"Peshawar is the border town between Afghanistan and the Punjab, the entrance of the great Khyber Pass. It has been until this year the furthest limit to which the missionaries might go. Mr. Hughes is stationed here, and by the sale of Bibles, and tract distribution, endeavours to send light into the dark region beyond. Another means of spreading the Gospel is the guest-chamber, which is an institution in every Afghan house. The missionaries show hospitality, and try to influence their guests. Peshawar has an English church."

Most of the answers to Question 5 are remarkably accurate; but there is a curious illustration of the way in which the Yoruba Mission has entered into the background of late years, that Abeokuta, which was perhaps the best known station in the world twenty years ago, is placed as a competitor in Travancore, and by another in Japan.

The 6th question has elicited some interesting answers. Of "patience under disappointments," one suggests "the blind schoolmaster of Frere Town and Mr. Streeter" as examples. "Steadfastness under persecutions" is exemplified by Fuh-Kien, Bonny, and Great Valley, and in the case of Churun Masih. "Earnestness in seeking after the truth" is nicely illustrated by the "fifty years' search for peace" of Jadu Bhindu. As examples of "liberality in giving to the service of God," the following are mentioned:—the Santal Christians bringing their offerings as described by Mr. Storrs; the case of "a tenth for God" in Tinnevely; Miss Havergal giving her jewels to the C.M.S.; the £100 per station offered to the Santal Mission by Sir W. Muir and Mr. Shackell; King Tiwo at Lagos. In response to the 7th question, the cases of Churun Chandu in "A.L.O.E.'s" narrative, and Retti the Tamil farmer mentioned by Mr. Meadows, are given.

Is not this excellent example of missionary study worth imitating?

SKETCHES OF THE TELUGU MISSION.

BY THE REV. J. E. PADFIELD, Masulipatam.

I.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.



IT was not in the highest spirits imaginable that at the end of the year 1868 I found myself approaching the large old fort near Masulipatam. Nearing the end of a long journey, first round the Cape, from London to Madras, in the good ship *Gosforth*, and then up the Bay of Bengal in a coasting steamer. We had descended from the steamer into a boat, for no boat can there come within miles of the shore. We had been several hours in the said boat steering towards the flat desolate-looking shore. We had crossed the "bar" that impedes entrance into the river, and were slowly rowing up the river towards the landing-place. I was then just reaching the end of my long journey, and nearing the place I had often pictured myself in my own mind as being like—well, as being as the reality as it was possible to be. As I have said, my mind was rather depressed, and naturally so, for a more dull, more desolate-looking spot in the world there can scarcely be than the country that meets one's view in going up the river from the sea to Bunder Fort. Fancy a wide expanse of the blackest, slimiest, spongiest mud possible, and a black sluggish stream of liquid mud dragging its meandering length through the mud, and in the boat creeping up the stream picture two missionaries just arriving at the scene of their future labours, and then you will not wonder at one's feelings being none of the liveliest. We at length got alongside the landing-place, and found nothing but desolation. The large fort that had once been a military stronghold, and had been the scene of many a battle between Natives and French and English, was then, and is now, a desolate ruin. The cyclone, of which more anon, had done more for its ruin than the batterings of many a siege.

A drive of two miles was yet before us before reaching M

patam proper, or Bunder as the natives call it; and still mud and desolation, for the road runs across a dreary swamp, dry enough in the hot season, but a lake of black spongy mud after the first downpour of the monsoon. At last we drew near to the cantonment, and things certainly began to wear a more cheerful aspect. Green trees, for it was the cold season, and the signs of civilisation met one's anxious gaze. We passed several large bungalows on the right and left; here one that is now rebuilt, and, as an inscription notifies, is the Noble Memorial School; there a house now occupied by a missionary, but which was in 1868 still used for the school. Next we passed the house in which Robert Noble of sainted memory lived and died, and which is now occupied by the writer of this paper—in fact we had come to the end of our journey. We had reached the first and still the chief station of the Telugu Mission, and a warm welcome and the cheerful sights and scenes around soon dispelled the mud-begotten gloom that had certainly depressed our spirits. It did our hearts good to see the active, thorough missionary work that was going on, both in the large and important schools that form so prominent a feature in the Memoir of Robert Noble, and also in the little Christian congregation and evangelistic agencies that were presided over by a veteran missionary who has very recently been called to his heavenly rest.

The pettah, or native town, is half a mile or so distant from the cantonment, and a walk through its sandy streets and lanes had a very depressing effect, for everywhere one could see how "mad after their idols" were the poor benighted heathen. Sometimes one saw things that common decency forbids one to allude to, but which were, nevertheless, sacred emblems of, or holy allusions to, one phase or another of the religion of those around. Depressing were such things, but still, showing how much work there was before us, incentives to active exertion.

The task I have had set me is to give a brief account of this promising and interesting Mission of the Church Missionary Society, and my purpose is, without attempting a formal history of its operations, to take a few prominent features here and there, which may perhaps serve to illustrate the work that has been and still is being done for the evangelising of the heathen and the building up for Christ of a living Native Church.

HOW THE TWINS WERE SAVED.

A TRUE STORY FROM ONITSHA.



DESTROY them not, for a blessing is in them." Never perhaps were these words more happily applied than they were by the Rev. Solomon Perry, the Native African missionary at Onitsha on the Niger, at one o'clock in the morning of Thursday, July 31st, 1879.

Onitsha is a town on the east bank of the Niger, 140 miles from the sea. Ever since British steamers went up the river, it has been a principal centre of trade; and it was the first place occupied by Samuel (now Bishop) Crowther when he began the Niger Mission in 1857. (See GLEANER, Sept., 1878.) The work from the first has been encompassed with difficulties; yet a Christian congregation of some 250 natives has been gathered, without counting the resident English and African traders.

The grossest and most cruel superstitions flourish in full force at Onitsha. Among them is a persistent prejudice against the birth of twins. "Such an occurrence," writes Archdeacon Dandeson Crowther (the Bishop's son), "is a horrible thing in the land, an abomination not to be tolerated. The children must be immediately put to death, and thrown away, and no mention ever be made of the births."

On the night of July 30 last, twin girls were born to a convert named Daniel Odiegu. The poor mother in her fright got up and went off into the bush to hide herself; "but," says Archdeacon Crowther, "the sweet influences of the Gospel had taken hold of the hearts of our converts and softened them to pity and love," and one of the friends of the family, coming in, exclaimed, "They shall not be thrown away: send for

our minister." Mr. Perry was fetched at one in the morning. "Destroy them not," he said, "for a blessing is in them"; and immediately set about taking measures for their preservation. First he, with great difficulty, persuaded an old woman to take charge of the poor little babes. Then he went after the mother; but it was only after two hours of talking that he and other converts who had now assembled could induce her to come in, and even then she would not come near the infants.

It was then determined not to attempt any concealment of what had happened; but feeling that the anger of the people might put all Christians in some peril, he sent a note to the merchants, in which he said,—

"If we are quiet and it is known afterwards, it might be made a ground for persecution; but if we put a bold face on it, they will be silent. We are therefore determined to make it an occasion of public rejoicing at having an opportunity to put our teaching into practice. I inform you of it, not that I apprehend any danger to the English residents, but it is a thing you should all know."

According to the custom of the place, guns were accordingly fired to announce the birth. "Every passer-by," says Archdeacon Crowther, "asked what the rejoicing meant; and when told, some snapped their fingers over their heads, others spat sharply two or three times to show abhorrence; some ran away speechless, and many put their hands to their ears to shut out the bad news." One man, however, who was greatly horrified, being asked by a Christian named Stephen Obori, "whether he had ever thrown away any present given him," answered, No; whereupon Stephen rejoined, "Who, except at Onitsha, would be foolish enough to throw away his children given by God, because they were two?" The heathen man stared for a moment, and then exclaimed, "After all, I think you Oyibos [*i.e.*, white men, or civilised negroes] are wise people, and we are fools. I for one will never refuse a present, and if doubled, all the better. Give me some powder," he added, "and I too will fire my gun, for I must help the Christians to rejoice and thank God." That heathen, says the Archdeacon, actually kept firing volleys for two hours, with exclamations against the folly of Onitsha superstition; after which he "bade adieu, wished all success, shouldered his gun, and went away."

Not so reasonable, however, were the rest of the people. The king and chiefs sent angry messages, requiring the instant death of the twins, and also that *two human sacrifices* were to be offered, "one to be dragged alive through the town to take away the sin, and the other to be killed on the spot, and the blood sprinkled on the desecrated ground." To which a respectful reply was sent by the Native missionaries, stating that they had come "to teach the preciousness of the life that God had given," and that the Divine command, "Thou shalt not kill," applied to "human sacrifices, lying in wait for revenge, and the destruction of twins." On the other hand, no less than eight heathens came secretly to beg them to stand firm, for they also had had twins, and had thrown them away with bitter tears.

Next day a furious mob of five hundred men, "armed to the teeth with guns, outlasses, spears, clubs, bows and arrows, and daggers," surrounded the mission compound, demanding that the babes be given up to them. The whole body of Christians were assembled to defend them, but providentially no collision took place. Archdeacon Crowther and a lay teacher held the leaders of the mob in parley, while Mr. Perry and two others managed to slip away into the bush with the infants, and thence to one of the factories, whence they were afterwards conveyed on board the English steamer *Wanderer*, which happily had just arrived. On hearing what had been done, the crowd, only anxious to get such abominations out of Onitsha, were content, and quietly dispersed.

A negro woman called "Mammy Davis" was on board the *Wanderer*, en route up the river to Lokoja, whither Archdeacon Crowther also was going, and to her charge the twins were committed. But, writes Mr. Crowther, "another difficulty arose: the children were crying, and though we had condensed milk, we had no feeding-bottle. Every one on board began to contrive, and Captain Stort, with his chief engineer, Mr. Osborne, succeeded in making one, which answered admirably all the journey."

On arriving at Lokoja, Mr. Crowther arranged to hold a thanksgiving service for the preservation of the twins, and to baptize them. The service was held in Holy Trinity mission church, and eighty-six persons were present, including the English officers of the steamer and

many Mohammedans and heathen. The Archdeacon preached from Ps. xxvii. 10—"When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up"—and afterwards baptized the twins by the names of Sarah Wanderer and Elizabeth Wanderer. Sarah, however, died on the eleventh day of her short and troubled life; but Elizabeth, Mr. Crowther writes, is "thriving well."

This is how the twins were saved. And though the Psalmist's words, "The Lord will take me up," have been too literally fulfilled in the case of one, we shall all earnestly hope that it may please God to spare the other, and that she may live to know from what a premature and barbarous end she was saved. But the great triumph has been the heavy blow dealt at the superstitions of Onitsha; and it is with thankfulness, but not with surprise, that we hear of many heathens having come to church on the succeeding Sundays expressly "to see and hear what gives these converts such courage to withstand the whole country."

[Since this occurrence, Onitsha has been destroyed, and the Mission suspended. See next article.]

SCENES ON THE NIGER.

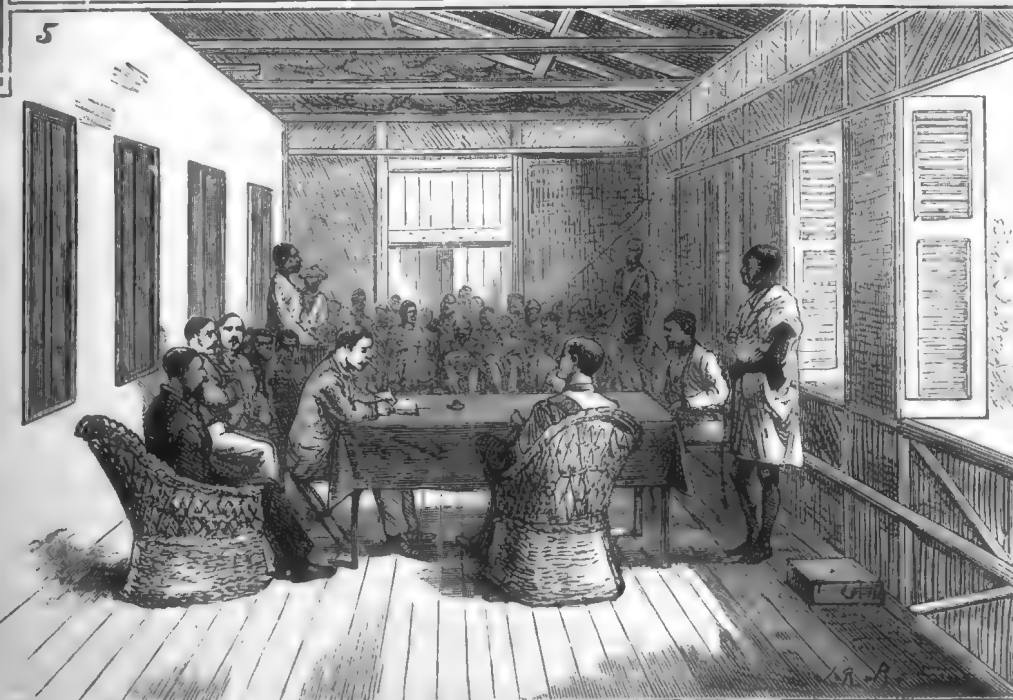
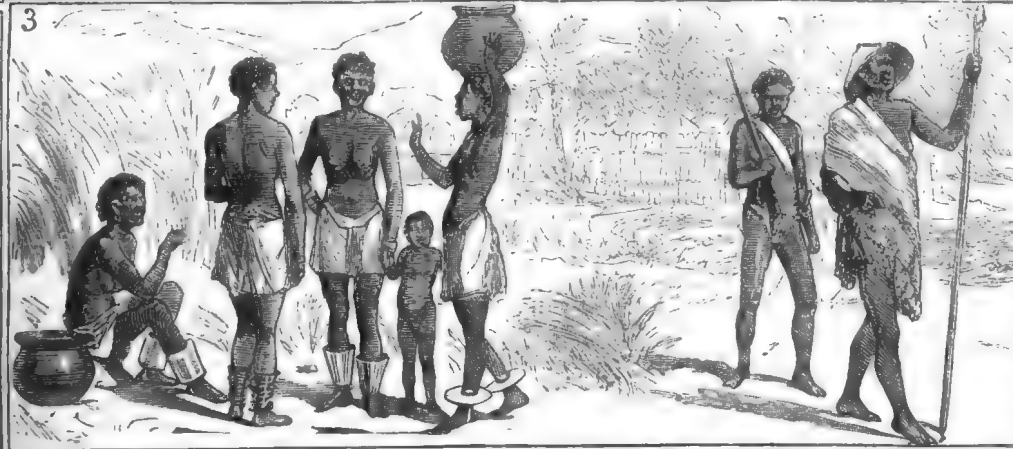
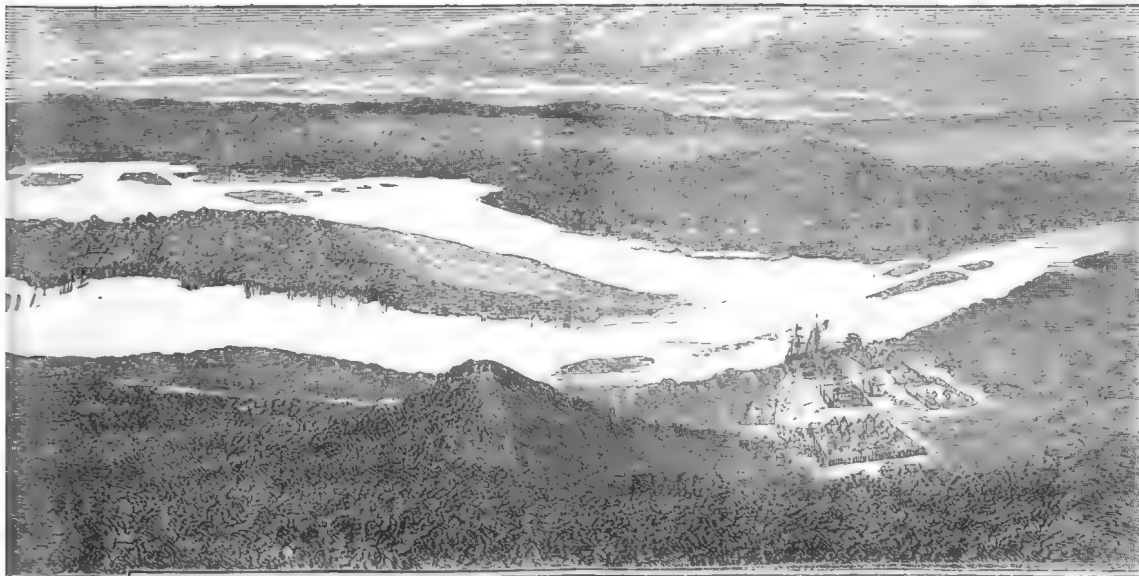


N the last GLEANER, we mentioned the successful voyage of the C.M.S. Mission steamer *Henry Venn*

up the Binue, the great eastern branch of the River Niger. Our readers may have noticed in the newspapers lately an account of two Frenchmen having discovered the source of the Niger. That is, of the western branch, the Kworra, which rises in the mountains some 300 or 400 miles inland from Sierra Leone, but then, instead of falling into the Atlantic Ocean, which is only that distance off, it flows away to the north-east towards Timbuctoo, and thence to the south-east towards the Gulf of Guinea, where at last it reaches the sea after a course of between two and three thousand miles. This Kworra is the Niger of Mungo Park. When just 230 miles from its mouth it is joined by the Binue, which comes from a country as yet unexplored far to the east, in the very heart of Central Africa. Up this Binue branch the *Henry Venn* ascended for 500 or 600 miles.



SCENES ON THE RIVER NIGER: 1. Confluence of the Kworra and Binue branches of the Niger; 2. The



Our pictures are from sketches originally sent to the *Graphic* by Capt. F. Haynes. The long picture stretching across the top of the page is a view of the Confluence of the Binue and Kworra, at Lokoja. The Kworra is seen coming from the left of the picture, and the Binue from the centre distance, while the united river, the Niger, flows away to the right. Lokoja is seen just at the Confluence, with one of the trading steamers lying alongside. The picture is taken from Mount Lokoja, 1,200 feet high.

The picture No. 2 shows the trading-steamer *Edgar* on the river, in connection with a riot among the Natives in September, 1878, when they attacked the vessel with bows and arrows, but were soon quelled. No. 3 represents some of the people of the place, and No. 4 the indigo dye pits in the village, where the Natives dye their cloth.

No. 5 takes us down the river to Onitsha, which is nearly half a day's journey to the sea, and shows us the scene of a riot. Mr. Consul Hopkins, who was much respected on the river, died of his recent death universally regretted, holding a court to decide some dispute between the Natives and the traders. We are sorry to say that since his death, a British gun-boat, H.M.S. *Pioneer*, has been compelled to destroy the town of Onitsha, in consequence of continued outrages on the English traders by a gang of men, the Onitsha Natives were requested to deliver them. Instead of doing this, they opened fire on the steamer. A fight ensued, and the mission premises, situated right in the line of fire, were destroyed. The Native Christians took refuge at Asaba, on the opposite side of the river.

Onitsha has always been turbulent, and well deserved its fate. But we do wish, nevertheless, that when, owing to outrages on trading British ships have to punish the tribes, it might be at some place where there would be no risk to missionary operations seemingly to be mixed up with it. The event is the more unfortunate in this respect, coming so soon after the moral and bloodless victory gained over the superstition of Onitsha in the matter of the twins. (See preceding article.) Yet we doubt that God will graciously overlook these untoward circumstances, and the spread of that blessed Gospel which brings "peace on earth and goodwill towards men."

1. View of the Confluence of the Binue and Kworra, at Lokoja; 2. Natives of Lokoja; 3. Natives of Lokoja; 4. Indigo Dye Pits, Lokoja; 5. Consular Court held at Onitsha.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER II.



It was not easy to form the proposed meeting. Our zealous friend Mr. Harper worked hard. He went to every teacher in the Sunday and in the day-schools, to the district visitors, to all subscribers in the congregation, to every likely young man or woman to whom he had access. But he found he had undertaken a very difficult business. One thought him too enthusiastic, another pleaded that there were already more meetings and classes than could be sustained, and some urged that the missionary subject was not sufficiently interesting to attract.

"Not interesting, Mrs. Lukewell!" cried our friend; "why I think the missionary subject the most interesting subject in the world."

"I do subscribe, Mr. Harper, you know," she said, apologetically.

"Yes, madam; and it strikes me that if you would attend our proposed meeting, you would find our studies so interesting, that you would be disposed to double your subscription."

To some this would have been an argument for not joining the meeting; but Mr. Harper knew with whom he was dealing. Mrs. Lukewell knew the grace of God, and needed, like hundreds of our subscribers, only to know more of the work of God to prompt within her more earnest desires to help. She yielded to her importunate visitor, and consented to come.

Many times that day Mr. Harper's countenance was expressive of strange wonder, and if you could have heard his thoughts you would have heard those two words often repeated, "Not interesting!"

His first meeting was a decided success. Most of the teachers came, some of the district visitors, the collectors, and several others who did no definite work in the Church.

Old Mrs. Hope was delighted. For fifty years she had taken a genuine interest in the Church Missionary Society and its holy work. Though poor, she knew the GLEANER well, and many a time had she spread it on a chair in her chamber and knelt down, and, in her own simple way, "talked to the Lord" (as she expressed it) about what she read therein. She hailed this new meeting with deepest gratitude, and predicted that it would be the beginning of great things at St. James's.

Mr. Harper felt somewhat nervous when the time of the first meeting drew near. He felt the importance of reading and informing himself thoroughly in all branches of the subject, in order that all might learn and be interested. And many were his prayers to the Lord for His guiding hand, and of course with prayer he opened the meeting.

It was not long before the conversation became general. Mr. Harper had arranged in his own mind that this first gathering should be very informal, and that they would talk over the subject of Christian Missions generally.

"The very word GOSPEL," he remarked, "implies missionary work. It means preaching if it means anything. And preaching to whom? To those who need its gracious tidings—to the perishing and the lost; for the burden of its message is Salvation."

"And the word APOSTLE," suggested Mr. Treddel, "really means missionary. It is one who is sent. As the Father hath sent Me, even so send I you." So Christ Himself, our great Exemplar, was a Missionary.

"Can we be Christ-like," rather tremblingly asked Mrs. Hope, "if we lack the missionary spirit?"

"Certainly not," was Mr. Harper's decided reply.

"But you don't mean to say," interposed Mr. Ryme, "that missionary zeal is an essential characteristic of Christian life? I rather look upon it as a department of Christian work, which is for some but not for all."

"For whom, then?" asked Mr. Harper.

"For those who are more especially adapted for it," was Mr. Ryme's reply. "The gifts of the Spirit, and the works of those in whom He dwells, are various, and we are not all called to the same work. Some, therefore, I think, may engage in it and some may not."

"But who may, and who may not do this especial work? Who is to decide?"

"I think that those who are called to it will be disposed to it. They will feel an inward call prompting them," continued Mr. Ryme.

"But," said our friend Mr. Harper, "will not all who love our Saviour be disposed to it? If they know anything about it I am sure they will; and if they don't know anything they won't desire anything. It just comes to this, that those who are ignorant of missionary work may neglect it."

"But still," urged Mr. Ryme, "you would not have all Christians doing the same thing. Now I refer home work and you prefer foreign work; and if you attend to your line and I attend to mine, both will be attended to."

"I grant that there should be a division of labour, that all workers should not be working in precisely the same line, but what I insist on is this that the aim and tendency of all Christian work should be the evangelisation of the world. The Church of Christ is one great army.

The grand warfare in which we are engaged is the preaching of the Gospel to every creature. And as in human war are there are those who go forth to the war, and those who abide by the staff, so must it be in the divine. But then those who abide in the camp are equally interested in the issue of the battle with those who are out in the battle-field. There they preach and labour; here we must also work and pray and help in every way we can. There is one Leader and Commander, and only one army, and one holy warfare."

"You will not deny that we who are engaged in home work are helpers of the foreign work?"

"Certainly not; but the heart should be in it as well as the help, and the head as well as the heart."

"I think that is really the point before us," interposed Mrs. Hope. "If we know we shall do."

"Quite so," said Mr. Harper. "The first missionaries were disciples before they became apostles. It is very interesting and suggestive to notice that the earliest title of the followers of Christ was *Disciple*. They were disciples—learners—before they were anything else."

"Nor did they cease to be disciples when they became apostles," said Mr. Treddel.

"No, dear friends, whatever we may be called, saints, or brethren, or faithful, or chosen, in Holy Scripture, we are always still disciples."

"I have thought," said Mr. Treddel, "that St. Paul, the greatest and first of all missionaries, the Lord Jesus only excepted, is an example of this. He asks, 'Who art thou, Lord?' before he asks, 'Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?' I think he was always, in all his life and in all his labours, asking these two questions. Ah, if we would work more and more effectually, we must ever be learning more of the 'treasures of wisdom and knowledge' which are 'hid' in Christ. This will inspire us, and energise us in service, and therefore I conclude, with Mr. Harper, that the more we know Christ and the more we are like Christ, the more shall we be filled with the missionary spirit. And in saying this I must confess that the consideration of this subject to-night has brought to view in me one thing in which I have been sadly unlike my Master."

"I think," said Mr. Harper, "you have looked upon missionary work too much as if it were the work of a society, of which you might or might not be a member. Something outside of you, like a literary society, having no real claim upon you, and doing a work in which it was not actually necessary that you should be engaged."

"I am afraid it has been so."

"But missionary work is Christ's work. No one bearing the Christian name is free from its gracious obligation. He has given the great command, and we must either obey or disobey."

Old Mrs. Hope said, "I think *praying* is one of the best ways of obeying." She never said much, poor woman, and when she had said it she always looked as if she wished she hadn't said it.

"Suppose we take that for the subject of our conversation next time," suggested Mr. Treddel.

And so it was agreed.

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

II.—FISHERS OF MEN.

"From henceforth thou shalt catch men."

Matt. iv. 17—20; Luke v. 1—11.



YOU have often seen men fishing—perhaps fished yourselves—in sea or river. Sea-fishing hard and rough work, often dangerous, many fishing-boats lost in storms.

Andrew and Simon fishermen—their town called Bethsaida (house of fish). But not in sea or river—in lake (describe). Not so perilous a sea—yet hard life—out all night—sometimes caught nothing (Luke v. 5; John xxi. 23)—sudden storms (Matt. viii. 24; xiv. 24).

Jesus now beginning to preach—comes to the lake (Matt. iv. 17, 18)—He, too, going a fishing—what fish to catch? Those Galileans just like fish in lake, immersed in darkness and sin—He will throw out the Gospel net to catch them—but not to kill them—to give them new life.

The Great Fisher of souls wants helpers. Whom shall He call? Learned rabbis? scribes used to teaching? No, but these fishermen—humble men, but diligent, keen, patient, at their own work, and He will make them so at His (see 2 Cor. xii. 16). "Follow me," He cries. Did they follow? (Matt. ix. 20)—"straightway"; but went back to nets again a few days, and in Luke v the second call. (Read ver. 1—11.)

Two things Simon yet needed to make him a good fisher of souls—(1) to feel his own unworthiness—(2) to be sure of Christ's power and love. How did he let these? By a miracle. The bursting net showed him what Jesus could do; and then, seeing the power and love of Jesus, He saw himself as an unworthy sinner—how could he ever be fit to work with such a Master?—"I am a sinful man, O Lord—depart from me!"

THAT FISHING IS STILL GOING ON. Missionaries, at home and abroad, all who seek souls for Christ, the fishermen.

WHAT DOES THE GREAT FISHER SAY TO US?

(1) "Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men." What to leave? Not only sin. Every good thing, even, that we care for more than for Him. Then He will "make" us good fishers—and only He can!—patient, keen, diligent, as Peter was—humble, trustful, as the miracle made him.

(2) "Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught." Not merely stand on the shore, and quietly throw a hook in. Launch out—to Africa, India, China—think of the multitudes of souls to be caught there—let down the Gospel net—expect "draughts" (as lately in Tinnevely).

(3) "Fear not; thou shalt catch men." Here is the sure promise. We may "toil all night, and take nothing" (as at Fuh-chow for ten years)—never mind, go on—"at Thy word we will let down the net"—and He will give us more than we ask or think!

But you, too, are fish! The net is thrown to catch you—have you slipped away? or is Christ's boat bringing you safe to land?

"A RESPECTFUL PETITION."

(Sent to the Rev. A. ELWIN, Hang-chow, by the persecuted Christians of Great Valley, China. Translation.)



At the present time, through the great mercy of the Triune God, His people gathered from amongst the sinful inhabitants of the Chu-ki district, trusting in the Saviour's great merit, brought nigh to God, and renewed by the Holy Ghost, are all standing steadfast and unwavering. I, your ignorant younger brother, write this letter with my own hand, and commit it to Mr. Tai's kind care.

I must, however, inform you that this year all the Christians have endured heavy calamities. Alas! alas! it has been bitter indeed. I will give you a brief summary of our troubles.

In the former part of the year, as we walked through the fields, the evil-disposed lay in wait to revile and insult us. On my elder brother's ground near the hill-top, a thief dug up and stole more than seventy bamboo shoots,* and bamboo trees, with other kinds of wood, were stolen in large quantities. Our whole family, however (four brothers), bore this patiently, and shut our mouths. The enemy then grew more courageous in his malice towards us. Another of our Christian band has lost a great deal of loose wood; and afterwards his house was broken into and things stolen. Now, when he goes to church, bad people cry after him, "Break his legs! break his legs!" Much of his Indian corn is uprooted.

My eldest uncle [Luke's elder brother] is prevented now by the enemy from using a path which has been common from time immemorial. We had proposed to inform you, sir, of these facts after our last Church meeting, but as you had so earnestly exhorted us all to be patient and forbearing we did not forward our letter. But the enemy, emboldened by our quiet behaviour, are conceiving worse measures against us.

On the seventh day of the eighth moon my uncle's Indian corn was uprooted and stolen, and his hoe and sickle taken away also, and up to the present time the constable has not brought back the articles. Three times over, another piece of ground belonging to my uncle has been thus stripped, and he is in great anxiety and distress.

My fourth uncle [Silas] had a plot of clover, and this was uprooted and spoilt by night; and a straw shed was burnt down. Through God's merciful providence it happened that no one was watching that night.† Had it been so, surely the man would have been burnt to death in his sleep. My second uncle was very ill at the time of this outrage, and the news so agitated him that he has been worse ever since.

Sir, we write this narrative to you, begging you to devise some means whereby peace may be restored to the Christians in this district.

A respectful narrative presented by

JAMES TSE.

In sending the above, the Rev. A. E. Moule writes:—

Possibly, in reading this over, the troubles may not seem to you very serious. Knowing, as I do, the people named in the letter, and having witnessed the malice and violence of their enemies, I seem to feel the daily worry and alarm in which they must be living, and I cannot but fear that more serious attacks may be attempted. And the thought that in one sense we have brought these troubles on the poor people makes one long in honour to do what we may to bring them help. God grant them grace to pierce through the clouds of this brief life's sorrows, and to catch a glimpse of the glory to follow!

* These are used as a vegetable by the Chinese, and somewhat resemble large asparagus.—A. E. M.

† These sheds are occupied at night by men in order to guard the crops from thieves.—A. E. M.

OUR PORTFOLIO.



ONE of the *Times* correspondents in China wrote last year respecting the great famine there:—"I cannot make a brief allusion to the famine without once more recognising the admirable devotion with which the Protestant missionary band of relievers have gone through their work. They have exhibited in the brightest manner the best qualities of Englishmen and of Christians, and if this zealous self-sacrifice has not been cheered by the exuberant and clamorous thanks of the sufferers, it has at least earned them the respect and admiration of their own countrymen. Criticism of the expediency of missions and missionaries is hushed in the presence of such men, and disarmed by their existence."—*Times*, June 13th, 1879.

DR. N. G. Clark, the Secretary of the American Board of Missions, in a Report lately presented on the Christian Missions in Japan, thus states their results:—

Less than ten converts ten years ago; no Church organised; no native agency; no schools for the training of such an agency; no missionary devoted to preaching; only the scantiest Christian literature, and that derived from China; placards everywhere denouncing the very name of Christian, till the utterance of the word blanched the face and sent a thrill of horror through the listener. To-day, more than two thousand five hundred professed believers in Christ; a recognised Evangelical community three times larger; a fine body of earnest and faithful native preachers; Christian schools for the preparation of a native ministry; a Christian literature, including more than a hundred thousand copies of portions of the New Testament; editions of the "Life of Christ" and other works, reckoned by thousands, and finding a ready sale; a Christian newspaper that circulates in all parts of the empire; and, illustrating in their lives the faith that breathes through all, more than a hundred and sixty devoted men and women from Christian lands. These are facts to quicken to the faith and to encourage the most vigorous exertion till the field be won. And yet our oldest missionary remarks that "the change in the moral aspect of the country is in no wise measured by the number of Christians; but the influence of Christian thought and sentiment is manifest in every direction."

AN American lady Missionary in Asiatic Turkey was trying in vain to make a sick old woman understand the *freeness* of the Gospel. At last she said, "It's God's *backshish*!"—and the poor creature instantly and joyfully grasped the truth.

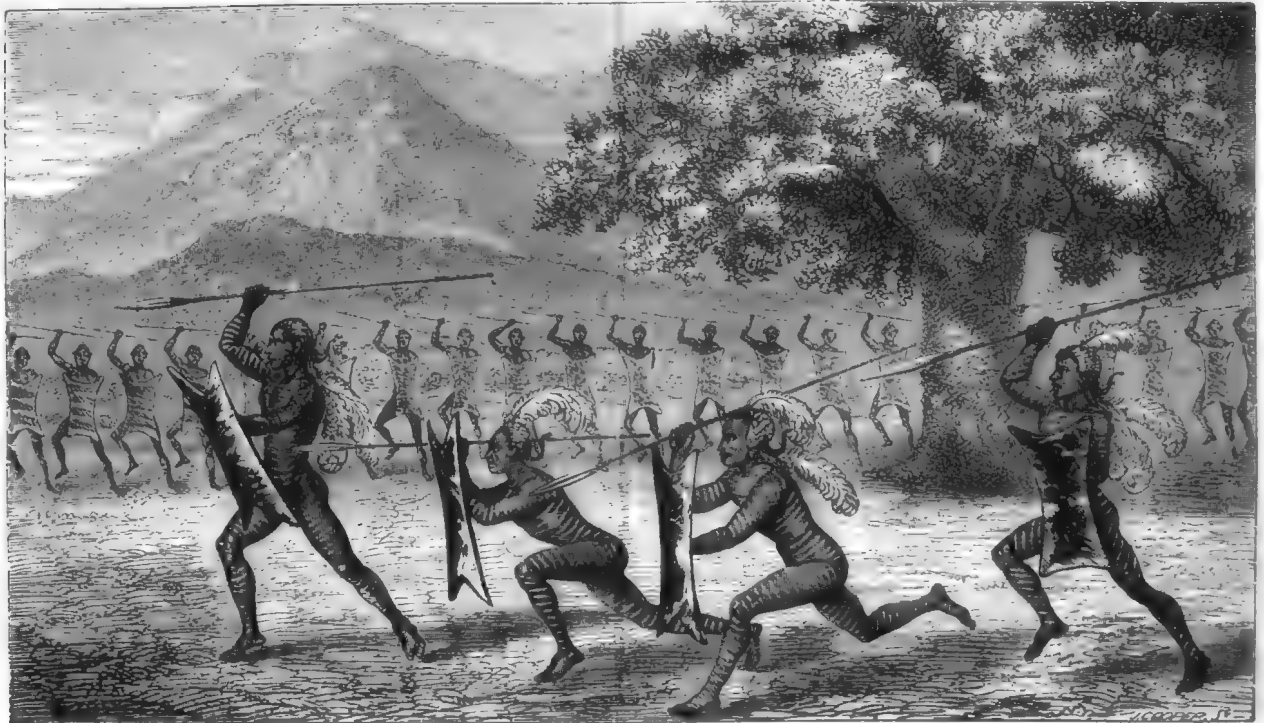
A RICH merchant in St. Petersburg, at his own cost, supported a number of Native missionaries in India. He was asked, one day, how he could do it. He replied, "When I served the world, I did it on a grand scale, and at princely expense, and when, by His grace, God called me out of darkness, I resolved Christ should have more than the world had had. But if you would know how I can give so much, you must ask of God, who enables me to give it. At my conversion I told the Lord His cause should have a part of all my business brought me in; and every year since I made that promise it has brought me in more than double what it did the year before, so that I can and do double my gifts in His cause." Bunyan said:—

"A man there was, some called him mad:
The more he cast away, the more he had."

A TAMIL Christian in South India has written a tract for circulation among his heathen countrymen, referring to the kindness of British Christians in relieving the people in time of famine. He says:—

The very same good Christian people who sent the missionaries to do your souls good, showing you the worthlessness of idols and the true way to Heaven, as soon as they heard of our distress collected thousands of rupees, which they sent to missionaries to expend in buying clothes and food for us. Thus you see, O friends, who have been our benefactors. They have not looked upon our faces. They have not seen our distress. They are not of our race. They do not worship our gods or attend festivals like ours. Why did they pity us? Why did they pour out their charity upon us, strangers? It was because their Bible bid them have such a mind; because their God and Saviour taught them to do so by His example, when He was incarnate. They did not give this great charity in the famine to bribe you to become Christians. They did not ask what your religion was before giving it. They did not require you to become Christians in order to obtain it. They distributed it through Christians and heathens. They desired to do us good and to remove our hunger.

As the fruit, so is the tree. Behold some of the fruit of their holy religion, and judge you of the tree. If this religion has been so good for them, changing their cruel disposition and making them powerful and prosperous, generous and pitiful, will it not be good for us also? Listen. At this time many of the Hindus living in Tinnevely, near to the Christians, have waked up to consider all that this religion has done now for the people in the famine, and, in years past, for villagers who have become Christians; and they say, "It is better that we too become Christians. Our children should learn, our wives should improve." More than 20,000 people of all castes, in more than 200 villages, have within a few months thus broken their idols, and begun to worship their Creator and Saviour, Christ Jesus; and in Arcot and Canara many more have done likewise. Note well, O friends, this statement which I have now made to you. Consider among yourselves whether the religion which has done these things is a good religion or not. Judge for yourselves whether you should not embrace it, that your children and you may enjoy its benefits also.



THE TRIBES ON THE UPPER NILE.—OBBO WAR DANCE.

UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

(Continued.)



OF. 27.—Litchfield better. Made him tea and a fowl, and packed him up safely in his travelling bed. I had had the fowls cooked over night, and to make sure that no ants would get at them I had put them in plates on the top of my mosquito curtain. It was no good, however, and when I took them down they were black with ants.

At six A.M. 100 porters and the soldiers who were to take charge of us came. The porters were a fine set of men, armed with spears, bows and arrows, and clubs; ornamented, too, with iron rings and chains, and some with ivory rings round the upper arm. Some seven or eight had leopard skins hung over the shoulder, the others were all naked. After some little delay in picking out men to carry L., we started, first a guide with a spear, then his boy carrying his old-fashioned musket, then two soldiers, then L. in the angereb, carried on the heads of four men, then his two boys, then my soldier and myself on horseback, then my boys, four relief men for L., six porters, and two more soldiers as rear-guard.

We soon passed Kerrie, her flag flying in our honour, and then struck off into a low range of hills, which runs parallel to the river, and is called the high road, the road near the river being under water just now.

As soon as we got into this road a most splendid panorama came into view. On our right the Neri Mountains, running in almost a straight line to Dufi, half hidden in haze, which the sun soon dispelled between them and us a plain studded with trees, and now and then small Bari villages. On our left the Nile winding along like a silver snake, its foaming wave-covered surface telling of many hidden rocks beneath; and then Mount Kelan formed a huge mass of dark blue for a background, over which the sun was shining in all its tropical brilliancy. Such a view must be seen to be fully realised; I cannot pretend to do it justice.

We went on at a good pace up hill and

down dale, sometimes poor L.'s feet being considerably higher than his head; but the men went much better than I expected they would do. About seven we came to an ugly deep valley, at the bottom of which was a deep stream; the water came nearly up to the men's shoulders, but was passed in safety.

The way now led through high grass, which was very troublesome, one could see nothing, often not the man in front of you. Some of the peeps, however, which I got of the Nile were grand, especially one of the Gougi Cataract, where the Nile is divided by a small island and the water comes rushing down on each side, breaking into spray on the rocks. We passed through two more ravines, and in the second I nearly came to grief. My horse got one of his hind legs fast in the mud and plunged violently, the bridle broke, and we fell twice, but he regained his feet at last, and we came out with little hurt.

I was indeed glad to see Moogi at eleven o'clock; the sun was getting very hot and I was greatly tired. The town lies low, right down at the water's edge. We arrived there, or rather to our huts built near the river, some five hundred yards north of the town, at 11.30. The soldiers were drawn up as usual to give us a welcome. We were very glad to get out

of the sun, and I was glad to find Litchfield no worse for his journey. The others soon came up, and then dinner was sent to us by the agent; it was good, but less oil and butter would have been preferred. The agent was very sorry not to be able to give us sugar for our coffee; perhaps this was a hint to give him some: if so, it was not taken, as we had none to spare. In the afternoon Pearson and myself went to see the town; it is surrounded with a very strong stockade, and guarded by two brass guns. The cataract here is very fine; the water rushes and roars along, throwing up spray to a good height. Up to here they managed to bring a steamer, but a rock broke and she was dashed against the rocks, so they took her to bits and carried her to Dufi, where we hope to see her. Coming back we saw the natives at work killing cows; they killed and ate four in a very short time.

Nov. 28.—Up early; Litchfield better than had hoped; and as the sun was rising over the hills we were on our way. The grass was worse, if possible, than yesterday. The march was most trying, it was so hot; there was



THE TRIBES ON THE UPPER NILE.—CHIEF OF ELLYRIA.

shade at all. At 2.10 we came in sight of Labore, and glad I was to see it, for I was nearly done up; in ten minutes more I saw the flag run up and the white coats of the soldiers forming into line to give us our welcome. Labore looks very picturesque, situated on a hill some two hundred yards from the river, and surrounded by plenty of trees.

As we got there at 2.40 a surprise awaited us, for we saw four large elephants in line, and as the soldiers presented arms they all raised their trunks as their salaam. Our compound was well built, and we were most glad to get into the shade of a large tree by the river to wait for the arrival of our goods and companions. Litchfield was pretty well, but very tired; he had felt the jolting very much to-day.

At supper-time Pearson thought we would have a treat, so opened a tin of mutton cutlets, but it was putrid; a second tin was hardly fit to eat; so we were disappointed. I cannot understand how Brand could send such old stock for us; one would have thought he would have done his best after his promise, and knowing where we were going.

Feet in hot water before going to bed when one is very tired is a good plan; I tried it, and got no dreams that night.

Nov. 30.—The natives came to-day and wanted to go on to-morrow, but as it was Sunday we refused to go. They made a great noise in the evening; the scene was, too, quite interesting. Up the hill under the trees they had made small fires, round each of which four or five men lay or sat.

Dec. 1, Sunday.—A quiet and very happy day. Sixteen sick people came first thing this morning, and I was able to do a little good to several of them.

Dec. 2.—We got up at 4.30, and at 5.30 we found the natives ready for starting. The chief addressed the men before they took our goods. It was quite interesting; hardly daylight, the natives standing in a semicircle, warlike with spears, &c., the chief in the middle with left leg stretched out, body and head thrown well back, gesticulating with his right arm, a long spear in his left, his voice musical and powerful. At 5.45 we started as before; the sun soon rose and made the dew-drops glisten and sparkle, and gave a warm look to the otherwise damp surroundings. The way to-day led for the most part close to the water's edge; on the right bank the mountains come down to the water's edge; on the left bank the ground rises into a plateau, and then to a low range of hills farther to our right the Neri Mountains again. The journey was somewhat better to-day, as an order had been sent on to burn the grass, so that we had for the most part an uninterrupted view. The river is studded with islands, and each turn reveals some new and interesting view.

In passing some high grass we suddenly came upon a small elephant, one that had come up with us in the steamer from Khartoum. My horse was very frightened, and, turning round, bolted, giving me a good deal of trouble before I got him back, and the elephant had to be hid before I could go on.

At eleven we came to Mahata el Pascha, where the road leaves the river and crosses or runs along a range of hills some 2,000 feet high (that is, above sea level), till half a mile from Dufli. The ascent was very difficult; the path is very stony, and up and down deep ravines running across the path every quarter of an hour or so.

A heavy rain came on for half an hour, and I used my umbrella for the first time for rain since leaving home seven months ago.

Dec. 3.—The path soon began to descend the hills, and the end of the Neri Mountains told us that Dufli was not far distant. Marks of rhinoceri all round our camp. They are not pleasant visitors.

The first sight we caught of the river was very grand; it is very broad, and Magungo and Fatiko Mountains can be seen in the far distance. At 7.30 Dufli itself came in sight, a small town by the river.

A WORKING MEN'S MISSIONARY BOX.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,—A good deal has been said lately in the CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER about Missionary Boxes, and I should be glad, if I might do so, to mention a humble effort that we have just made in connection with our Working Men's Bible Class, trusting that many others may be stimulated and encouraged to do the same, only with still greater success.

In my former curacy I always made a plan, in connection with our Young Men's Bible Class, of devoting one Sunday (the first) in every quarter of a year to bringing before the members of the class some interesting missionary subject, such, e.g., as the history of the Nyanza, or Niger, or Fuh-Kien Missions, or the story of Metlakahtlah, or illustrations of the idolatrous customs of the heathen, &c.; I used also to lend every month half-a-dozen copies of the GLEANER, and I am sure that this effort, slight as it was, greatly increased the interest of the young men of our class in missionary work. I never, however, in my former curacy ventured to suggest the idea of a box for our class; in fact, I said that I would not have one, for fear it might keep any away from attending the class because they were unable to add their mite to the general contributions.

Here, however, in my present curacy I have introduced into our Working Men's Bible Class the custom of devoting one Sunday in every quarter of a year to giving them some information on missionary work, and the members of the class have themselves asked if they might have a box placed on the table to receive their weekly contributions. As the result of our efforts for the first quarter (we mean to open our box quarterly, not yearly) I was agreeably surprised to find that they had managed to contribute about ten shillings, so that we shall hope to collect at least £2 every year, and "none of them" (as one of them said) "a bit the worse off for it."

No, indeed! surely not! but all the better off. Better off because they are asking themselves, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all His benefits?" Better off because their sympathies are widened and expanded, and in precious souls won to the Saviour they are laying up treasure in heaven, "where neither rust nor moth doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal."

Bristol.

H. H. S.



CEYLON: STARTING ON A SEVENTY MILES' JOURNEY.

A TRAVELLING MISSIONARY IN CEYLON.

OUR picture shows one of the C.M.S. missionaries in Ceylon, the Rev. Stephen Coles, just starting on a journey by bullock-cart. The cart is drawn up opposite the Government Rest-house at Matale. It is a Jaffna cart, come from the north end of the island with tobacco, and hired by Mr. Coles for its return journey to take him on a month's visit to the Anaradhapura district, seventy miles off. The man on Mr. Coles's left hand is a Singhalese catechist, and the man on his left is Mr. Coles's travelling servant Anthony. The bullock-driver is a Tamil.

In this way, and on foot, Mr. Coles has been travelling over the whole central province of Ceylon during the past year. There are, scattered over this wide district, 28 Singhalese congregations, consisting of 1,176 members; and 39 schools, attended by 1,396 children. There were 82 baptisms last year. There are 49 candidates for baptism, and 155 inquirers. More than £200 was raised by the Native Christians for religious objects last year. The Gospel was preached to 100,000 persons.

Mr. Coles might be much assisted by Native pastors being provided for the more advanced congregations; but the Bishop of Colombo refuses to ordain several good men who have been long waiting.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

Last Qr. 3d. 5h. 36m. p.m. First Qr. 18d. 5h. 46m. a.m.
New Moon 10d. 11h. 17m. a.m. Full Moon 26d. 1h. 52m. a.m.

FEBRUARY.

- 1 S Sexagesima. I have made, and I will bear. Is. 46. 4.
M Gen. 3. Matt. 18. 1-21. E. Gen. 6 or 8. Acts 19. 21.
- 2 M Purif. V. M. Nile party reached Uganda, 1879. It is the Spirit that beareth witness. 1 John 5. 6.
- 3 T E. J. Peck ord., 1878. Bearing precious seed. Ps 126. 6.
- 4 W Aaron shall bear their names before the Lord. Ex. 28. 12.
- 5 T 1st bapt. Abeokuta, 1848. The tree beareth her fruit. Joel 2. 22.
- 6 F Herein is My Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit. John 15. 8.
- 7 S 1st Telugu clergy ord., 1864. Be ye clean that bear the vessels of [the Lord. Is. 52. 11.]
- 8 S Quinquagesima. Charity . . . beareth all things. 1 Cor. 13. 7.
M Gen. 9. 1-20. Matt. 22. 1-14. E. Gen. 12 or 13. Acts 23. 12.
- 9 M Bp. W. Williams died, 1878. A chosen vessel to bear My name.
- 10 T Bear the infirmities of the weak. Rom. 15. 1. [Acts 9. 15.]
- 11 W Ash Wednesday. He shall bear their iniquities. Is. 53. 11.
M. Is. 58. 1-13. Mark 2. 13-23. E. Jonah 3. Heb. 12. 3-18.
- 12 T Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree.
- 13 F Once offered to bear the sins of many. Heb. 9. 28. [1 Pet. 2. 24.]
- 14 S Stokes and Copplestone reached Lake, 1879. I bare you on eagles' [wings. Ex. 19. 4.]
- 15 S 1st in Lent. Ember Wk. He bearing His cross went forth. John 19. 17.
M Gen. 19. 12-30. Matt. 23. 31. E. Gen. 22. 1. 20, or 23. Acts 28. 17.
- 16 M Whosoever doth not bear his cross cannot be My disciple. Lu. 14. 27.
- 17 T Let us go forth unto Him, bearing His reproach. Heb. 13. 13.
- 18 W That which beareth thorns and briers is rejected. Heb. 6. 8.
- 19 T Other fell on good ground, and sprang up, and bare fruit an hundred-
- 20 F The branch cannot bear fruit of itself. John 15. 4. [fold. Lu. 8. 8.]
- 21 S 1st C.M.S. Miss. sailed for India, 1814. God also bearing them [witness. Heb. 2. 4.]
- 22 S 2nd in Lent. Himself bare our sicknesses. Matt. 8. 17.
M Gen. 27. 1-41. Matt. 23. E. Gen. 23 or 32. Rom. 8. [heavenly. 1 Co. 15. 49.]
- 23 M Mrs. Devasagayam d., 1879. We shall also bear the image of the
- 24 T St. Matthias. Ye also shall bear witness. John 15. 27.
- 25 W Bear ye one another's burdens. Gal. 6. 2.
- 26 T Every man shall bear his own burden. Gal. 6. 5.
- 27 F Bearing about in the body the dying of the Lord Jesus. 2 Cor. 4. 10.
- 28 S The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the [children of God. Rom. 8. 16.]
- 29 S 3rd in Lent. Remember me with the favour that Thou bearest unto
M Gen. 37. Matt. 7. E. Gen. 39 or 40. Rom. 12. [Thy people. Ps. 106. 4.]

NOTES.

The word "Bear" comes in appropriately for the season of Lent, which begins this year on February 11th. We do not call our sins to remembrance that we may sink into despair, or set about removing their guilt and power by acts of self-denial. We look to Him of whom it was prophesied, "He shall bear their iniquities," and who in the fulness of time "His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree," being "once offered to bear the sins of many." And not only so. During those forty days He was tempted like as we are; and being made in all things like unto His brethren, He even "Himself bare our sicknesses." And when "He, bearing His cross, went forth," He taught by act what He taught by word, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross cannot be My disciple." Nay even now in glory, the word may still be used of Him, for when God said, "Aaron shall bear their names before the Lord," it was that he might be the type of the Great High Priest in the presence of God for us.

But these are not only the texts in this month's Almanack which tell of a Divine "bearing." Not only the Son bears, but the Father and the Spirit too. God says, "I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you." And looking back on the journey, He says, "I bare you on eagles' wings." He "bears witness" to those who speak for Him, and there is a "favour" He "bears unto His people." And the Spirit, too, "beareth witness" to the doctrine of Christ (1 John 5. 6), and to the adoption of God's children (Rom. 8. 16).

Then we have texts teaching what we are to "bear"—"much fruit," "the infirmities of the weak," Christ's "reproach," "one another's burdens," &c. The date of the ordination of Noble's converts, Ratnam and Bhushanam, reminds us of the injunction, "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord"; and that of the ordination of our sailor-missionary to the Esquimaux tells us of the messenger of Christ "bearing precious seed." The date of the first baptisms at Abeokuta, thirty-two years ago, makes us thankful for the many fruits of that fruit-bearing tree; and those of the deaths of Bishop Williams and Mrs. Devasagayam recall to our memory one who was indeed "a chosen vessel to bear Christ's name" to the heathen, and the blessed anticipation that "as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." The dates of the first sailing of our missionaries for India, and of two incidents of the Nyanza enterprise, suggest texts concerning the "bearing" on God's side.

DR. KOELLE AND THE TURKISH GOVERNMENT.



HE "missionary Köller," whose case has excited so much attention in the newspapers, is the Rev. Dr. Sigismund W. Koelle, for thirty years a missionary of the C.M.S. He is a German, but was ordained by Bishop Blomfield in 1846-7. He worked for some years in West Africa, and one fruit of his linguistic studies was his great work, *Polyglotta Africana*, in which a hundred African languages are tabulated and compared. The book gained the prize annually given by the French Institute from a fund left by the infidel Volney. For the last eighteen years Dr. Koelle has laboured at Constantinople, to set the Gospel before the Turks by means of quiet conversations and Christian tracts; more open evangelistic efforts for the conversion of Mohammedans being forbidden in Turkey. Two years ago the Society closed its Mission at Constantinople, but Dr. Koelle continued to reside there, and has been assisted in his translations by learned and distinguished Mussulman Ulema or priest (not a "pious schoolmaster," as the newspapers called him), Ahmed Tewfik Effendi, who has held important posts under the Turkish Government.

On Sept. 23rd, Dr. Koelle and Ahmed Tewfik were arrested by the Turkish police, and taken before the notorious Hafiz Pasha. Dr. Koelle was detained six hours and then released, but his translations were kept, and the Ulema was thrown into a foul dungeon. Dr. Koelle appealed to Sir Henry Layard, who immediately sought redress, but for three months was unsuccessful; and meanwhile Ahmed Tewfik was sentenced by the chief religious tribunal to death. At length Sir H. Layard demanded the immediate restoration of the papers, the release of Ahmed, and the dismissal of Hafiz Pasha; failing which, he suspended official relations with the Porte. The Sultan then yielded so far as to restore the papers, and to spare the Ulema's life; but the latter is to be sent to an island "for safety," and a subordinate police officer (who had behaved very courteously to Dr. Koelle) is to be dismissed instead of his chief.

This is the briefest and barest summary of the facts. The full narrative is given in this month's *C.M. Intelligencer*. We need only ask, if learned Ulema is incarcerated and degraded, narrowly escapes with his life, and has to be banished "for safety" for assisting a missionary in Turkish translations, what would have befallen him if he had committed the enormity of confessing the faith of Christ and presenting himself for baptism?

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

Our January number went to press just too soon to enable us to announce the death of the Rev. J. Welland, at Calcutta, on Dec. 17th. He was a graduate of Dublin, and went to India in 1860. In 1871 he succeeded Mr. Stuart (now Bishop of Waipatu) as Secretary of the C.M.S. Calcutta Corresponding Committee. Mr. Welland was a most able missionary, and his death is a heavy loss to the North India Mission.

Some further letters from the Nyanza missionaries have been received. On July 14th Mr. Mackay and Mr. Litchfield were in Uganda, much troubled by the open hostility of the Jesuits, five of whom had arrived. Mr. Pearson accompanied Messrs. Stokes and Copplestone across the Lake to Kagei, and on Sept. 29th was about returning to Uganda; the other two being at Uyui (near Unyanyembe) on Oct. 18th. There is no news from Mr. Wilson and Mr. Felkin, but Mr. Mackay had heard that Mr. Wilson was at Mruli, in Egyptian territory, on July 6th.

The Rev. V. W. Harcourt, late of Tinnevely, has been appointed to the Tamil Cooly Mission, Ceylon.

Memorials have been presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury from the C.M.S. missionaries in Ceylon, and from more than 3,000 Native Christians there, asking for his interposition in the difficulties occasioned by the proceedings of the Bishop of Colombo. The Archbishop proposes to associate with himself in the consideration of the subject the Archbishops of York, and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester.

The girls in the Tamil Mission Schools, Colombo, Ceylon, have collected 7s. 6d., and the boys 8s., for Bishop Ridley of Caledonia, in response to his appeal for a steamer in the *GLEANER* of September last.

Fifty-eight Native Christians, prepared by the Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji of the C.M.S. Mission at Aurunabad, in the Nizam's Territory, Central India, were confirmed by the Bishop of Madras on Nov. 21st.

The Rev. T. J. L. Mayer, our missionary lately at Bannu on the Afghan frontier, writes that Mr. Jeukyns, one of Sir L. Cavagnari's suite, who fell in the massacre at Cabul last September, "was the greatest helper of the Dera Ismail Khan Mission during the troubles concerning boy converts in 1874."

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MARCH, 1880.

BIBLE THOUGHTS ABOUT MISSIONARY WORK.

BY THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

III.

"Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for Me and thee."—*St. Matt. xvii. 27.*



UT why all this? you may naturally ask. Surely if the Lord Jesus Christ required money for any purpose, He had only to speak the word and the riches of the world were at His disposal.

Why this peculiar exercise of miraculous power? Why employ Peter? Why go to the sea? Why catch a fish? It seems to us the very last place where we should expect to find money. It seems the most unlikely way to carry out the Lord's work. There was, however, wisdom in it all, and whether we look at the person employed, or the means used, there is much in it for our instruction in working for God.

We must remember that the miracles of our Blessed Lord were not only to prove His Divine mission; they were not only to manifest His saving grace; but they were also to teach us how to appropriate and apply the Divine power. "Greater works than these shall ye do, because I go unto My Father." Thus Christ generally used the ordinary means at hand—the water-pots of water, the loaves and fishes, the ointment of clay. Thus also He employed people in the way in which they were able to work. He does not tell Peter to take bow and arrow and shoot a bird, and find a piece of money in its beak. Perhaps he could not have done that; but he was a skilled fisherman, and so the Lord bids him catch a fish. Thus also it is generally in answer to the application of faith that Christ puts forth the exercise of miraculous power. From all which we may perceive, that in carrying out the great work of God in the world, and for the accomplishment of His purposes, there are certain things which we can do, and there are certain things which we cannot do. And just as we use the talents which God has given us to do what we can, we shall find that He Himself will do what we are unable to accomplish. We cannot, for instance, make the corn to grow; but we can till the soil, and plough, and sow the seed; and as we do so we may expect the richest harvest to crown our labours.

And thus it is, dear reader, in the great field of missionary labour. There is one thing which is the secret of all success, and that you and I cannot do: we cannot save souls. But what can we do? We can send the Gospel to heathen lands; and it is the power of God unto salvation. We can be constant in our intercession at the throne of grace, and we know that whatsoever things we ask in prayer, believing, we shall receive. We can collect money, or we can give ourselves more or less, and the administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God. There is not one of us who cannot do something; that something is all which God asks us to undertake. And just as we do it we shall find that He will do the rest. He will accomplish what we are unable to perform. He will work the miracle.

Take this simple thought, then, for your prayerful consideration. If we would see a miraculous display of the Divine power in the missionary field, you and I must do what we can. We must listen to the Master's word, and set about that for which we are peculiarly suited. "Go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for Me and thee."

RUTH.

Lines on the "GLEANER'S" New Front Page.



LIKE, O Ruth! thy calm and thoughtful face,
Thy soft eyes gazing out on things unseen,
Thine attitude of unaffected grace,
The clasped ears telling what thy work has been.

I stand with thee beneath Judæa's sky,
I mark the customs of a bygone age,
Then home return, and read with quickened eye
Thy touching history in the sacred page.

Self-sacrificing, docile, diligent,
For love of one thou didst all else forsake;
To her, at eventide, with what content
Thou didst the ephah-ful of barley take!

Some might not deem it much; but thine the praise
Of being faithful in a little thing;
An eye had marked thee—in a few more days
Six measuresful it was thy joy to bring.

And what a sweet surprise crowneth thy life!
How changed thy lot in yet a few days more!
The exile has become a cherished wife,
And mistress of the fields she gleaned before!

Mother of many daughters mayst thou be,
Of thy meek, trustful, active spirit, heirs!
Such shall be blest—though here on earth they see
That but an ephah-ful of corn is theirs.

Q.

OUR APPEAL RESPONDED TO.



ANY kind and liberal gifts are coming in to the Church Missionary Society in response to the Committee's appeal to their friends to clear off, if possible, the deficiency of last year before March 31st. But they are not nearly enough yet; and every contribution, however small, will be most welcome.

One or two of the responses will especially interest the readers of the GLEANER. In our January number, after referring to the large sum lately bequeathed to the American Board of Missions, we wrote, "If every contributor to the Church Missionary Society just gave this year twice as much as he gave last year, the total would almost equal the grand legacy left to our American brethren; and that would mean deeper interest, wider sympathy, more fervent prayer. The large gifts of the few are good—let us thank God for them; but the small gifts of the many are better." A few days after that number appeared, the following anonymous note, enclosing a £100-note, was left at the Church Missionary House:—

January 12th 1880

£50 towards the deficiency fund

£50 to the Ch: Miss: Society

"Twice as much given as last year"—see

Ch: Miss: Gleaner, No. 73, Page 2.

A few days again after this, we received the following letter:—

To the Editor of the Gleaner.

DEAR SIR,—I have unexpectedly received an old debt of over £3, and by a little self-denial have made it up to £5, which I send you as the nucleus of a fund which I hope the readers of the GLEANER will try and raise for our beloved Society, needing special help just now.

I am a missionary's widow, and have the advantage of being poor. I can thus realise the chief privilege in giving—self-denial—to be able to spare a gift. This is indeed a rich privilege, and one I long for others to enjoy as much as I do. Does it not help to identify us with One who was rich and became poor for our sakes, and left on record for our encouragement those precious words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." And truly this blessing is realised in a wonderful way by being multiplied on what remains over for use, which goes, as I have often proved, as far again as the same amount at ordinary times. May the

God of Missions open many hearts among your readers to give freely out of their poverty! Let us drink into the spirit of 2 Cor., 8th chap., first four verses, and I believe our Society will soon be out of debt.—Yours, &c.

A WIDOW.

Our dear and honoured friend the "Widow" is not a mere giver, but is indeed always "in labours more abundant" for the missionary cause; which may remind us that if we cannot give money, we can give labour, by interesting others in the cause and collecting their offerings. Not one of us, however poor and humble, need be idle.

A clergyman in the county of Durham, in sending the Editor £20, says:—

"I do trust the Lord's people will feel the duty and privilege of coming forward at this time, for while many can feel for those who are ready to perish for the want of earthly food, they alone can feel for those who are perishing for want of the knowledge of Him who is the true Bread."

A young lady in Chelsea writes:—

"In answer to prayer He has raised up men for this work; in answer to prayer He has given enlarged opportunities; in answer to prayer He will certainly give the increased income needed. 'Is the Lord's hand waxed short?' He is only proving our faith; He is only waiting till we ask more urgently. Will all the readers of the GLEANER pray daily till we get the money; and will those who are able increase their subscription? Being myself only 'a young lady on an allowance,' it was with some difficulty I spared my subscription; when a large present of money enabled me to give nearly five times as much again. Let my sisters in the Lord try Him too. My own experience is that the more we give the more we shall have to give: I have no doubt that others will find it the same. Give freely, pray earnestly, and we shall have abundantly."

A clergyman in Gloucestershire sends a contribution raised in a particularly interesting manner:—

"When my girls saw Mr. Bickersteth's offer, they suggested to us that instead of our having a Christmas tree this year, as in the past, with presents, &c., from ourselves, and from them to each other, nothing should be given but what each one could make without spending money, and that the money which would otherwise have been expended should be sent up to the C.M.S. Deficiency Fund. When this plan was known to our servants, who have generally had something on the tree, they requested that the rule might be followed with regard to them also. At the close of the day we put together the money which would otherwise have been spent by us all, and it amounted to £6 4s. 1d. I have added to it, as a thank-offering for the manifestation of such a spirit in my children, enough to make it up to £10 10s., for which I enclose a cheque."

A lady who sends £100 entitles it, "A 'small gift from one of the many' to help in sending out one of the seven men kept back; see GLEANER for Jan., p. 2."

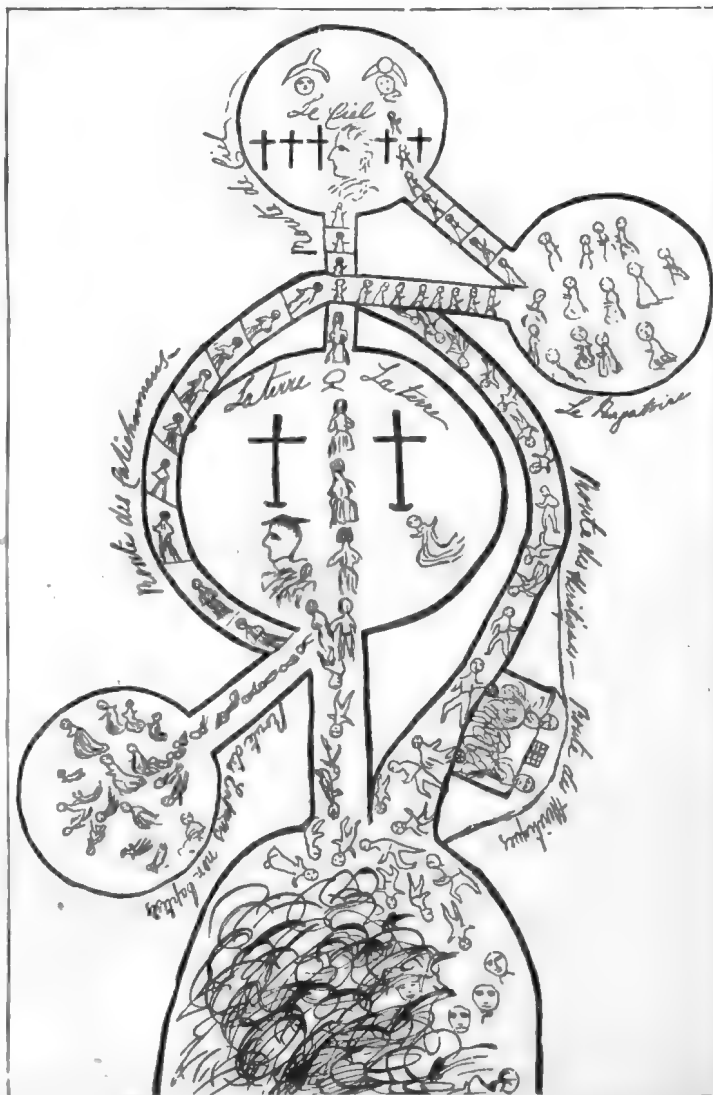
A ROMISH MISSIONARY PICTURE.

ON another page of this present number will be found an account of the recent invasion of Uganda, and interference with the C. Mission there, by a party of French Roman Catholic priests. It will be a good thing to give our readers, in the same number, an idea of what Romish teaching among the heathen really is; and we do so just exhibiting a picture actually used by Romanist missionaries among the Red Indians of North America. It has been kindly lent to us by the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and from the January number of that Society's magazine, *The Greater Britain Messenger*, we find that

original sketch, on a piece of stout cardboard three feet square, was brought from Brazil by the Rev. J. C. Browne-Cave, to whom it was given by a chief of the Carib tribe named Warkus.

The picture, as will be seen, represents Earth, Heaven, Purgatory, and a fifth place for "unbaptized children." From Earth (*La Terre*) to Heaven (*Le Ciel*) two routes are shown: one directly upwards, which is only open to those who have taken monastic vows; and the other, called the "*Route des Catholiques*," which leads other faithful Romanists by a circuitous route to "*Le Purgatoire*," thence to heaven by a direct entrance. From this latter road, before it reaches Purgatory, branches off the "*Route des Hérétiques*," leading into the flames of hell, into which also descends a still more direct road from Earth—we suppose for the heathen. On the other hand is the "*Route des Évangéliques non baptisés*," conveying the unfortunate infants, not to heaven, but to a realm of torment, who said "Of such is the kingdom of heaven," but to a realm of torment, not indeed named, but significantly tiguous to Hell itself.

Such are the means by which Rome seeks to win her way "through the eye to the heart." If the Gospel were truly represented by such a picture as this, how could it be called "tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people"?



FAC-SIMILE (REDUCED) OF A PICTURE USED BY ROMAN CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES AMONG THE RED INDIANS OF NORTH AMERICA. (Original Size, 3 ft. by 2 ft.)

Perils of the Way in Palestine.

THE Rev. T. F. Walters writes from Jerusalem:—"Last week I was at Jaffa. During the journey down, I experienced a signal instance of God's protecting care. It was quite dark when we suddenly came upon the bodies of two murdered men lying across the road. The horses shied, and we had a narrow escape from being thrown over a bank, which at that part of the road is quite steep. The murdered men were a rich Jew from Jerusalem, and a peasant from a neighbouring village. The murder could not have taken place much more than an hour before we arrived on the spot, and the robbers must have been hiding in the neighbourhood when we passed. But God protected us from harm."

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

III.

Goddess Kwanon—Japanese Amusements—A Country Walk—Refreshments—Shooting the Rapids—Kioto, the Sacred Capital—A Night Festival.

NE of the strangest forms of Buddhism in Japan is the worship of Kwanon, the Chinese goddess of mercy. A few miles from Osaka is a sacred enclosure called Shariji, where this goddess is adored under thirty-three different forms. Near the entrance these are outlined upon a massive slab of stone set

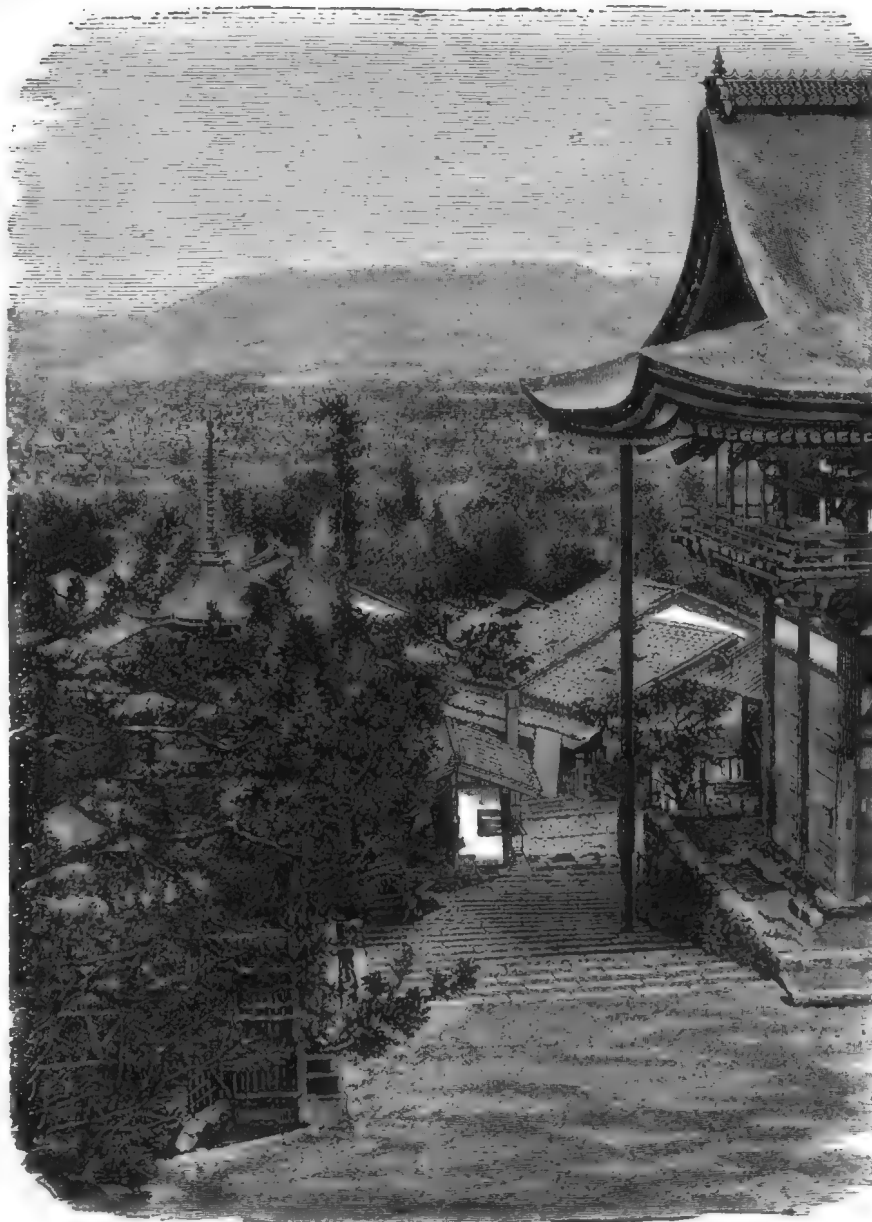
upright, and the pious pilgrim proceeds from this through a maze-like garden to visit in turn thirty-three shrines. Each stands embowered in its own surroundings of foliage, stone lanterns, ponds and bridges, and the effect of the whole is singularly pretty, whilst the view from the tea-house at the end of the garden is very beautiful.

"Living in pleasure yet dead whilst so living" is terribly true of the religious life of the Japanese. The visitor to "Dai Nippon" (*i.e.*, Great Japan) cannot fail to notice the abundant provision for recreation in the shape of theatres and exhibitions of various kinds which are to be found in every city, and to which the people are much addicted. Whole streets are taken up with enormous structures of flimsy construction, which exhibit flaming placards and life-size vividly coloured sketches of the scenes to be witnessed within. The noise of clashing instruments, hardly to be termed musical, is incessant. Wax-works, with moving figures the size of life, and worked by rude wooden machinery, are to be seen for a trifling sum, representing scenes from ancient history. In one piece angels come to comfort a dying warrior; but the Japanese conception of an angel differs somewhat from that of the Western mind. These are little boys clad in scarlet and gold, and having

wings of green, blue, and yellow, like enormous butterflies. In another booth the mystery of the decapitated head is cleverly exhibited for a penny. Performing dogs, birds, and mice are also liberally patronised, and the frequent bursts of applause from a ring of spectators who surround a family of acrobats remind us that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin." We cannot help admiring the dexterity shown in climbing, walking on the slack rope, top spinning, and in other ways, but the question presents itself, "Has Christian England made any advance upon these amusements of the heathen East?" Do not our countrymen too often demand that others shall risk life and limb, and incur fearful moral danger to enliven a Christian's holiday?

We retrace our steps through the lowest and poorest quarter of the city, and as we pass, a gigantic wrestler, defiant of the police, stalks forth from the bath house and makes his way home with all his apparel carelessly thrown over his arm. We are often reminded by the sights and scenes of which we catch a glimpse as we are trundled gaily along, that there are depths of vice and impurity behind and beneath all the gaiety and splendour and brightness of social life in Japan, which cry aloud for the purifying influences of the Gospel of the grace of God in Christ Jesus.

While we have been exploring Osaka our passports have arrived from the Consulate, thus enabling Mr. Evington and myself to journey for a few weeks, if so disposed, in the neighbourhood of Kioto, Lake Biwa, and Narra. We might have gone to the sacred city by rail from Osaka, but preferred leaving the train at Mukomachi to enjoy a bracing walk of seven miles over the Turtle Hill to Kamaoka, and the excitement of shoot-



KIOTO, THE SACRED CAPITAL OF JAPAN. View taken from the Maruyama Hotel.

ing the rapids on the Katsuragawa River afterwards. We were well repaid. As we left the plains we passed through groves of bamboo, and then, as we climbed still higher, beech, fir, and other trees threw their grateful shadows across our

path. The road lay through a village, the thatched roofs and white-washed walls of which recalled similar scenes in old England, but the church tower was wanting, and the great curved roof of the village temple took its place. We halt at a wayside refreshment stall, where a spring of clearest water invites the thirsty wayfarer to drink; and, trying some curious brown sweetmeat made of beans, and called *adzuki*, find it excellent. At the tea-house at Kamaoka we call for "nippon taberu," or Japanese food, and sitting on our heels we make a meal of fish, cucumber, eggs, rice, and tea. Chopsticks take the place of knives and forks; dinner napkins and tablecloths likewise are dispensed with.

A short walk through the fields brings us to the river, and we are soon on board an odd-looking craft. It is a boat about 40 feet long, and 5 feet wide: the planking of the flat bottom is quite flexible, and apparently insecure. They load her heavily with rice in bags, and then bid us take our seats on a plank amidships. Two of our crew go to the stern, the other four to the bows, and a few strokes of the oar carry us out into the stream. We are quickly entering a pass of indescribable grandeur. Hills almost perpendicular tower 2,000 feet above us, clad in foliage to the very summit. As the river narrows in between them the current increases in velocity. Now we hear the roar of the rapids, and the next minute are caught amid the swirl of the water, and plunge bows foremost down amid the foaming breakers. Cool and collected stands the chief armed with a long bamboo pole, with which he seems bent on driving us upon the rocks, now on one side, now the other. Worse is to come. We glide over the still water below the first rapid with a sense of thankfulness, when lo! we are in the next; the descent is so rapid, that for a moment it seems as if we must capsize over the bows—the roar is terrible, and the boat ships water on both sides as we sink into a mighty mass of foam—down, down—off this rock—crushing against that—then still, quiet water, and six or seven more rapids, until at last at the "Book" rocks we turn an angle, and are gliding peacefully down the widening stream towards Arashiyama.

Exchanging boats for jinrikishas, we enter the sacred city from the N.E., at one end of the long valley in which it is situated, and to which it owes much of its beauty. We cross innumerable bridges, thread crowded streets, pass grand temple gateways, and note signs of festivity on every hand. Kioto is indeed a "joyous city." At last we reach the foot of the hills on the south side of the valley, and after mounting several flights of stone steps, we gladly rest ourselves in the verandah of a semi-European hotel on the Maruyama, or round hill, from which we can command a panorama of the city. (See the picture.)

In the clear evening atmosphere every building seems to stand out distinctly, even those at the foot of the opposite hills. The great curved roofs of the five thousand temples, the many-storied pagodas, with brightly gilt nine-ringed spires, the look-out stations where watch is kept against fire, the silvery streams of the Kamo river ever and anon disappearing amongst the dwellings of half a million of our fellow-creatures, the long white wall encircling the groves that hide the Imperial residence, where for seventeen centuries the Mikados dwelt securely, the deepening gloom upon the distant hills, and the fantastic roofs peeping out from the fir-trees in the immediate foreground below us, all make up a picture upon which memory loves to linger. The hum of a great city rises gratefully to the ear, broken now and then by the deep-toned notes of temple bells from the various ravines and groves to the right and left of us. As the night wears on, the stars shine out with tropical brilliance, and seem reflected as in a great lake, for myriads of lanterns are being lighted, and the quarter nearest to us is to-night *en fête*.

As a *matsuri* (festival) is being held between nine and ten o'clock, we descend the hill, and enter the great courtyard of a

Shinto temple—the Gihon. It is brilliantly illuminated by lanterns and flaming cressets, which throw a fitful glare over a good-natured crowd. No idea of danger suggests itself to the unarmed Englishmen, who thus at night trust themselves among the people of an Eastern city. Round one small building men are pressing to obtain a view of the contents, and we find a pair of white foxes the object of worship to hundreds. Mr. Evinger puts a question or two, and for some minutes is engaged in an animated discussion, to which several pay marked attention. He is doubtless speaking of One who, unlike the foxes, had not willed to lay His head. We reach the great gateway, and stand aside at the top of the stone steps to gaze upon the strange scene below. The wide street stretches away for more than a mile, brilliantly lighted by festoons of lanterns on either side. Beneath the arches are rows of stalls, each with its own lights, forming a sort of bazaar, and a restless crowd of men, women, and children is constantly passing and repassing. We mingle with them, and glance at the stalls for the sale of sweetmeats, ornaments, curiosities, toys, fans, and lacquer ware. A brisk trade is going on; while many brightly illuminated balconies are gaily-dressed sinners and girls playing the *sansien*, or surveying the animated scene.

Matsuris are held all over Japan. They are fairs, the excuse for which is religious, but with which religion seems to have only a slight connection as Christianity with Good Friday excursions.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER III.



B. HARPER had set his mind on securing the presence of his pastor at the next meeting. He had some trouble in persuading him. Mr. Verity loved the work, but he knew less about it than he ought to know, and scarcely liked to show how little he knew. I believe that is one reason which often keeps clergymen from the field in missionary matters. We are all so overwhelmed with parish work that we have no time to acquire much missionary information.

But when he heard that the subject was Prayer, he consented. "It was no strange thing with him. It was the strength of his mind," said Mr. Verity, "we do not pray enough for this good work."

"I sometimes think," Mr. Rymer remarked, "that our Church is a little deficient in this."

"You must remember," answered the Vicar, "that they were called before the tide of Missions set in. There were then no associations to preach the Gospel to the heathen."

"Is not that an argument for revision?" Mr. Rymer asked.

"It is at the least an argument for remembering our great mission in the prayers we have. If this be done, I doubt whether you find the Liturgy so deficient as you think. In a general congregation our prayers must necessarily be of a general character. Does not our prayer occur to you as being applicable to missionary work, George?" said the Vicar, turning to one of the younger members of his flock.

"Yes," said the youth at once, "I always think of it when I sing the *Venite* that the Lord is a great King above all gods, and I breathe inwardly the prayer that this kingly power may be seen above the heathen gods."

"True," Mr. Harper said, "and we may turn *Te Deum* into praise and ask that the hope may soon be accomplished which says, 'All earth doth worship Thee.'"

"Jubilant is full of it," said George Green, "calling on all ye lands to be joyful in the Lord."

"Yes, and the chosen people, for whom we ask that they may be joyful, are scattered among all nations, and surely there is no joyfulness through the knowledge that the Lord is gracious, and His mercy lasting."

"You will often find it in the Collects," the Vicar suggested, "and the Litany we ask God to have mercy upon all men. The Evening Prayer, too, are full of it. Show yourselves joyful unto the Lord in all lands. A light to lighten the Gentiles. Let all the people praise Him. And do we not thank God for His loving-kindness to us, and to all, and what loving-kindness is to be compared to the Gospel of His grace which He has bid us preach to all men! You remember another, I think, Anthony," for he caught a gleam in young Welton's eye.

"I was thinking, sir, of the prayer, *That Thou wouldst be pleased to make Thy ways known, Thy saving health unto all nations.*"

"I thought that was in your mind, Anthony. And what a beautiful

expression that is—*saving health*. Our Reformers used to call the Gospel *soul-heal*. Health means healing. It presupposes sickness, approaching death. Now comes the saving balm, and there is *health*."

"I like," said Mr. Harper, "to give the Lord's Prayer a missionary aspect. It will bear it throughout. I have heard you say so, sir."

"Yes, and seeing we use it several times during our service, we can afford to give it once its full missionary bearing. Where do you see it first, Mr. Harper?"

"I see it in the first words, *Our Father*. You tell us, sir, that it is especially the children's prayer, the prayer of those who by the Spirit of adoption cry, Abba, Father; but many of these children are in darkness yet, in the black night of heathenism, and I long to send them the Gospel that they may learn to say with us all, *Our Father*."

"If I may speak of the next words," said young Green, "I would suggest this, that we should think how the Name of our God and loving Father is not honoured by the heathen, and so it becomes a petition that they may hear it and learn to love and to hallow it. *Hallowed be Thy Name* in all the earth."

"There is no difficulty about the next petition," continued Anthony Burns; "*Thy Kingdom come* speaks for itself. It is the heart's yearning over lost souls. It is a real missionary petition."

"And so is the next—*Thy will be done*. For unless we know Christ our Saviour, we shall neither know, nor care to do, the will of God."

"But how does the next petition become a missionary prayer—*Give us this day our daily bread*?" asked Green.

"Oh, I think easily," said Mr. Harper. "There is a wonderful fulness in the Lord's Prayer. Turn it which way we will, we find it express our wants and desires. What do we want bread for, but to strengthen us and keep us alive to do the will of God? And do we not want means also to support our missionaries? And how are these means to be obtained, but by the offerings of those to whom the silver and the gold are committed? When I say this petition with its missionary meaning, I ask for all that is needed day by day, for sustaining the worker and the work."

"And what missionary prayer have we in the petition, '*Forgive us our trespasses*'?" asked Mr. Ryme.

"Two, I would suggest," Mr. Verity answered. "First, I would include the heathen in the word *us*, and make it a prayer that the message of mercy and forgiveness may reach to the uttermost part of the earth. And then I would remember how much our own position before God has to do with the work. There will not be much power in our prayers if we are not reconciled to God by the blood of the Cross, and if we are not living in charity with all men, forgiving those who trespass against us. And I would carry this thought into the next petition. The one speaks of forgiving love. This is an essential in all evangelistic work; and so is holiness; and so is soundness in the faith. Hence, *Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil*, is a real missionary prayer. There are so many dangers into which we, and our missionary brethren, and our brethren gathered from among the heathen, may fall in these perilous times. And if one member suffer, all the members suffer with it. If the Church at home is not walking in the truth of the Gospel, and living in purity of life, if we are yielding to temptation, the paralysing effect of this will be felt in all our work at home and abroad. So when I say, *Lead us not into temptation*, in the missionary bearing of the petition, I ask that I, and all the people of God, may be so preserved from error and from sin, that there may be nothing in us to hinder the progress of the Gospel anywhere."

"I think we have to thank God," suggested Mr. Harper, "for preserving our dear Church Missionary Society so sound in the faith."

"Yes," their pastor said, "and especially when we consider how many are the snares which abound around us, and how many have been allured into wrong paths. Oh, let us go on praying; and let us remember this, that however great or good may be the men we send out, *Thine is the kingdom*. We are not seeking the advancement of our Society, but of the Kingdom of God. And this work would never be accomplished, if we could not say, *Thine is the power*; and it never will be accomplished unless we say, *Thine is the glory*. Yes, we may make the Lord's Prayer missionary throughout, and add our Amen with longings and hopes for the salvation of men."

"May I add another word before we part?" asked Mr. Harper. "We often say the *Gloria* in our service. May we not give one of them a purely missionary aspect? I like to do so with the one in the Litany. We have been thinking of the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. We have said the Lord's Prayer. We have reminded God of the noble works (and what works are nobler than missionary works?) that He did in the days of our fathers (then I think of eighty years ago when our great societies were formed), and in the old time (apostolic, and all along the ages) before them. Then we cry to God to arise and help us. And then we lift up our ascription, *Gloria be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost*; and I think I am not wrong in saying that in nothing is our Triune God more fully glorified than in the triumphs of His Word in a hostile world. *Gloria* is to me a praise for what God has done, and a prayer that He will do more."

MORE GOOD NEWS FROM BONNY.



GAIN we have had to thank God for most encouraging letters from Archdeacon Dandeson Crowther, the excellent son of the Bishop of the Niger, and from other Native African missionaries labouring in the delta of that great river. Readers of last year's GLEANER will not have forgotten the article in the November number, entitled, "*BONNY HAS BECOME A BETHEL*," which described the truly wonderful revolution by which, through the blessing of God, a place red with the blood of persecuted Christians had become almost like a house of God within twelve months. A report now received from Archdeacon Crowther gives further interesting details.

On Whit Sunday last, June 1st, eleven adults were baptized; the first baptisms for four years, owing to the prolonged and severe persecution. Most of these eleven candidates had been faithfully cleaving to Christ all through those dark days, patiently suffering for His sake, but prevented by their masters from publicly taking His vows upon them. One of them was charged before the late chief, "Captain Hart" (concerning whom see our November article), with attending church contrary to the decree forbidding it. He replied, "Yes, I do go. I went to hear God's words, and when I found them good for my soul, I go over and over." At the baptism, he and two others asked to be christened Ezekiah, Job, and Meshach respectively; and on being asked by Mr. Crowther why they chose these names, "gave a succinct and interesting account" of the Scripture characters who first bore them. A woman, who took the name of Dorcas, had refused to drink palm wine offered in sacrifice to idols, whereupon she was seized, and the wine poured down her throat by force. There are now more than two hundred avowed candidates under instruction for baptism.

April 26th, 1879, was the fourteenth anniversary of the foundation of the Bonny Mission, and it was determined to hold a thanksgiving service at St. Stephen's Church, with especial reference to the "late mercies vouchsafed" of God. More than five hundred persons attended, including King George Pepple and some of the chiefs. Archdeacon Crowther writes:—

The text was taken from the 100th Psalm, "Enter into His gates with thanksgiving," &c. I brought before them a regular history of the commencement of the mission, and the signing of the agreement at Juju Town fourteen years ago; even far back to 1854, when the Bishop, on his way to the Tshadda river in the s.s. *Pleiad*, met the late King William Pepple at Fernando Po, where he first made known to the Bishop his wish for missionaries at Bonny. Then I touched on the late king's return to Bonny in 1861, and his letter to the then Bishop of London for missionaries, which letter was handed to our Bishop, and which brought him to Bonny in 1864; next, the reception given us, and the king and chiefs paying £150 as their half-share in the establishment, and the erection of the school chapel at Bonny Town, which after some time developed itself into a mud-wall chapel at the mission station, the foundation of which was laid by the late King William Pepple and Mrs. Babington, an English lady, on the 19th February, 1866; how, thus, step by step, the Word of God grew, and the reptile iguanas, their national object of worship, were destroyed on Easter Day, April 21st, 1869; how individuals renounced idolatry, attended class for instruction and were baptized; how this brought persecutions even to martyrdom, and prohibitions, together with the expulsion of two of our brethren from the country; and lastly, the present reaction for good. After all these events how thankful should we be to be thus led through darkness and light, through storms and calms, through cloud and sunshine, even to the present hour, to see the glorious sight before us that morning—king, chiefs, and subjects, masters and servants, rich and poor, young and old, all in harmony, peace, and love, sitting side by side to hear of the redeeming love of Jesus Christ to perishing souls!

After the service, a large number of Bibles, which had been brought by King George Pepple from England, were presented in his name to all who could read—"to the joy," says Mr. Crowther, "of both king, chiefs, and people."

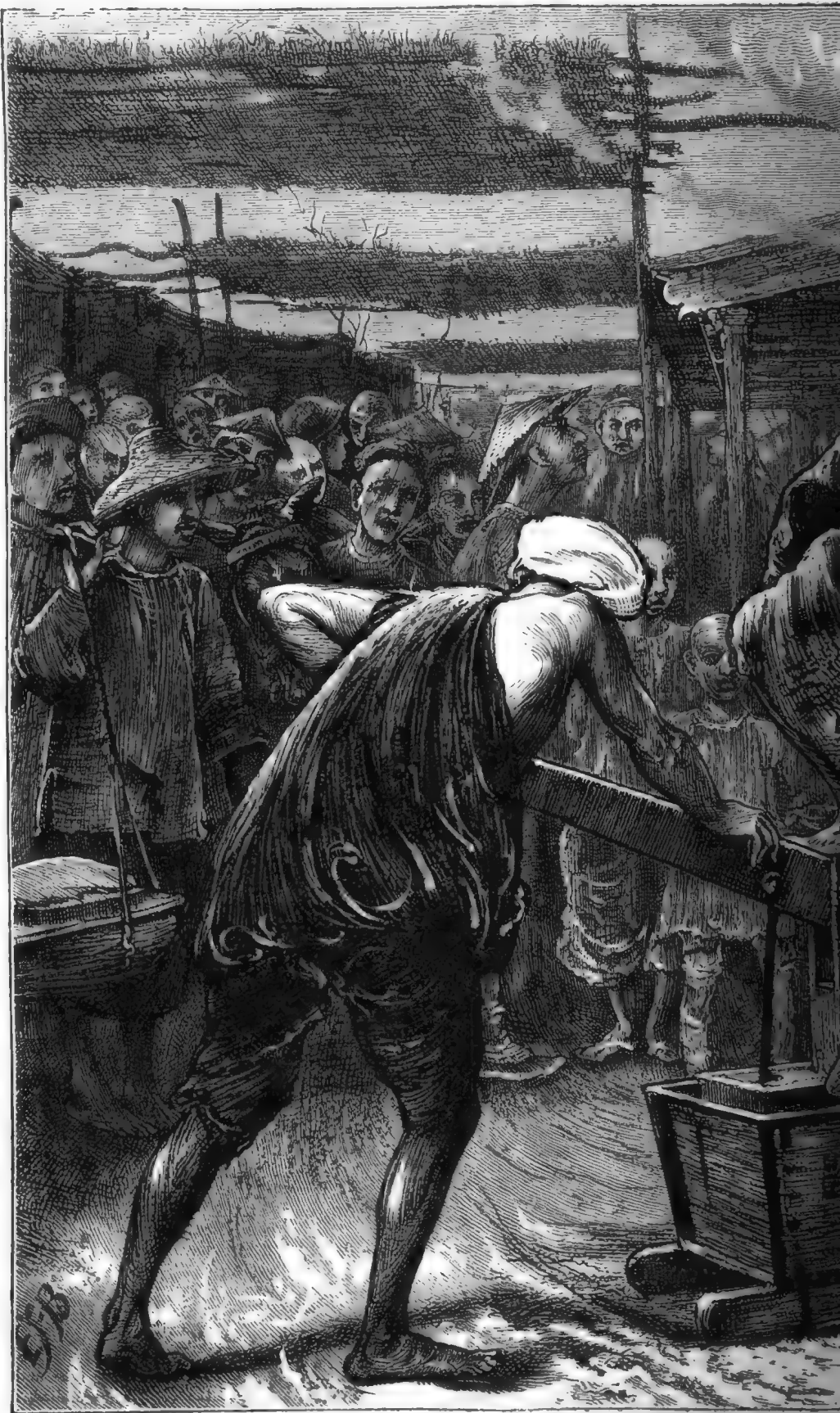
During the year, three of the most promising converts died. One of these, named Peter Obonanto, had been imprisoned for his faith along with Isaiah Bara and Jonathan Apiapi (see GLEANER, July, 1877), but, unlike them, writes Mr. Boyle (the native schoolmaster), "he, through weakness of the flesh, compromised, and was released. Like Simon Peter, he severely felt the denial of his Master, and wept bitterly. His

prayers and tears were not in vain, for by his fall he was taught the great lesson of humility. Ever afterwards he showed by his conduct that he was a true penitent. He exerted himself for the good of his fellow-converts and the heathen around, exhorting the former to be true to their profession, and leading the latter to the foot of the cross." For the former he conducted Bible classes, and to the latter he preached regularly. Like Peter in his fall and in his repentance, he, like Peter, "when he was converted, strengthened his brethren."

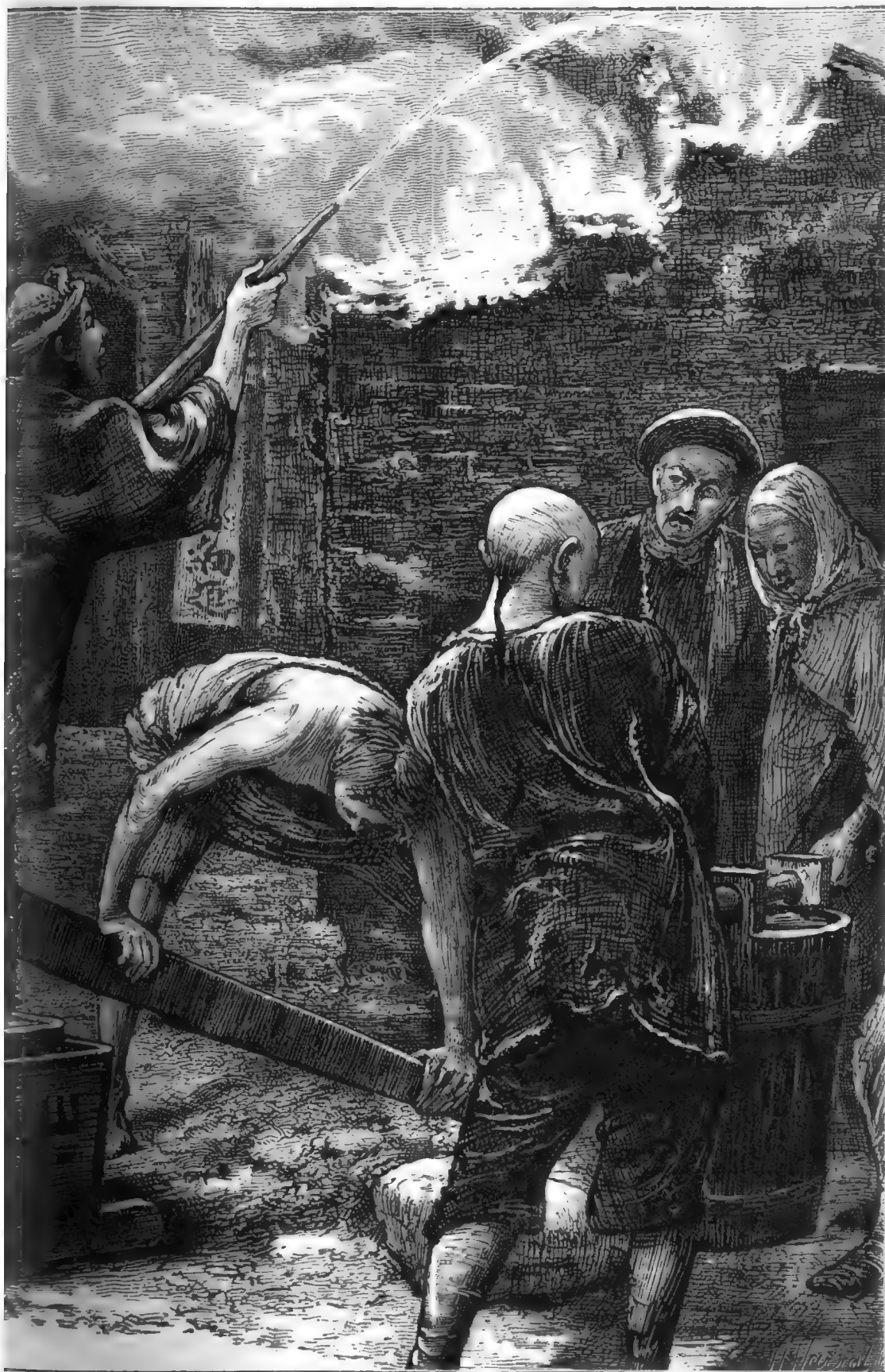
Another of the three converts removed by death was Chief Frederick Pepple—"that sainted old man," Mr. Boyle calls him. He had been "prime minister" to the late King of Bonny, William Pepple, and was called by the people "The Tiger," on account of his barbarous cruelty. In a revolution which occurred in 1854, he was expelled the country, and had ever since lived at Brass, on another of the mouths of the Niger. He was one of the first chiefs there to embrace the Gospel, and became a conspicuous and consistent Christian. After twenty-four years' exile he determined to return to Bonny to die, and arrived in a very weak state in December, 1878. During his last illness he exhibited simple faith in Christ, and he died in peace on February 1st, 1879. "My own faith," says Mr. Boyle, "was much strengthened by what I saw of him; it was indeed a treat to be with him."

That Mr. Boyle's phrase which gave the title to our November article, "Bonny has become a Bethel," was no exaggeration, is shown by a statement in Archdeacon Crowther's report that "at Bonny Town now, prayers are held at nearly every other house, morning and evening." In that article we mentioned the rich woman, Orumbi, who assembles her household and dependents, a hundred in number, night and morning for family prayer. Mr. Crowther mentions that he went in unexpectedly one evening in November last, and heard a convert praying thus, "O God, we beseech Thee, turn the hearts of all Bonny to serve Thee; take wickedness from our hearts, and give us new hearts."

To which prayer all our readers will respond with all their hearts, Amen!



A FIRE IN JAPAN



THE AND ENGINES AT WORK.

DESTRUCTION BY FIRE THE C.M.S. CHURCH HOUSE AT HAKODATE

WE had intended to print this shortly in the GLEANER, but the interesting particulars on this page; but we were expecting that the destructive fire of property belonging to the Society in Japan worth £2500 would make it so sadly appropriate an engraving for this month. It is the loss which, just in the midst of our financial perplexities, in the providence of God, upon the Society, besides a loss to our missionaries of £500 worth of furniture and private effects. Fires in Japan are frequent and destructive. Mrs. Piper's interesting account of one in the GLEANER of April 1877; and great pains have been taken to make the C.M.S. church ordinarily "fire proof"; but a conflagration as that at Hakodate on Dec. 6th overcomes all precautions.

Hakodate is a port in the northern island of Yezo. The Rev. Walter Denning has laboured here since 1874. The mission of the first stone of which had been laid by the British Consul on Nov. 24th, 1878. The services held in it have been largely attended, and the whole work very hopeful. Now it is, at this time, almost entirely stopped.

At 8 P.M. on Dec. 6th the fire broke out. In a very short time nearly all the public buildings, foreign houses, including the British Consulate, besides 2,500 Japanese houses, were consumed. The C.M.S. church early fell a victim to the flames, and then Mr. Denning, returning home, found his house in imminent danger, and Mrs. Denning with Mr. Batchelor (a young missionary), hurriedly removed what things she could into the garden. But all was of no use; the house was speedily in flames, and even the things in the garden were burnt.

"It was with great difficulty," says Mr. Denning, "that we made our escape, so surrounded were we by fire. My coat caught, and burnt a large hole in it before I discovered it. It was a few days, blowing and raining. We were cut off from Mr. Williams' house by the fire; and, with three children and the few things saved, we wandered about for several all night. At last the children were so tired and hungry, that


thought we would make a desperate effort to pass through the still burning streets. The smoke was almost suffocating, and the roads were insecure, owing to the burning of bridges. After various mishaps, at last we reached the house."

In their destitute condition, Mr. Denning was obliged to bring his wife and children to Yokohama, but was intending to return alone to Hakodate at once. Before leaving, he gathered the little flock of Japanese converts (who also lost everything) together, and reminded them "that although they had lost much that was corruptible, yet there still remained that which could never be taken away—the inheritance incorruptible and undefiled; that our material structures might perish, but that no real believer, after once being built into Christ's Church, could ever be removed."

SKETCHES OF THE TELUGU MISSION.

BY THE REV. J. E. PADFIELD, *Masulipatam*.

II.—THE FIELD OF LABOUR.

 N giving anything like an account of our Mission it will perhaps be desirable in the first place to give a little information as to the Telugu people, and the country they inhabit. I feel this the more necessary as when in England I went on Deputation work I so often was asked the question, "Where is Telugu?" Indeed, I have heard myself announced as a missionary from "Telugu in Africa!"

Now, in these days of School Boards it is, perhaps, superfluous to mention that the vast country of India is not inhabited by only one nation speaking one language, but that, as in Europe, so in India, there are many different races and nations, speaking many and widely different languages. A glance at the last report of the British and Foreign Bible Society will show that the Scriptures are printed in some twenty languages of India by that Society alone, and an interesting little book issued by them, called *The Gospel in many Tongues*, will show how widely most of these languages differ, even in the form of the character. The *Church Missionary Atlas* gives the names of no less than forty-five Indian languages, showing also the estimated populations that speak them and the area in square miles in which they are used; and further mentions that we are now able to distinguish ninety-eight different languages of India, with a much larger number of dialects.

The Telugu-speaking people rank third in regard to numbers of all the above: hence they form a very important section of the inhabitants of India. In 1871 they were estimated at 15,500,000, but probably the numbers are much greater.

The Telugu country comprises the north-eastern part of the Madras Presidency. [See map of South India in the *GLEANER* of October last.] It is some 100,000 square miles in area, and has a sea-board of some 500 miles on the Bay of Bengal, from a few miles north of the city of Madras. It stretches from east to west right into the heart of the Peninsula, in some places reaching 800 miles from the coast. It is watered by the rivers Godavery, Krishna (or Kistna), and Penna. The two former are splendid rivers, which taking their rise on the western side of India run right across the Peninsula, and empty themselves into the Bay of Bengal. Amongst the many blessings conferred upon India by British rule not the least is the system of irrigation, by which the rivers, in some places at least, have been utilised for the fertilisation of the country. Both the Krishna and Godavery are arrested in their course by huge dams or "anicut," which are built across them, at Bezvada and Dowlaiswaram respectively, so that instead of their waters being wasted, as formerly, by running into the sea, they are diverted into numerous canals, which have converted what was previously a comparative waste into one of the greatest grain-growing districts of India.


The Telugus, like the Tamils, the Canarese, and the Malayalam people, are pure Dravidians—that is, they are one of the old

nations that inhabited India ages before they were conquered, and gradually driven southward by the Aryan race, which at present forms the chief population of the northern parts. [See *GLEANER*, January, 1878, p. 8; October, 1878, p. 110.] They are, physically, a fine well-built race, superior in this respect to many other races of India, and whilst they may, perhaps, be described as superior in intelligence, they are certainly a hard working, peaceable people, though the annals of the Madras army, which is largely recruited from them, show that they are not wanting in those qualities that make thorough soldiers.

The Telugu language, which has a considerable literature of its own, is one that, for its melody of sound, is called the Italian of the East; and although it contains many Sanscrit words, yet it really forms one of that distinct family of languages which are distinguished by the term Dravidian.

The term C.M.S. "Telugu Mission" is, perhaps, a misnomer, since it may imply an occupation by the Society of the whole of the country occupied by the Telugu people, while, in fact, its efforts have, as yet, been directed to a very small part of that extensive territory. A more proper name would, perhaps, be "The Krishna and Godavery Mission," the stations being almost confined to the area between these two rivers. The area thus occupied is, however, wide enough and to spare for the men and means available. These rivers are some hundred miles apart, and centres are here and there occupied for upwards of a hundred miles inland, the whole of this territory teeming with population. But other Societies are at work in other parts of the country. In 1871 the number of foreign missionaries at work amongst the Telugus was about forty, and of these twelve belonged to the Church Missionary Society. Forty may seem a large number, but when reckoned as for a hundred thousand square miles of territory, it gives something like one missionary to 2,500 square miles; and estimating the Telugus at fifteen and a half millions—a low estimate—it gives one man to 387,500 souls. Well may it be said, "What are they amongst so many?" It must also be pointed out that this is supposing the whole party to be efficient and actually at work in the field, whilst we know in reality that some of that number would be laid aside by sickness or on furlough; others, again, would be but young recruits quite unfit for active service until they had learned the language and gained experience.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

 N the Life of Bishop Wilberforce (Vol. I.) lately published, the following extract is given of a letter of his, written September 12th, 1833, when he was Rector of Brighton:—"We have been setting up Church Missionary Associations hereabouts, with much prospect of usefulness. It is my favourite Society, so thoroughly Church of England, so eminently active and spiritual, so important for a maritime nation, whose commerce has led her to carry the Devil's missionaries everywhere." This was written eight years before the Society was joined by the Archbishops and the general body of the Bishops.

"WHAT is your usual employment?" I said one day to a man sitting at the roadside, at the entrance of a village. "My employment," he replied, "is that of going forwards and coming backwards. I am the postman, and carry the bags three kos forwards and bring them three kos back every day." Encouraged by my friendly inquisitiveness, the postman then said, "Pray, what is *your* employment?" "It is that, I trust, of going forwards," was my reply. Our conversation then proceeded much as follows:—"Where are you going? To Surat?" "Beyond it (*palikade*)."
 "To Baroda?" "*Palikade*."
 "To Disa?" "*Palikade*."
 "To Ajinir?" "*Palikade*."
 "To Persia?" "*Palikade*."
 "To another world?" "You have found out my meaning at last." I then had the way prepared for me to discourse to him and others gathered around us on the Christian pilgrimage.—*The late Dr. Wilson, of Bombay.*

"THERE is a gold mine in India; but it seems almost as deep as the centre of the earth. Who will explore it?"—*Andrew Fuller.*

"I will go down; but remember that you must hold the ropes."—*William Carey.*

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

III.—LEARNING TO WORK.

"That they should be with Him, and that He might send them forth to preach."
Matt. x.; Mark iii. 14—19, vi. 7—13; Luke vi. 12—16, ix. 1—6.



PETER was now always with Jesus. What was he? An apostle? Not yet—only a disciple. What is the difference? Disciple—one who is learning. Apostle—one sent forth, that is, to teach others. Which comes first? First must learn; then fit to teach. Jesus had many "disciples" (see John vi. 66; Acts i. 18); out of them He chose twelve, "whom also He named apostles" (Luke vi. 13). Simon Peter the fisherman one of these.

1. *Peter the Disciple.* When chosen one of the Twelve, was he not changed from a disciple to an apostle? No; was to be both now. See Mark iii. 14. (1) "That they should be with Him"; (2) "That He might send them forth to preach." So the Twelve often called "disciples." "When they were alone He expounded all things to His disciples" (Mark iv. 34). "Took the twelve disciples apart" (Matt. xx. 17). How much Peter would learn (a) from Jesus' teaching, (b) from His example. A perfect Pattern!

2. *Peter the Apostle.* See him and the others sent forth (Luke ix. 2—6)—"two and two"—to do two things, "preach the kingdom of God" and "heal the sick." Did they? Yes, they did both (ver. 6). And when they came back, then called by their new name—"the apostles" gathered themselves together unto Jesus, and told Him all things, both what they had done and what they had taught" (Mark vi. 30).

So WITH OUR MISSIONARIES. Young man comes to Society says, "I will go"—but not fit yet—is sent to college—carefully taught and prepared for work—then brought to the Bishop to be "ordained"—then sent forth to India or China or Africa. First "disciples"; then "apostles." But when they go forth like apostles, are they no longer disciples? No: must always, everywhere, be "with Jesus," and "learn of Him."

BUT WHAT CAN WE BE—WE WHO STAY AT HOME? We can be both, in a sense.

1. *Every disciple should be an apostle.* First, come to Jesus, be with Jesus, learn of Jesus; then, go and tell others. When you teach a little sister to pray, when you try and save a brother from sinful ways, when you give your pennies to send missionaries to the heathen, when you collect from others—that is, in a little way, being an "apostle."

2. *Every apostle must be a disciple first.* How tell others what you know not yourself? But see what being a "disciple" of Christ means. (a) *Continuance:* "If ye continue in My word, then are ye My disciples indeed" (John viii. 31). (b) *Cross-bearing:* "Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after Me, cannot be My disciple" (Luke xiv. 27). (c) *Much fruit:* "That ye bear much fruit, so shall ye be My disciples" (John xv. 8).

[N.B.—Some points in this lesson can be illustrated from the article headed "More Good News from Bonny," in this number.]

THE FRENCH PRIESTS IN UGANDA.



ANY trials and difficulties were foreseen when the Church Missionary Society determined on sending a Mission to Central Africa; and all that was anticipated has come to pass—"journeyings often, perils of waters, perils of robbers, perils by the heathen, perils in the wilderness, perils in the sea"—all these have been met and, in the strength of the Lord, bravely overcome; and death itself has been the lot of six of the men sent out. But one peril was not foreseen—"perils among false brethren." Grievous indeed it is, that the effort to carry the Gospel to Uganda is now impeded by the unprovoked aggression of a Mission of French Romanists.

This Mission has been sent from Algiers, being organised by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Algiers, Monsignor Lavigeri. No less than thirty-three men were dispatched, in two parties, both by way of Zanzibar. Some have died, and some have gone to Lake Tanganika; but five are known to be in Uganda, and a larger number were following. The first two arrived at Mtesa's capital on Feb. 23rd, 1879. Having obtained the king's permission for the rest to come on, one of these went back across

the Lake to fetch them. The other, Père Lourdel, remained very quiet as long as he was alone; and he was treated with much kindness by our missionaries. "Medicines, food, clothing, and indeed everything he needed, were at his disposal." Much as they deplored what could not but lead to perplexity and strife, they were determined, as much as in them lay, to live peaceably with all men.

In June, after the departure of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Felkin northward, and of Mr. Pearson, Mr. Stokes, and Mr. Copplestone southward (as mentioned in our Dec. and Feb. numbers), the other four priests arrived, bringing with them a present for the king, which, though little in harmony with the spirit of Christianity, was just the kind of gift with which Rome might be expected to try and win the favour of a heathen king—"five guns, four swords, three cavalry helmets, some richly embroidered generals' uniforms lined with satin; some beautiful Arab dresses, braided with gold and silver; and a cask of gunpowder"! Mr. Mackay thus describes what took place the following Sunday, June 29th, when he and Mr. Litchfield were conducting a service at the king's palace as usual:—

M. Lourdel knew well that it was our custom to hold service every week at court; and he and his superior came and sat down beside me, and did not leave until they had fulfilled their intention—to oppose us.

All kneel now, and join devoutly in the Amen. The gentlemen of the French mission sat on their chairs, however, during prayers, and somewhat distracted the general attention by their doing so, and by their mutual talk in French, although in whisper.

We were not interrupted by them, however, until prayers were over and I began to read the Scriptures. I had read only the first verse when Mtesa, in his usual abrupt style, called to a coast-man present to "ask the Frenchmen if they don't believe in Jesus Christ; why don't they kneel down with us when we worship Him every Sabbath? don't they worship Jesus Christ?"

M. Lourdel was spokesman. He became all at once very excited, and said, "We do not kneel, because we should thus show that we were not Protestants but Catholics; we do not join in that religion because it is not true; we do not know that book because it is a book of lies. If we joined in that, it would mean that we were not Catholics but Protestants, who have rejected the truth; for hundreds of years they were with us, but now they believe and teach only lies."

Such was the drift of his excited talk in a mixture of bad Arabic, Suaheli, and French. Mtesa endeavoured to give the chiefs some idea of what he had been saying, and then asked me what I had to reply. I felt that the moment was one requiring great coolness and great firmness, for my opponent's excited state might prove contagious, while his repeated denunciations of me as a "liar" could not be easily disproved on such an occasion.

I endeavoured to give the court a simple account of the history of the Church, and why we had left Rome. I stated, as clearly as possible, that our authority was the Word of God only; that the Romanists had the Pope as their head, while we acknowledged one Head—Jesus Christ. I tried also to smooth matters by saying that we had one belief in many things—one God, one Saviour, one Bible, one heaven, and one law of life.

But my friend would have no terms of peace. There was *one truth* (el Haqq), and he came to teach that, and we were liars! We were liars to say that they worshipped the Virgin Mary: we were liars to say that they regarded the Pope as infallible. The Pope was the king of "religion" in all the world. He was the successor of Peter, who was the successor of Christ. The Pope was the only authority to teach *the truth* in the world. Wherever we went to teach lies, the Pope sent his messengers to teach the truth. If what he said was not true, he would die on the spot, &c., &c. Never did I hear the word *mwongo* (liar) so frequently used.

I could not but feel sorry for the king and all present. Their feeling of hopeless bewilderment made them say, "Every white man has a different religion." "How can I know what is right?" Mtesa asked.

They went home, and so did I. It is with a heavy heart that I think of the trouble now begun. But it is the great battle for the truth, and the victory will be God's. I have taken up the one solid ground that we must ever fight on and for—Christ, the sole Head, and His Word the only guide. It is with all our might that we must now labour to give the people the Scriptures in their own tongue, and teach them to read and understand them. Where will Popery be then?

Mr. Litchfield in his letter mentions that Mtesa used these sad words,—“What am I to believe? Who is right? First I was a heathen, then a Mohammedan, then a Christian; now some

more white men come and tell me these English are liars. Perhaps if I follow these new men, then other white men will come and tell me these also are liars."

No one can say that the Church Missionary Society has sought an occasion of strife. We did not go into a country already occupied by others. Valuable lives, and many thousands of pounds, have been spent in the great enterprise to carry the Gospel where no Christian missionary ever went before. What should we do now? Surely our duty is clear. With all Africa before them, the Romanists have chosen the very spot where our Mission had been established nearly two years; and their wanton intrusion must be resisted to the uttermost, in the interests of the truth, and in the strength of Him who is the Truth.

UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.



FOR the next stages of the journey, Mr. Felkin's diary is very meagre, and the route is better described in a private letter from Mr. Litchfield, which we therefore on this occasion insert instead. To enable our readers to follow his narrative intelligently, we reprint a section of the very clear map which appeared in the GLEANER of June last; but we recommend them to turn back to the original if they have it at hand.

The portions of Mr. Felkin's journal in our last two numbers took the party, partly by river and partly by land, from Lado to Dufli. Mr. Litchfield's letter takes them from Dufli to Foweira: first up the river to the Albert Lake; then across the north corner of that lake to Magungo, at the mouth of that upper part of the Nile which flows from the Victoria Nyanza to the Albert; then a little way up that river to visit the Murchison Falls (see picture opposite); then (the river not being navigable owing to the Falls) by land to Foweira—which place is not marked on the map, but it is just where the "a" of "Magungo" comes, about fifty miles north of Mruli.

LETTER FROM REV. G. LITCHFIELD.

On Saturday, December 21st, we left Dufli en route for Magungo, Mr. Felkin and myself in a life-boat which was towed behind a small steamer (called the *Nyanza*). Pearson preferred the vessel with the motive power, and the dragoman went with him also. I think that this was the most pleasant trip of the whole journey, for the little open boat went spinning through the water in grand style, and at the same time was free from the vibration of the engines. The scenery was very fine, and there was no lack of interesting sights to make us feel wearied.

We had not got many miles before we came to a part of the country where the natives were hostile, and it was an amusing sight to watch them. The women and children scampered away from the villages up to the hills, carrying their small store of valuables with them, while the men congregated at the water's edge, brandishing their spears and shouting wildly. I wonder what they thought of the little steamer, with its cloud of smoke and sparks, and its high-pressure engines throbbing and drumming away, as if it were endowed with life? It might not have been so pleasant to us in the life-boat if the tow-ropes had broken, and we had drifted back into their midst. No such accident occurred, however, and we soon left the yelling savages far behind, and entered some wide lakes, where the river had overflowed. The combination of hill and valley formed a beautiful background to these

large sheets of water, the effect of which was increased by several wooded islands dotted here and there. Felkin and myself walked up a rather steep hill while the vessel took in fuel, and were well repaid the trouble. As far as the eye could reach there were vast sheets of water with beautiful islands in them, casting their reflection in the smooth surface of the water, while far beyond them mountain after mountain stretched away to the horizon.

Three days and two nights we kept on up the river, without anything of interest occurring. One morning, just as the mist was rising like a grey sheet from land and river, under the beams of a tropical sun, we had a treat, for right opposite to us, on the bank, was a herd of some forty or more hippopotami. One great bull hippo was leading the way, and the remainder followed in a string, grunting, and I suppose talking to each other in their own language. A little higher up the bank stood a herd of antelopes with long straight horns. They seemed to have come down to drink, but they were not long in vanishing when they caught sight of the steamer. They were very beautiful creatures, although not so stately as an English deer with his spreading antlers.

On the morning of Monday, December 23rd, we sighted the Albert Nyanza, and in fact had to pass through its mouth to reach Magungo on the White Nile. We could not see much of it, which was rather disappointing, as the wind was rough and there was quite a small sea on farther out. We reached our destination by 9 A.M., feeling very hungry, very cold, and very glad to have a rest, for an open boat in river fog is not the most desirable sleeping-place in the world. The military governor had received orders about our coming, and had built us several large grass huts under a huge tree, which stood outside the station, and I need not say that we soon made ourselves comfortable.

The next day we started on a day's trip upstream to see the renowned Murchison Falls. It was a lovely day, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We started about 8 A.M., and having left the life-boat, with a number of natives and some soldiers to cut wood on the right bank, we went on at a good pace. Three canoes appeared a-head, and the paddlers strained every muscle to escape, but finding it impossible to go faster than the steamer they turned to the bank and thrust their canoes into the long reeds. The captain whistled with the steam whistle, and this

sound seemed to frighten them out of their wits, and they hid themselves so cunningly that we could not get a glimpse of them. The scenery got wilder as we proceeded, and the sounds of forest life were hushed. The banks were very high and precipitous, covered with trees and brushwood, while trailing creepers hung from the top most branches down to the surface of the river, or else formed natural archways of great beauty. The water reflected the shadow of the banks and hippos were sporting about in great numbers. Crocodiles lay basking in the sun wherever a bare spot of bank presented a resting place for them, with their slimy backs and sides glistening brightly. It really seemed a shame to disturb such peace and quietness by the sharp short stroke of the steamer's engines. One hippo seemed to think so at all events, for he charged the steamer somewhere about the keel. I rather think he made a mistake, and would suffer from a bad headache, for he gave us such a shock that the ship trembled from stem to stern.

We could now hear the roaring of the Falls, and large flakes of foam came shooting past us, although we were yet a good way off. At 10.45 A.M. we saw the Falls [see the picture], and got as close to them as we dared go for the safety of the vessel. Clouds of white spray like smoke rose up from the depth of the gorge to the very top of the cliffs, and were carried away in ragged masses by the wind. The hills which formed the banks were at this place exceedingly steep and lofty, while the river bed was proportionally narrowed. The fall of water was splendid, coming down in one unbroken sheet over the lofty cliff, and losing itself in the caldron below, amidst clouds of spray. For several hundred yards the river seemed a boiling mass, and far below the Falls themselves the water was all in



PART OF CENTRAL AFRICA.

N.B.—The depth of this Map is about 1,000 miles.

violent commotion, great eddies and circles and masses of foam flecking the surface and congregating in the hollows of the bank.

On our way back we passed a bare patch of about six yards square situated by the river's edge among the thick underwood and vegetation. No less than fourteen or fifteen crocodiles lay stretched out on it, as thick as sardines in a tin. The temptation was too great to be resisted, and the silence of the spot was rudely broken by the crack of several rifles, echoed from bank to bank, and making the eagles scream wildly as they flew in circles high over our heads. Two or three of the huge reptiles lay still on the ground, and I do not think they will be a terror and trouble any more. It is astonishing what a number of women they destroy, by seizing them when they come down to fetch water. They appear to be frightened of noise, and Pearson and myself have swum regularly in the Nile in the deep water without any of them attacking us. We got back to Magungo about 6 P.M., obtaining a good view of a troop of monkeys, who went swinging along from tree to tree, and executing the queerest antics I ever beheld.

This night was Christmas Eve, and we sat under the large tree round a big log fire, singing hymns and thinking of familiar faces in England. We gave our boys a grand feed on Christmas Day, and some new clothing. All the chief men of the place came to pay us a visit of ceremony when they heard it was a feast day with us. We gave them Turkish coffee and cigarettes, and did our best to amuse them. It is a very difficult matter to talk with an Arab, for as a rule they are exceedingly ignorant, and never talk sensibly. The compliments and flattery they give you to your face are perfectly sickening, and none the less so when we know that they hate us in their hearts, and would do anything they could to do us harm. On this day we opened one of Brand's tinned plum puddings, and found it really first-class.

Our stay at Magungo was longer than we anticipated, as there arose a difficulty about porters. Most of the native tribes conquered by the Egyptian Government have to furnish men when required for the service, as part of their tribute. But in this instance the men did not come when summoned, and it was not until the governor of the station himself had ridden into the interior that we could obtain a sufficient number. The reason of this was that the King of Unyoro, Kabba Rega, was not on friendly terms with Egypt, and it was his purpose to have captured us, and our caravan also, if he could have managed it. He reported us to be spies, and he blocked up the nearest and best road between us and the next military station, Keroto. However, we started on the 28th inst., and made a very long march of some ten hours in duration. We came across many groves of bananas, with their broad leaves forming a shade from the oppressive heat of the sun.

Between 4 and 5 o'clock our route lay through many such plantations,

intersected by patches of jungle and forest. We were marching wearily, for the day had been a tiring one, and our dragoman was very ill and being carried, when suddenly several shots rang out ahead. The Governor of Magungo, who was in charge of the caravan, came dashing up in fine style to the front, and I raced after him as hard as I could go with my man carrying my guns after me. My purpose was that of peace, for the Soudan soldiers are no triflers, but just shoot any natives that mutiny. I was too late to prevent bloodshed, for one poor fellow lay bleeding on the earth, and the rest of the men of the village fled in a body, and then stood at a distance, waiting an opportunity to attack us. Some more desultory

firing took place between the skirmishers who had been sent out and this body of men, who thereupon retired.

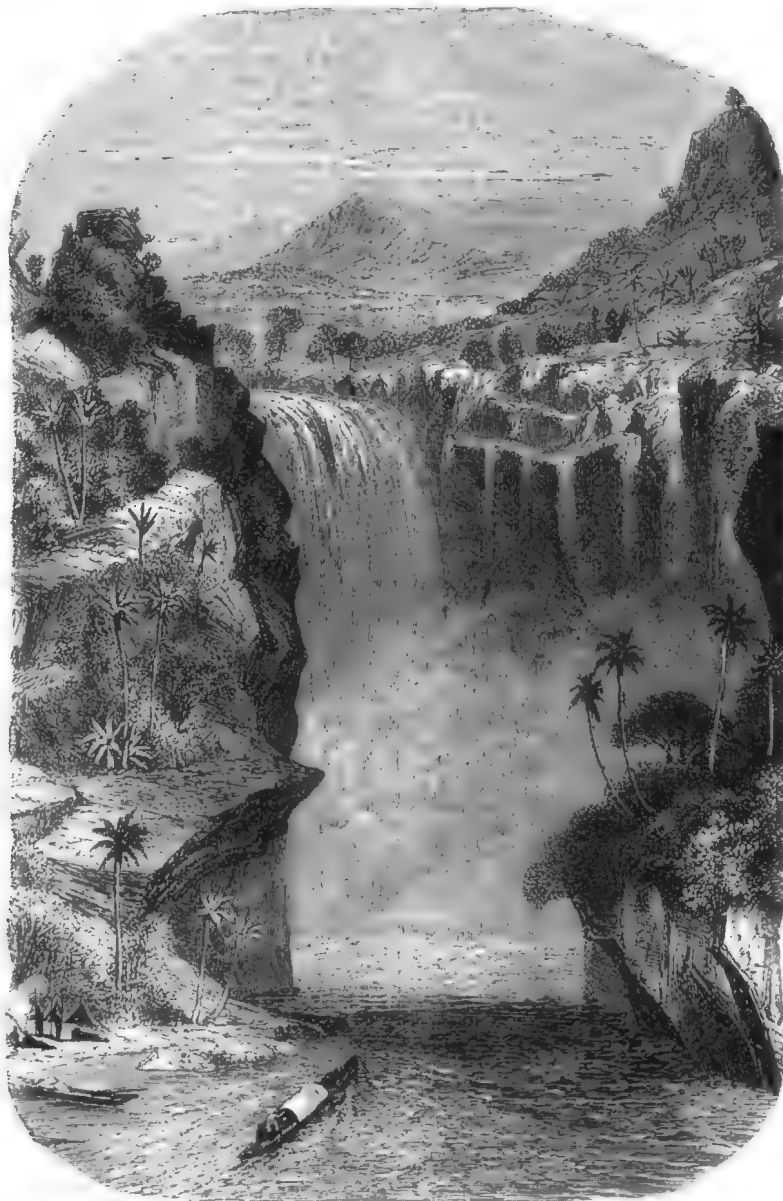
What a night we spent to be sure! If I live to be a hundred years old I shall never forget it. In the first place, then, we had the poor natives driven out of their homes so suddenly, and showing like a dark fringe on the border of the forest. Secondly, we had the porters, the Unyoro men of Kabba Rega, ripe for murder and the execution of their king's will. Fifteen soldiers kept watch round them with loaded rifles all the night, and we were told to prepare our weapons against an attack. Personally I disobeyed this order, for I was, and still am of opinion, that a missionary ought not to fight and shed blood, and it helps one to keep to such a resolution in a moment of excitement if no weapons are found ready to hand. The porters robbed and pillaged the houses, set fire to the standing crops, dug up the sweet potatoes, and having made enormous fires, settled down to a good feast. Felkin was ill that night, but Pearson and myself sat on the ground keeping watch, until nature could hold out no longer, and we dozed off. I suppose we had not slept one hour before it began to rain, and one of the most terrific thunderstorms I ever saw came on us. The fire went out, and we sat crouched under a waterproof sheet, trying to keep ourselves dry, a rather useless task, as it proved. Flash after flash of vivid lightning revealed the upright form and stern visage of one of the soldiers, gun in hand, guarding against a mutiny. But everything has an end, and so had this storm.

We started off before daybreak. I gave in to a bad attack of ague, and was

carried face up to the sun the next two days to Keroto. On the second night we were again favoured by a terrific storm of thunder and rain. Trees split up before a good discharge like so many match boxes.

Our rest at Keroto was very short, and we left on January 3rd to go to Foweira. I was very ill, and had to be carried by relays of four men all the way. At the end of the first day's march we were overjoyed to find the Rev. C. T. Wilson waiting to welcome us. He had heard of our coming in Uganda, and had come to meet us.

The rest of the journey was performed quietly, the roads being very bad and nearly impassable. Foweira was reached on January 7th.



THE MURCHISON FALLS ON THE UPPER NILE.

Visited by the C.M.S. Missionaries on Christmas Eve, 1878.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

Last Qr. 3d. 11h. 6m. p.m.
New Moon. 11d. 12h. 47m. a.m.

MARCH.

First Qr. 19d. 12h. 36m. a.m.
Full Moon. 20d. 1h. 23m. p.m.

- 1 M *J. J. Weitbrecht died, 1852.* They shall see His face. Rev. 22. 4
- 2 T *Folkner murdered in N.Z., 1865.* Thine eyes shall see the King in
- 3 W Every eye shall see Him. Rev. 1. 7. [His beauty. Is. 33. 17.
- 4 T O taste and see that the Lord is good. Ps. 34. 8.
- 5 F The Lord seeth not as man seeth. 1 Sam. 16. 7.
- 6 S Thine eyes shall see thy teachers. Is. 30. 20.
[things than these. John 1. 50.
- 7 S 4th in Lent. *New C.M. House op., 1862.* Thou shalt see greater
- 8 M 1st C.M.S. Miss. sailed for Africa, 1804. Thou shalt see what I
- 9 T I will see you again. John 16. 22. [will do. Ex. 6. 1.
- 10 W All flesh shall see the salvation of God. Luke 3. 6.
- 11 T *Bp. Sargent consec., 1877.* He seeth all his goings. Job 34. 21.
- 12 F *Fort Rupert Miss. beg., 1878.* Thou God seest me. Gen. 16. 13.
- 13 S His eye seeth every precious thing. Job 23. 10.
[Thee in the sanctuary. Ps. 63. 2.
- 14 S 5th in Lent. To see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen
- 15 M That which I see not teach Thou me. Job 34. 3
- 16 T Ye shall see the glory of the Lord. Ex. 16. 7.
- 17 W Now we see thro' a glass darkly, but then face to face. 1 Cor. 13. 12.
- 18 T We shall see Him as He is. 1 John 3. 2.
- 19 F Without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Heb. 12. 14.
- 20 S Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Matt. 5. 8.
- 21 S 6th in Lent. Palm Sunday. They have seen Thy goings, O God.
- 22 M We would see Jesus. John 12. 21. [Pa. 68. 24.
- 23 T Whom, having not seen, ye love. 1 Pet. 1. 8. [bath done. Deut. 3. 21.
- 24 W *Slave trade abolished, 1807.* Thine eyes have seen all that the Lord
- 25 T *Annum. Virg. Mary.* Blessed are your eyes, for they see. Matt. 13. 16.
- 26 F Good Friday. When I see the blood I will pass over you. Ex. 12. 13.
- 27 S Easter Even. Come, see the place where the Lord lay. Matt. 28. 6.
- 28 S Easter Day. We have seen the Lord. John 20. 25.
- 29 M He shall see His seed. Is. 53. 10.
- 30 T We see not yet all things put under Him. Heb. 2. 8.
- 31 W 1st bapt. Fuh-Chow, 1861. Come and see the works of God. Ps. 66. 5.

NOTES.

Again, in our word for the month—"SEE"—we have God's side and man's side. One of our texts for March 5th emphatically notes the difference between them—"The Lord seeth not as man seeth." But the omniscience of God should not be a cause of terror and alarm; rather of comfort and strength. As Bishop Sargent goes his rounds in Tinnevely, the text (March 11th), "He seeth all his goings," may support him with the thought of the great Bishop of souls who walketh in the midst of the Churches; and as the solitary missionary toils away in our youngest Mission, Fort Rupert (March 12th), what a help to him to look up and say, "Thou God seest me!"

Turn from the newest of our Missions to the oldest: note the text for March 8th, the date when the very first two C.M.S. missionaries sent out sailed for Africa—"Thou shalt see what I will do." Have we not seen? Most true is the text for the anniversary of another great event in the missionary history of Africa, the abolition of the Slave Trade (March 24th)—"Thine eyes have seen all that the Lord hath done." Then comes a cry from China too (March 31st)—"Come and see the works of God"; and turning back to Salisbury Square, we think of the Society's work growing so fast that a larger house had to be built (March 7th), and find the inspiring words—"Thou shalt see greater things than these."

For "now we see through a glass, darkly"; and our prayer is, "That which I see not teach Thou me," and, "We would see Jesus"—"Whom, having not seen, we love." We think of one veteran missionary quietly entering into rest (March 1st), and of another cruelly murdered (March 2nd), and we seem to be brought nearer to the promises, "They shall see His face," and "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty." And we too "shall see Him as He is," if—see March 19 and 20.

But March this year brings round the season of those great events on which all our hopes are based. On Good Friday let us rejoice in that unchanging promise, not only given for once long ago in Egypt, but still bringing a message to every sinner—"When I see the blood, I will pass over you"; on Easter Even, in the angel's significant words, "Come, see the place where the Lord lay"; and on Easter Day, in the joyous exclamation of the ten apostles, "We have seen the Lord." Truly it may be said to us who live in New Testament times, "Blessed are your eyes, for they see"; and although "we see not yet all things put under Him," we look forward to the day when "all flesh shall see the salvation of God."

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Bishop of Rochester has consented to preach the Annual Church Missionary Sermon at St. Bride's, Fleet Street, on Monday, May 3rd.

By the death of the Rev. Henry Moule, of Fordington, Dorset, on Feb. 3rd, the Church Missionary Society has lost an old and highly valued friend. He was the father of the Revs. G. E. Moule and A. E. Moule, of the Society's China Mission.

Intelligence has been received by the Foreign Office, through Colonel Gordon, that Mr. Felkin had reached Lado on the Nile (date not mentioned); that Mr. Wilson was a little behind him; and that both were expected at Khartoum in December.

Bishop Sargent, in a review of the C.M.S. Tinnevely Mission printed in the last C.M. *Intelligencer*, mentions that in the past twenty years the Native Christian adherents have increased from 28,151 to 53,536; the school children, from 7,431 to 13,428; the Native clergy, from nine to fifty-eight; the number of villages occupied, from 450 to 875; the money contributed by the converts to their own church funds, from 7,698 rupees to 24,498 rupees (about £2,140).

We mentioned last month the little contributions sent from the Tamil children in Ceylon towards the fund for providing a steamer for Bishop Ridley of Caledonia. In a recent letter, the Bishop describes the dangerous voyages he has to take in Indian canoes—sometimes 100 miles on the open sea—and says, "How I long for my steamer! Unless I get one, a new Bishop will soon be wanted, for the risk in these frail craft is tremendous, and a short career the probable consequence."

The Fuh-Kien Mission continues to be beset with troubles. The Mandarins seem determined to do their utmost to stop the work all over the province. As the common Treaty rights of Englishmen are thus set at naught, the C.M.S. Committee have appealed to Lord Salisbury to remonstrate with the Chinese authorities.

The Rev. R. T. Dowbiggin reports that twenty-four young people from the Mission Schools at Cotta, Ceylon, were baptized last year—not as infants, but as converts, on their own confession of faith. "Nearly all the accessions to the Church in this district," he adds, "are from that source." The Rev. J. D. Simmons, of Jaffna, writes in similar terms: "Schools continue to be our chief instrument for conversions."

Dr. Andrew Jukes, who arrived at Dera Ghazi Khan on the Indus last year to begin a Medical Mission among the Beluchi tribes on the frontier, has, in the first few months, treated 555 cases. Bishop French, writing in the *Indian Church Gazette*, says, "Dr. Jukes has been the last week where of all places perhaps he would most wish to be for the present furtherance of his work, i.e., by the sick bed of an influential Beluchi chief."

The Roman Catholics in Cochin, South India, having lately obtained possession of a church which had belonged to the "Syrian" Christians, proceeded to search the houses in the village for Bibles and other books which the people had bought from a C.M.S. colporteur, and made a great bonfire of them opposite the church.

Letters from the Saskatchewan continue to show the activity of our small but vigorously-worked Mission there. Bishop McLean reached his head-quarters at Prince Albert's Settlement from England on July 4th, and on the 20th, in St. Mary's Church, the Bishop admitted Mr. T. Clarke to deacon's orders, the Rev. J. A. Mackay preaching the sermon; and on the 25th another missionary, Mr. Charles Quinney, who has been engaged in the country, was also ordained. Mr. Mackay is now living at Prince Albert's Settlement, and acting as Cree tutor in the new Diocesan Training Institution, ministering also to the Indians in the neighbourhood. Battleford is under Mr. Clarke's charge, his head-quarters being at Mikisiwachu, a few miles off. Mr. Quinney is to open a new station at Fort Pitt, further up the river. The Rev. S. Trivett (whose young wife died shortly after their arrival) is to begin new work among the as yet unreached Blackfeet Indians. Mr. John Sinclair, the Native teacher at Stanley, was to be ordained in February.

The *Indian Female Evangelist*, the quarterly magazine of the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, has appeared this year in an enlarged form and with a new and tasteful cover. It contains 72 pages 8vo, price 6d., and is full of interesting matter, admirably arranged and edited. Among the contributors announced are Sir W. Muir, Professor Monier Williams, Mrs. Weitbrecht, Mrs. Elmslie, A. L. O. E., &c. Our lady friends who are interested in zenana work in India should by all means take in this capital periodical.

TOPICS FOR THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

THANKSGIVING for encouraging responses to the Committee's appeal for the Deficiency Fund (p. 25). Prayer for a still increasing and extending spirit of self-denying liberality.

Thanksgiving for continued encouragement at Bonny (p. 29). Prayer that the petition of the Christians there (p. 30) may be abundantly fulfilled.

Prayer for the Hakodate Mission, so rudely interrupted by the late destructive fire (p. 31).

Prayer for the Uganda Mission in its present painful circumstances owing to the Romish aggression (p. 33).

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

APRIL, 1880.

BIBLE THOUGHTS ABOUT MISSIONARY WORK.

BY THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

IV.

"I know thy works : behold, I have set before thee an open door."

Rev. iii. 8.



UCH was the assurance given by our blessed Lord from heaven to the Church in Philadelphia, and a glorious assurance it was. Compared with the other churches, this one was singularly pure and free from blame. The secret was that it had kept Christ's word, and had not denied His name. It was, therefore, in a position to go forward in missionary labour, to undertake an active work for God. And the promise from the Great Head of the Church was exactly suited to its peculiar need, "Behold, I have set before thee an open door."

We seem to be thus reminded of the position of our great Church Missionary Society, as it is called, to increasing efforts on every hand. Much is said in the present day about open doors, and the importance of advancing the work, but the thought is almost entirely confined to the opening up of lands which formerly were either unknown or closed against the preaching of the Gospel. This, of course, is one of the most important features of the present time, and for which we can never be sufficiently thankful to God. But the Bible tells us of other open doors, all of them connected with the missionary's work, and which it is well to bear in mind by way of encouragement.

There is *the heart of man*, which must be gained in the first instance if any real work is to be done for Christ. This is naturally shut against Gospel truth, barred and bolted by prejudice and superstition. How is the barrier to be broken down? How is an entrance to be obtained? It is with the heart that man believeth, and we should despair if we only had to depend upon the force of human power and reasoning. But have we not a right to regard this as an open door, since the Bible tells of one "whose heart the Lord opened that she attended to the things which were spoken of Paul"?

But then there is *the mind, the intellect of man*, which equally with the heart presents the greatest difficulty. The pride of human intellect, the wisdom of this world, will only treat as foolishness the simple story of the Cross, while the gross ignorance of many presents a formidable obstacle. But here again encouragement is given us from Scripture to look for an open door. We are reminded of the disciples just before the Ascension of our blessed Lord—"Then opened He their understandings that they might understand the Scriptures."

Further, there is *the oppressed, degraded condition of man* in so many heathen lands. Slavery and suffering, bondage and cruelty, form a terrible barrier to the progress of missionary work. So fearful is this difficulty in many cases that we might almost despair of the extension of Christ's kingdom among the people, were it not that He Himself has assured us of an open door. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Let us take this thought to heart, dear reader, and thank God for the open doors which He presents to the missionaries; for little use would it be to have continents opened up, and lands and islands of the sea discovered, unless the heart, the mind, the condition of sinful man were opened also. Here is our promise and encouragement in the work: "Behold, I have set before thee an open door."

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

IV.

Kioto and its Temples—Worshippers in Kiyomidzu—The Goddess of Mercy—A Buddhist Preacher—Daibutsu—The Shin or "Protestant" Buddhists.



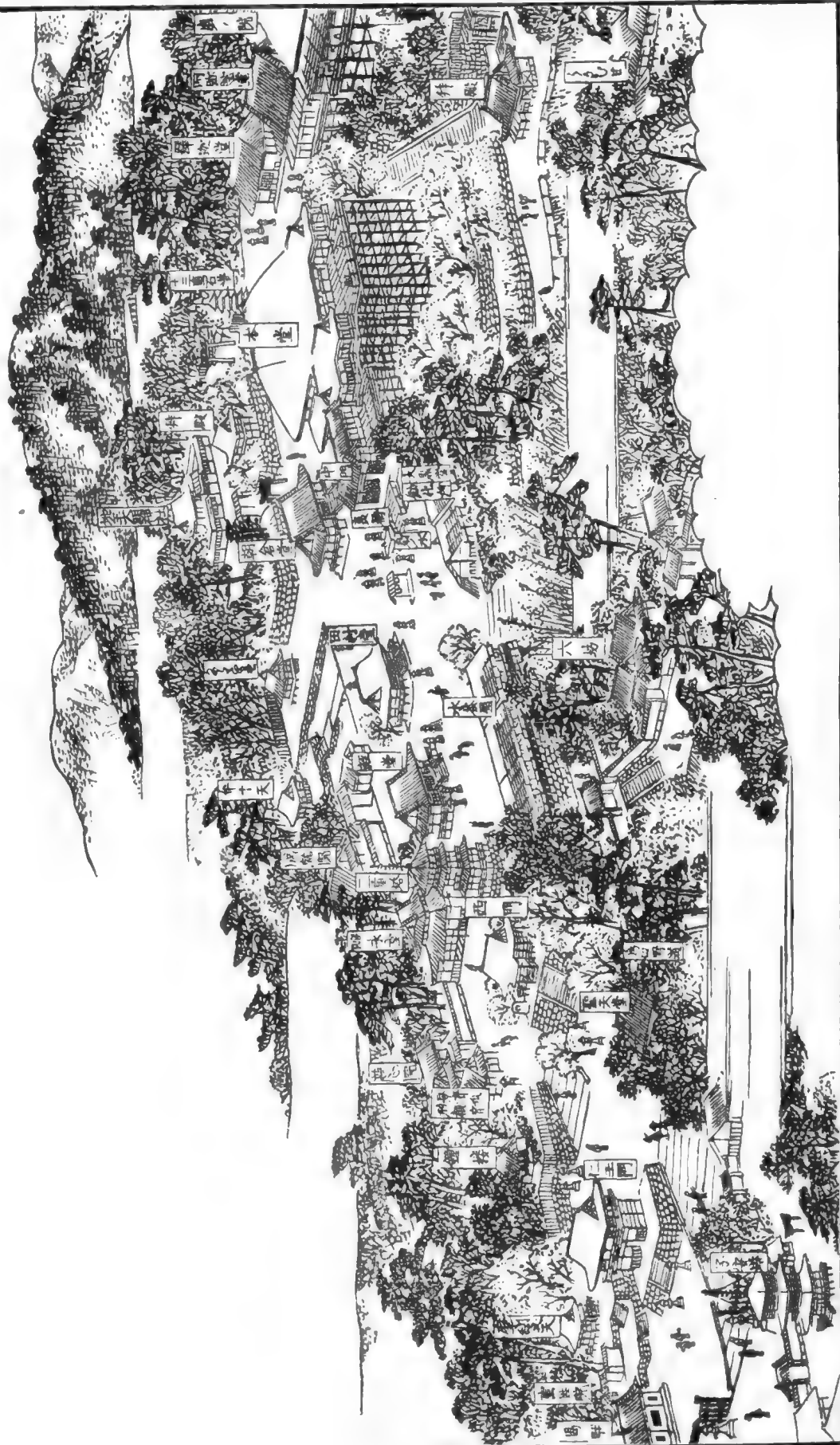
E cannot help feeling in Kioto, spite of all the natural beauty of its position, that we are in a city wholly given to idolatry. Amongst its half-million of people, many thousands are priests or nuns, and there is a temple for every hundred of its inhabitants.

These temples vary very much in position; some are in the heart of the city, others on the hill-sides, occupying hundreds of acres within their sacred enclosures. We ascend the hill beyond our hotel by means of long flights of granite steps, to visit the Igashi O Tani, where we admire the magnificent carving of screens and gateway which conceal from profane eyes a sacred stone, said to have cried when the founder died. Being curious about the many sects into which Buddhism is divided in Japan, we inquire to which it belongs, but only after pressing the matter are we able to obtain the dubious information that this pertains to the Ikko-shiu, an offshoot of the greatest of the seven great Buddhist sects. This familiarity of the native mind with the idea of variety in the form of Buddhism, prevents the fact of Christianity being presented under a variety of forms, Episcopal, Presbyterian, or otherwise, proving a hindrance to its acceptance.

We descend by a road which takes us through streets of shops, where the exquisite porcelain and enamel ware, for which Kioto is famous, are manufactured and displayed for sale. Whole families are at work deftly placing the numerous delicate gilt rings which outline the patterns upon pure white vases and tazzas, to be afterwards filled with various coloured enamels.

Now we enter Kiyomidzu (pure water), one of the oldest and largest of the idolatrous establishments of Kioto. (*See picture.*) We pass under a lofty gateway and ascend a broad pathway, paved entirely with granite. On our right is a pagoda, bright with red paint and gilding. Long porticoes between the larger temples shelter us from the sun; under these, priests or attendants offer for sale plans, photographs, guide books, candles, and incense, or will change large for small coins for the convenience of worshippers. Here, under a canopy, is a curious image of Bendzaru, in red marble; the mystery of its beautiful polish and indistinct features is soon explained as a mother approaches, and rubbing her hand over the chest of the idol next rubs the chest of her child; another worshipper applies his hand vigorously alternately to his own and the idol's head, in the hope that his malady may thereby be relieved. Oh, to be able to make known to these poor victims of superstition Him who bare our sicknesses, from whom virtue goes forth for the healing of the nations, not only in body but in soul also! Crowds of worshippers are coming and going. Here, before one of the shrines, are some absorbed in earnest prayer. A young couple approach; the man seizes a rope which hangs from the roof and gives it a vigorous shake; it strikes a gong above us, summoning the deity to incline her ear and hearken; others clap their hands smartly and address themselves to prayer. Some turn to gaze upon us whilst fingering their rosaries, and others, who have come like excursionists to the Crystal Palace, evidently regard us as part of the sight they have come in from the country to see. We turn from a large court-yard to enter the most imposing of the buildings which surround it, and find a lofty hall whose roof is supported by massive wooden columns, and before whose

圖畧寺水清山羽音



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE KIYOMIDZU TEMPLE, KIOTO, JAPAN, WITH ITS GARDENS AND SHRINES.

(Reduced Fac-simile of a Japanese Picture purchased on the spot. They are sold as guides to worshippers. The small labels scattered over the picture, in Chinese characters, indicate the titles of the different buildings and gates.)

gorgeous altars there is ample room for worshippers by thousands. Very popular is the Goddess of Mercy, to whom Kiyomidzu is dedicated. In Japan, Kwanon; in China, Kwanyin (hearing sounds); in Sanscrit, Avalokitesvara (the sovereign who contemplates the world). She occupies a position in the hearts of her worshippers similar to that of the Virgin Mary in modern Romanism. The same pleasing fiction persuades them of her intense sympathy for human suffering as she hears the cries and groans of the universe. Round the interior of the temple are hung votive offerings, principally pictures, from those who believe that they have been heard and answered by this goddess.

We step out on to a wide verandah which runs along the front of the temple, and from which we enjoy a beautiful view of the city beyond the lovely gardens at our feet. We seem to be suspended in mid-air above the tree-tops. As we descend the hill-side by a magnificent flight of granite steps, we perceive that the greater part of the platform which we have just left is supported upon a curious framework of timbers, which rise from the valley beneath to the height of a hundred feet. At the foot of the hill we see three tiny streams of water falling from granite channels into a basin about twelve feet below. This is the cleansing water. One worshipper strips to his loin-cloth and stands beneath it, so as to let the water play over him; others come and wash their faces, and more or less of their bodies, in their sad ignorance of the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness—the precious blood which cleanseth from all sin.

Leaving this we pass through an old grave-yard crowded with upright monuments of granite, about a foot square and three to five feet high, overgrown here and there with lichen, which obscures the inscriptions. Turning from this we find ourselves in the enclosure of a new temple, the O Tani, and cannot but admire the solidity of the workmanship and general perfection of finish. Enormous must be the cost of such immense structures, whose every timber shows signs of careful carving, from whose roofs hang lanterns of vast size, with richly gilt, delicately chased metal frames, whilst bronze pipes carry the rain-water from the copper-covered roofs into large cisterns of bronze adorned with dragons and other designs in high relief. In one side-hall, opening from the extensive granite-paved court-yard of this temple, some hundred attentive listeners sat on the floor before a monk, who was energetically preaching. His manner betokened great earnestness, but his matter had in it certain humorous elements, judging from the laugh in which every now and then his audience indulged.

A few steps brought us to a dilapidated barn-like structure, which shelters Daibutzu (Great Buddha), one of the most extraordinary idols I have ever seen. The effect on entering was as if one of the giants of old were rising from the earth, his

head and shoulders alone being visible. But what an awe-inspiring form! What is visible is sixty-nine feet in height, and the entire body would be two hundred feet high. We walk round to the rear, and find the whole structure to be of wood, gilt, hollow, and with no back. It is very coarsely executed, and does not bear a second inspection. Outside stands a magnificent bronze bell, said to weigh sixty-five tons. It is fourteen feet high, nine feet in diameter, and nine inches thick. Would that the deep sonorous tones of such bells were heard summoning to Christian instead of heathen worship! The old man in charge of these premises showed us some sacred monkeys; they were very dirty; indeed, the whole of this temple's surroundings were more marked by neglect than any other place of the kind.

Close by is a long building, said to contain 88,888 idols, and

called the *San ju san gendo*.

The front of this temple, four hundred feet long, has several doors in it opening from a wooden platform outside on to a narrow gallery running alongside the whole length of the building. Behind a railing are the gilt idols in groups of figures of various sizes, rising tier above tier in long lines up to the ceiling. The effect is rather that of a great idol shop than of a host of deities. I learned afterwards that there are really only 12,000 figures, all of them representations of Kwanon. No worshippers were present here, but in the rear of the temple we came upon a merry group of soldiers in modern military dress (see picture), who were trying their skill in archery. Once these wiry bows were terrible instruments of warfare; now they are but the playthings of peace, breechloading rifles having quite supplanted them in New Japan.

If we were disposed to augur from the decaying appearance of these last visited scenes, the approaching decay of idolatry in Japan, the next spot we visited disabused our minds of such ideas. For now we turned away from the picturesque hill-sides and plunged into the heart of the busy city. The lofty curved



MODERN JAPANESE POLICEMAN AND SOLDIER.

roofs of the Igashi (eastern) and Nishi (western) Honguanji aroused our curiosity and invited our approach. I can hardly convey by words the impression produced upon the mind by the vast size, the harmonious proportions, and exquisite adornments of these twin temples. Everything was sumptuous and good of its kind. The gilding and painting were rich and delicate. The altars were gems of art. The lanterns, of various forms, diamond or oval, or hexagonal, were several feet in diameter, with heavily gilt frames and exquisite chasing. The priests, in rich silk attire, walked about with haughty bearing, as if conscious of their power. Worshippers were coming and going in some halls, listening to preaching in another, or joining in a third in a service carried on by several priests in splendid vestments before a shrine resplendent with gold, jewels, and lacquer. Quite a shower of small coins kept falling inside the sacred enclosure, on

rattled into huge wooden coffers covered with gratings, which stood conspicuously in front of the shrines. The larger well-matted halls, through which we walked with shoeless feet, were capable of holding comfortably from 2,000 to 3,000 worshippers at once. Here was evidence, in the thronging multitude, of the intense vitality of idolatry in Japan. We were in the headquarters of the most dangerous opponents of Christianity—the Shin or Monto sect, the most influential amongst all classes, specially amongst the masses. It is a peculiarity of this sect to erect twin temples in the midst of the great cities, and to use every endeavour to compel the people to come in. These have given up penances, pilgrimages, fasting, seclusion, and the monastic life, and are no longer celibates. By vernacular preaching, by publishing sacred classics in the vernacular, where others use Sanscrit or Chinese, by meeting the people in their most crowded haunts, and by proclaiming a righteousness through "faith" instead of asceticism, these Buddhist "protestants" (as they have been called) have established a wondrous hold over the people. With this sect Christianity must be prepared for a mighty struggle. Close by their temples stands a new building in European style, a grand college for six hundred students, on the model of one of our Universities; its object, the thorough training of the younger Monto priests, that they may be able to cope with Christian Missionaries on their own ground. Some of the influential leaders of this sect have visited England, and have read portions at least of our Scriptures. We have no doubt as to the ultimate result of the struggle, but we must all strive together in prayer that our spiritual weapons may speedily prove successful, under God, to the pulling down of these strongholds of Satan.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER IV.

HAVE been thinking much," said Mr. Harper, when next the party met, "of our talk together last time about prayer. It would be interesting if we could trace the power of prayer in the annals of our great Society—how it has affected and influenced all our missions. But God only can do that, and when the day comes we shall see that the secret, unseen, unpraised, praying souls have been the spring and life-blood of the work."

"Yes, sir," said Welton, "we see the working, but God only sees the praying."

"And blessed be His name," interposed old Mrs. Hope, "He answers as well as hears."

"Our Society began with prayer. It was born of prayer. Prayer was its nourishment, and prayer almost only, for years after it was born. Certainly of the Church Missionary Society it is true, more clearly than of any other agency I know of, that its 'vital breath' was prayer."

"I think, dear sir," said Mrs. Hope, "you need not have altered the poet's *is into was*. It is so now."

"True, Mrs. Hope. I have only two or three times been in the Committee Room in London. If I am in town on a Committee day I do like to slip in unknown there. It does me good. There is a wonderful solemnity about their proceedings. Everything is discussed evidently under the impression of responsibility to God. I seem, when there, to breathe the atmosphere of prayer."

"It is very pleasant to think of this," said Mr. Welton; "tell us in what way prayer was so much concerned in the birth of the Society."

"That was eighty years ago. The age of the Society goes with the century," was young Green's remark.

"I wonder what they did without it?" said Mrs. Hope, with a smile. "The century before this must have been a very lifeless affair."

"What did they do?" said Mr. Rymer, "why it seems to me they did nothing. When there was no missionary life in the Church, there was no life at all. The work at home didn't begin till after the work among the heathen had begun. Wasn't it so, Mr. Harper?"

"Well, the principle you state is quite true, I have no doubt."

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Rymer, "I always say so. C. M. S. came before C. P. A. S. Indeed C. M. S. is the mother of all good work in the Church of England."

"Yet, Mr. Rymer, I think you are a little too hard upon the eighteenth

century. We are talking about prayer. We have said that prayer was the spring out of which all the streams of missionary effort have flowed and are still flowing. I am disposed to think that many hidden streams bright with faith and hope though accompanied by no visible effort were then irrigating the soil in which we are now working. I cannot think the devoted men of the last century—and there were men of deeper devotion and of real zeal for God—I cannot think that they were in different to the condition of the heathen."

"You see," said Welton, "they had no tools to work with. We have hammers and axes put into our hands, for the pulling down of the strongholds, upon which they could only look in prayer and faith."

"Let us look at our great Society," suggested Mr. Harper, "what a wide-spreading tree it is. It must have sprung from a sound acorn. It must have been planted in good soil. The planting was in the last century, remember."

"There must have been men of great faith in those days," remarked Mr. Green.

"They were giants," said Mr. Harper. "A few godly men met in London, their hearts yearning for the salvation of darkened heathen. They met to consult together—to ask one another, What can be done. But they met chiefly to ask the Lord of the vineyard, What shall we do?"

"I suppose many Christian people quickly gathered round the praying band?" said Mr. Green.

"Not so many. The thing was new. The people had gone on in their quiet religious way so long, they didn't understand the call. They thought the scheme was utopian. Many laughed outright at the idea of turning Africans into Christians. Others stood aloof, saying, We will see what it will come to. I assure you they had to stand alone a long time—alone with God."

"How different it is now!" remarked Mr. Green.

"Ah, now we have something to look at. Then they had only God's promises. I adore the wisdom of God when I think of all this. The secret of subsequent success lies, I am persuaded, here."

"Perhaps," said Mr. Treddel, "this is why God keeps us waiting so long before we see the fruit of our work in the Sunday-school?"

"Certainly," said the good superintendent, "it throws you more upon God's word, and that is best for your soul as well as for your work."

"I see," said Mr. Welton, "in the Church Missionary Atlas that the Society was founded at a meeting of sixteen clergymen, on April 12th, 1799. What a happy meeting that would be!"

"It is happy for us, now that the tree they planted has grown so gradually. But it seems to me they were like the father of the faithful—they went forth not knowing whither they went. Their difficulties were immense. Fifteen years passed away before a single bishop would sanction their proceedings."

"Perhaps that was permitted in order that they might depend more purely on the Heavenly Bishop," was Mrs. Hope's quiet remark.

Mr. Harper smiled, and said, "I don't think it would have the effect of hindering their prayers."

"Ah, hindrances are our greatest helps," said the old lady.

"What other difficulties had they," asked Mr. Green, "besides the lack of patronage? Had they no good laymen among them?"

"Yes, several, especially the great Wilberforce, and Admiral Lord Gambier was the first president. But missionary work is very costly, more costly then than now. They had no experience, no previous successes or failures to guide them. Their income for the first five years did not average four hundred a year!"

"What an outburst of generosity for the evangelising of the world!" exclaimed Mr. Rymer.

"But they knew to Whom belongs the silver and the gold, Mr. Rymer. I have no doubt the income was often mentioned on their knees."

"I wonder they didn't give it up in disgust," said Mr. Rymer, with shrug, which implied, "I would if I had been there."

He might have said this, but dear old Mrs. Hope interposed, saying, very mildly, "Men of faith never give up when they have God's command to guide them, and God's promise to support them."

"So they went on," continued Mr. Harper, "and other difficulties rose. They could not find men to go forth."

"Couldn't find men!" exclaimed the impulsive Mr. Rymer. "What there's nothing I should like better."

"Ah, we little know ourselves. They wanted men made of stronger stuff than you, brother. They didn't want men who would give up the work in disgust. I think those were your words a few moments ago. They wanted men who could say with that great missionary of old, 'What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.' They couldn't find such a man in all England."

Mr. Rymer looked as if he were going to speak, but said nothing.

"For ten years not a single Englishman appeared. Think what a trial of faith that would be! But," and Mr. Harper glanced at Mr. Rymer, "they didn't give it up. God has His own way of solving difficulties."

am sorry to say our first missionaries were foreigners. A Missionary Seminary had been founded in Germany to train men for such a work. But it had no funds. Nay, worse than that, it was in debt. The head of the institution is reported to have said, 'The only fund the Missionary Seminary possesses is Jesus Christ, and His grace and favour.' It was well they were poor, or we should not have had such a legacy as that for our encouragement."

"I suppose," inquired Mr. Treddel, "they helped us with men, and we helped them with money?"

"Just so. It was not till fifteen years after the Society had been formed that an English clergyman was found to go out. And out of the first twenty-seven who went forth, twenty were Germans. But they married, some of them, English wives, and I am pleased, being myself a Yorkshireman, to tell you that the first who went out from this country was from that country."

"And now surely the young Society was out of its difficulties?"

"Not by any means. There was not a solitary source of help or of hope, which did not present difficulties almost insuperable, excepting God. Never were men more thoroughly cast upon Him than were the founders of our great and good Society. They had no other help."

"Thank God for it," said Mrs. Hope, over and over again as she trudged homeward that evening.

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

IV.—THE TRUTHS TO BE TAUGHT.

"Whom say ye that I am?"

Matt. xvi. 13—28.



YOU remember the new name Jesus promised to Simon (see Lesson 1)—*Cephas*, or *Peter*, a "stone." Simon had now been two years with Jesus, and, being with the Rock, had become more rock-like. Now he can take his new name.

(1) But first Jesus examines him (like school exam.).

"Whom do men say that I am?"—"Whom say ye that I am?" They are not now amid the thronging multitudes, but away in a lonely place—people have turned against Him—even some disciples gone back (John vi. 41, 52, 60, 66)—is Simon's faith shaken? No—"Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God"—not "We think," but "Thou art"—he is sure of it, and not afraid to say so. And now Jesus says, "Thou art Peter"—not "Thou shalt be," as before, but "Thou art."

(2) Yet Jesus calls him by the old name too—"Blessed art thou, Simon Barjona"—why? To remind him of his weakness. And next we see him very weak, not a "stone" to be built into the Church (see Eph. ii. 20; 1 Pet. ii. 6), but a stone in the path for men to fall over! He would like to go forth at once, and rouse the people with the cry, "Messiah is come!" But Jesus says, Not yet (ver. 20)—why? Because something else first—*Jesus must die*, and now He tells them this (ver. 21). How does Peter take that? Can't believe it—angry with his Master for saying it—and what does Jesus now call him? Not "Peter," but "Satan!" Not a foundation-stone, but an "offence"—that is a stumbling-stone (Greek, *skandalon*), in the path. Why this? Tempts Jesus (like Satan, Matt. iv. 9) to take the crown without the cross.

(3) But after the cross, the crown *shall* come. Ver. 27—"The Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father." Peter understood it afterwards: see his own Epistles, 1 Pet. i. 11, 19—21; iii. 18, 22; iv. 13; v. 1.

THESE ARE THE TRUTHS TO BE TAUGHT.—(1) *Jesus is God*; (2) *Jesus died for sinners*; (3) *Jesus rose, and reigns, and will come again*. These are what our missionaries take to Africa, India, China.

Do we know these truths ourselves? We say them all in the Creed; but have we taken them in? Are we thankful for them? Do we long for others to know them? Every penny in the missionary box helps to teach the heathen of Christ the Son of God, Christ crucified, Christ enthroned. Is not that worth giving for?

ANOTHER WORKING MEN'S MISSIONARY BOX.

DEAR SIR,—I was much pleased with the account of "A Working Men's Missionary Box" in the February GLEANER. Let me tell of another "Working Men's Missionary Box" in connection with my adult class.

At the beginning of 1878 I began the box. I thought that they might think it balshy at first, so I told them that now was an opportunity of doing something for Jesus. I had brought a book with me with all the names of the men in, and fifty two spaces for every Sunday in the year opposite each; and I got two to go round, one to book, and the other to carry the box. I told them that I did not expect more than a penny per Sunday, because many of them had large families. It was a success. When we opened the box at the end of the year there was £2 in it. I then proposed that those who had found most

texts, and had made most attendances, and had most marks for pennies put in the box, should have the best book out of four or five that the Vicar gives every year. So, at the end of 1879, we found that the box contained (or had contained, for it got so full that we had to open it) £2 9s. 7d. It was made up to fifty shillings. And they have started 1880 as cheerful—nay, more cheerful—for they say that they must not go back, but forward.

Seven of the men have begun to take the GLEANER this year.

SHEFFIELD, February 2nd, 1880.

A SCRIPTURE READER.

THE KASHMIR FAMINE AND THE C.M.S. MISSION.

By MRS. W. H. DUNCAN.



ANY of our friends whose hearts have been wrung with the tidings of famine and suffering in Kashmir, now extending over so long a period, would no doubt like to know something of what our devoted missionary Mr. Wade has accomplished during the last trying eighteen months, during which he has been labouring amongst the Kashmiris.

To quote his own words, "I arrived in Kashmir from England in June, 1878. At most stages on my way through the hills I heard accounts of the sufferings the people had endured during the previous winter, and I met numbers of starving people trying to escape out of their country. As soon as I had crossed the Pass, and descended into the valley of Kashmir, unmistakable signs of famine were seen everywhere, and the fresh graves without the villages, and the skeleton forms within, bore witness to some of its terrible effects."

A Kashmir famine fund was started, and supplies of grain forwarded from various places in the Punjab. In the western parts of the valley the famine was very severe, and, in his account of an itinerating journey he made there, Mr. Wade gives a graphic picture of the distress and suffering—of the emaciated creatures flocking around him with cries and struggles for bread for the hungry, and medicine for the sick.

As soon as permission could be obtained, some famine relief works were commenced. Building was strictly prohibited (so great is the jealousy of the Maharajah of Kashmir of foreign interference), but they set the poor coolies, men, women, and children, to the work of levelling waste lands, filling up holes, and repairing roads. For this the adults were paid one anna per day, and the children half an anna, thus earning six annas a week, equal to about eightpence of English money. For this miserable pittance they flocked in crowds, only too thankful to earn something that would keep them from starvation. The women and children each brought a small basket in which to carry earth and stones: the men did the harder work with spades, pickaxes, &c.

Some of them were nearly naked, but all carried their *kangri*, a small earthen pot, in which some live coals are cherished, surrounded with wickerwork, and having a handle at the top. Men and women alike wear the *choga*, a loose gown, under which they carry the *kangri*, and frequently burn themselves in consequence. The women can cleverly manage to carry a basket of earth on the head, a child on the arm, and a *kangri* under the dress. Sometimes when fresh fuel has been added to the fire, they look, with the smoke pouring forth around their necks, almost like walking chimneys.

The old Kashmiri catechist, Qadir Bahksh, now nearly one hundred years old, and almost blind, gathers the coolies for a quarter of an hour each day, and, by his clear voice and lively manner, fastens their attention as he tries to show them the way of salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Then Mr. Wade began to collect the poor little orphan children whose parents had died in the famine, and who used to sit shivering and crying near the Mission houses. The Maharajah was prevailed on, through the efforts of the missionaries and the British officer on special duty, to build an orphanage where more



FAMINE ORPHANS LEARNING TO SEW IN FRONT OF THE REV. T. E. WADE'S BUNGALOW, KASHMIR.

than 200 children are now located. It is a long row of rooms, one a school-room for girls, and two for boys, a work-room, bath-room, dispensary, &c., with open verandah in front.

The children are bright, happy, and clever. They learn to make *chiks*, or hand-embroidered pictures [see the picture], of the rice which grow in large numbers in the lakes and streams of Kashmir; also to sew, and embroider table-cloths and shawls; to knit stockings and wear the worsted. They repeat the Lord's Prayer every morning, besides hymns and verses in Hindustani and English. From being little skeletons who were fast dying off, they have become fat and well, and as lively and playful as English boys and girls—all of which they owe to the kindness of the missionary whose labours have been incessant, and who has gone amongst them like his Master of old to feed the hungry (2,000 are fed twice a-week), to heal the sick, and to preach the Gospel.

To conclude, as we began, in Mr. Wade's own words—"With careful training, and God's blessing, we can measure the good these rescued children may do in the world. Will the readers of this short account when they think of the dark, dark clouds of suffering, of sorrow, and of death now casting its terrible shadow over this fair land, just breathe a prayer to heaven that it may yet break in blessing on our heads?"



UNYORO.—SIR S. BAKER ON THE ROAD TO MRULI IN 1864.

UP THE NILE TO UGANDA.

JOURNAL OF MR. R. W. FELKIN.

[We now resume Mr. Felkin's journal. Mr. Litchfield's letter in our last brought the party to Foweira. (See map and explanation then given.) From Foweira to Mruli they went in boats up the river. At Mruli they finally left the Nile, and the Egyptian escort provided by Colonel Gordon, and were conducted through Unyoro to Uganda by King Mtesa's men. Our two pictures, from Baker's *Albert Nyanza*, show us the country and people now passed through.]

I AM at this time, January 26th, 1879, eight A.M., in a rickety old native boat, paddling at about one and a half miles an hour to Mruli. We had rather a bad time of it yesterday, for she leaked very much, and once or twice we thought it was all up with us. Pearson and I were baling her nearly the whole day—hard work it was, too, in the cramped position in which we were placed, and in the burning sun. By sunset we had not reached our camping-place, and it was indeed very exciting; boat leaking worse than ever—we could not make way—men tired out—we could hardly see; it was no enviable situation to be in, and I confess I had my swimming-belt ready, though the hippos and crocodiles



UNYORO.—SIR S. BAKER AND THE CHIEFS, 1864.

would soon have made short work of us had we gone down. But God took care of us, and at seven we saw the light of a fire ahead of us, and, after a shot from Wilson's revolver, saw a flash in reply, so we knew our men were in advance, and had a fire ready for our arrival.

We soon landed on a miserable place—very swampy, with mosquitoes in swarms, but they had got poles placed for our curtains. The fire was of palm leaves, and it threw a ruby light on the wild scene. Hippos grunting all round, and at a distance the howl of divers wild animals, and the trumpet of the elephant still further off, with a chorus of frogs, &c., close at hand, making the evening concert complete! Litchfield had fever, so the first thing we did was to put him straight for the night, then made our own beds right, and we sat on boxes round the fire.

Jan. 27th.—Up at five A.M. And wasn't it cold and damp! Coffee soon put us all right, and we started at 6.30. I changed boats to lighten a little, so I am now alone. The scene is glorious—the sun setting, casting his golden beams on the broad river, which stretches as far as eye can reach, mountains on either side—all the colours subdued to a soft tone.

It does look like getting to our journey's end now. O God, grant that we may! Just been refreshed by reading a sermon by the Bishop of Rochester—so thankful for it—it is in *Good Words* for last year.

Jan. 28th.—4.15 P.M. Am now just crossing the river in sight of Mruli. Have had an awful day of it—men would not go on. Therm. 100°, and now it is 96°, so it has been hot. Well now we say good-bye to the old Nile, after rather too long an acquaintance with it.

Mruli.—When I got here I found my three companions holding a *levée* of several Uganda chiefs sent to meet us. They sat on the ground on mats in a semi-circle, with some thirty or forty followers behind them. It was a picturesque scene, and when I came up they all rose and said "salaam." They are a far better-looking set of men than I expected. Their white head-dresses were quite curious, and one or two reminded me of dinner napkins done up on company nights! The sun is burning hot. I don't know how we shall manage the march—six days' jungle, with one river to cross; then a day's rest, and then we hope to reach Rubaga.

This place is the last Egyptian station, and is strongly fortified.

Feb. 3rd.—Woke this morning by the drums of the Waganda, and the men rushing to pick up the light loads. Wilson turned out and sent them off till eight, as it is too early to start on account of the unhealthy marsh, and we must be careful. Good words for me in *Daily Light* to-day. We hope in ten or twelve days to be in Rubaga.

The soldiers were out, and drawn up in two lines along the road we had to go, and as soon as all was ready off we went, Ibrahim Effendi carrying our flag until we had gone down the lines, which we did in single file. This small ceremony over, we heard the last salaam from Egyptian bugles; and I must allow a shade of sadness passed over me to leave the land in which we have experienced such signal kindness and attention. I must, indeed, pay a last tribute of deep gratitude to all the officials, for they have been good to us, often giving us of their own poor and dearly bought stores to make us comfortable. The last adieux were said, poor Ibrahim Effendi looking quite down-hearted as he clasped our hands for the last time, and then the march began.

We are now at a small collection of huts—a camping ground of the Waganda—about ten miles off Mruli.

The men are now engaged variously—some in bringing water, some in getting wood, some in making huts for us, as there are signs of a storm coming; but by far the larger number are sitting round and looking at our every action. One man has been to tell me he has a snake in his inside; another has brought me his gun to mend. Possibly I can cure the snake, but doubt if I can the gun. There is a most curious collection of this latter article here, from the modern breechloader to a flint stock of a past century. The men have built the huts very nicely. Litchfield, Wilson, and I have one large hut. Pearson, a small one to himself, which just took a quarter of an hour to build, not counting the cutting of the sticks, of course. There are only a few mosquitoes. This is a boon, after the tortures we have endured.

Feb. 4th.—Passed a very good night. No wild beasts disturbed us, though there were many about. The men up early, and we too started early—at 6.30. Road good—very little high grass. We walked very fast. The men told us we must go on for seven hours. We came up to a large body of men at work making our huts. This was very good, and I was glad to rest. Some 200 men here, and a letter from Mackay, and the C.M.S. periodicals for June [1878]. Mtesa had sent a message to me that he was glad that I was coming, and hoped I should come on quickly, as he much wanted to see me. I wrote him a short note, thanking him, and telling him I hoped by God's help to be of some use to him and to his people. Within two hours quite a large encampment had been formed, some 300 huts or more having been built, and soon fires were lit and cooking operations were going on. The evening was very fine, and as we sat before our huts enjoying the fire, the scene was very lively and interesting. True, there were no sentries or attentive soldiers, but groups of men formed—some smoking, and drinking pombe, or rather sucking it through tubes from the large gourds, others were playing a kind of flute, others cleaning arms, or making walking-sticks.

Feb. 5th.—More men came—we must have seven or eight hundred quite a small army. Rump of cow for breakfast; roast bananas very good; almost like roast apples; they brought us some very large sweet potatoes, 1½ ft. long, and weighing 4 or 5 lbs. The big chief took us to see his wives—about twenty! they were a very pleasant set of women, good-looking for the most part; they seemed pleased to see us, laughed and talked, and got the chief to take off Wilson's hat for them.

Feb. 6th.—Marching about twelve miles to the river Lugogoa—road lay through a forest—it was slippery, and we were glad when we stopped the men had our huts ready. We saw here one of Mtesa's flags for the first time; it is white, red, and blue. It has been sent to do us honour also one of the large war drums.

As I write, some fifteen or twenty Waganda are looking at me. Well, if it generates a wish in their minds to learn how to write, I do not object. Example speaks louder than words sometimes. May it be so with our example in every way for good!

The evening was truly grand, the moon was at her full, a few fleeting clouds passing rapidly over head; we were seated by a glorious fire, around us were huts, and groups of men sitting eating or enjoying the soothing pipe; we were talking of the glorious future of Uganda—if our day dreams come true, and why should they not?

Feb. 7th.—Our boys brought our coffee at the unearthly hour of ten minutes to four A.M. The moon was shining brightly, and the men were beating the drums and playing the flutes for a start. The chiefs soon got on the march, each preceded by drums, and followed by their wives. We marched about two and a half hours to our present camp.

I have just had a present brought me of sweet potatoes. When giving a present the men kneel down before you with down-cast eyes, in a very penitent sort of way.

The drinking vessels and bottles of the Waganda seem to be gourd when on the march they stuff up the neck of the gourd with leaves and put a drinking straw in; this is very convenient, as the water is not spilled, and you have not to stop to drink. Even on the march the Waganda are very clean with their food, and wash before and after eating. They often use large banana leaves as plates. Of course they eat with their fingers, at least so far as I have seen.

About sunset we went a walk and came upon the chiefs, who were sitting in court-martial on a man who had not built our huts quickly this morning; he was ordered a flogging, and it was curious to see him come back, and kneeling down, thanked the chiefs for his punishment.

Feb. 8th.—About two A.M. we were awakened by a great beating of drums and horn-blowing. In the moonlight were two long lines of men passing, some with our boxes, and all armed, and I can assure you was a most fantastic sight. They went at a quick pace, calling out time and drums beating, &c., all combined to make such a strange scene as I have never before seen. When four or five hundred had passed, the big drum was brought, and it was followed by the old chief and his wives. We had a hasty breakfast and followed.

Four miles an hour over slippery ground, with stumps and bushes the way, is a good pace. The moon was shining gloriously, throwing out shadows and the shadows of the trees sharply on the ground, and making the dewdrops on the grass and leaves glisten like thousands of diamonds all around. The drums and voices of the men and the flutes were the only sounds, and a really pleasant march of four hours followed. The air was cool, and the novelty of a moonlight march quite enlivening. We saw no wild animals: our friends in advance sent them away with noise. About 5.30 the moon began to dim, and the faint rosy tint dawned to steal over the land from the east, and the quick change from night to day, which is a peculiarity of the tropics, was very well seen; six all was changed, and the strong sunlight showed us the fog, so fatal to those exposed to it. I hope we shall not suffer; if quinine and pipes can prevent it we shall not. We passed through several swamps, being carried through the worst ones.

Great care was taken to guard against attack, because when the men were on their way to fetch us they were attacked just here. Men were sent out on each side and ahead of the party, and about every mile passed, small parties of men were perched upon old ant hills on the look-out.

At 7.40 we had a rest for three-quarters of an hour, and Mr. Wilson saw not far before us a large tree he had marked as a landmark, about two miles from the river which divides Unyoro from Uganda. Could it be true? for we had expected a much longer march; yes, we had made forced march, and in half an hour more we saw the desired land, a range of well-wooded country higher than the part we were on, and the river at our feet. I do not think the Israelites of old could have been more thankful than I. Here we are in Uganda, safe and in good health, and the Nile route has been a success. The river we had to pass was some 400 or 500 yards broad, muddy and full of grass. We waded through and put our feet first on Uganda land about 9.30 A.M.

I cannot close to-day without saying how thankful I am to God for His goodness and mercy to us all this long journey; surely they have followed us all our days. May our sojourn in this land be indeed blessed to the glory of our Lord and Master!

A HOLIDAY IN NORTH TINNEVELLY.



SEPTEMBER the 12th will ever be a white letter day in the history of the North Tinnevelly Mission, for it was on that day two years ago that an experienced worker was transferred from a useful field of work in the large city of Madura, to labour for the same

Master in North Tinnevelly. To celebrate the second anniversary of this event it was decided that the boarding school children should have a holiday in a neighbouring tope, or grove of trees.

The tope selected was one near a village about two miles from here, called Thiruthangal or "the Sacred Resting place," so called because Siva and his wife Parvathi were pleased to rest there one night. This fact not only accounts for the name of the village, but also for the existence of a large Siva temple. Close to the temple is a small cave, said to have been an entrance to the lower world! Many strange stories are told in connection with the cave, one of which is that a woman and a buffalo were seen to enter, and have never been known to return. It is now filled up, so that there is one way less to the lower regions.

So much for the village and temple; a word about the tope which was destined to give us shade, and thus help to make the day a pleasant one. Of all the topes in North Tinnevelly (and there are a large number of them) this tope certainly stands first in historical interest, so far as the history of the North Tinnevelly Mission is concerned, for it was in this very tope that the first meeting was held with a view to collect money for the self-support of the Native Church. The meeting was held in 1860, and the chairman on that occasion was the Rev. W. Gray, now one of the Home Secretaries. On that occasion 50 rupees were raised towards the Native Church fund. Last year (although a year of considerable scarcity) the total sum collected amounted to rupees 1,094. The tope is also of interest as having been the home of Mr. and Mrs. Gray for more than a year. To this day a portion of a brick bath remains to testify to the devotion of those missionaries of the Gospel.

Our day in the tope was a long one, and (I am sure all will agree in adding) a pleasant one. At five o'clock the children were up, and on their way to the tope, the bandy with the tent having started at a still earlier hour. At eight o'clock we arrived in our carriage, having had a rather rough drive of it across ploughed fields. Eating, drinking, singing, skipping, racing, scrambling for plantains, and climbing trees, formed the principal amusements of the day. At noon all assembled under the trees for prayers, when I reminded those present of God's mercies to the Native Church during the past twenty years, after which we united together in praise and prayer.

By the way, I must not forget our friend the monkey, who entertained us much by his tricks. One of its performances is worth mentioning, as showing the feeling prevalent with regard to mothers-in-law. On being asked how it would carry water to its mother's house, it took up a cocoa-nut shell, and lifted it carefully to its head; whereas, when the question was put, How do you carry water to your mother-in-law's house? it took up the shell and dashed it to the ground with a most disgusted look. I need hardly say that the monkey was amply rewarded by sundry donations of plantains, roasted peas, and beaten rice.

In the evening some of us went to the neighbouring village to preach. At first it seemed likely that we should get no congregation, but by singing a hymn or two we collected quite a number of people—a mixed assemblage of men, women, and children. One man wanted to know what was the difference between Mohammedans and Christians; to which we replied, that the former only knew half the truth, which was not sufficient for salvation; if one wished to visit a place it was not sufficient to go half way. This answer satisfied our friend.

Before we had finished preaching the sun had sunk to rest behind the Western Ghats, reminding us that the most pleasant

day has its end. On returning to the tope we found that the tent had been taken down, and the children had started home. Another rough drive over the fields in the increasing gloom of twilight, and we found ourselves once more at "Our Home in the Wilderness."

H. HORSLEY.
SACHIAPURAM, September, 1879.

MORE ABOUT GREAT VALLEY.

Letter from the Rev. Arthur Elwin.

[Previous accounts of the deeply interesting work in the Chuki or Great Valley district, in the Che-Kiang Province of China, were given in the GLEANER of March and June, 1878, and March and October, 1879.]



I AM very thankful to be able to report progress in the Chuki district. In October, 1877, Mr. Moule reported a "Christian element" in four or five villages. In October, 1878, he reported "Christian adherents" in fourteen or fifteen villages. And now, in November, 1879, I can speak of baptized Christians in twenty-four or twenty-five villages. Mr. Moule spoke last year of ninety-two baptized persons. I can speak to-day of eighty-six communicants and 102 adult baptized Christians. If the babies and inquirers were to be added to this number, it would, of course, increase it very largely.

There has been one death in the Chuki district. Old Lebbœus—Luke Chow's second brother—died November 20th, after a short illness. When asked by one, "What is the matter with you?" he answered, "My Heavenly Father is calling me to go to heaven." Almost the last words he spoke were, "Jesus is calling me to go home." This old man was among the first baptized at the Great Valley, the date of his baptism being October 4th, 1879. For two short years he endured the cross here in this sinful world: now he is with that Saviour whom he loved—the first redeemed one from the Chuki district who has entered the Golden Gates. For sixty years he worshipped idols, was without God, and without hope in the world. Then the change came, and he turned to God from idols to serve the living and true God. But his journey was nearly ended. For two stages only his path was illuminated by light from on high. Now he has been called higher to partake of that fullness of joy which will be found in the presence of the Saviour for ever.

I am sorry to say the Christians have had to suffer much this year, especially during the last six months. The heathen have, as they say, sought out new methods to annoy the Christians. Open persecution had been tried and failed. It was therefore decided to try what more secret measures could effect. It would be impossible to mention in detail all the various methods employed. I can only say that the Christians suddenly found their things stolen, their crops destroyed, the pathways leading to their fields dug up, their trees cut down. These operations were generally carried on at night, and in some cases on Sunday, when the heathen knew the Christians would be at service. The last time I went to the Great Valley, the first night two fields were robbed; the next night three fields were robbed; the last night more than one hundred mulberry and other trees were wantonly cut down and destroyed. [See February GLEANER, p. 21.] It made one's heart ache to walk round and see the destruction that had been caused. The heathen had said to the Christians, "If the foreigners come, we will rob; if they stay away we will not interfere with you." I said to Luke Chow, "Would you like me to stay away?" He answered at once, in his usual energetic manner, "What! and make the people think we are afraid of the devil?" I have noticed these Christians always trace the persecutions to the fountain-head; they are followers of Christ, and the devil is the persecutor.

Perhaps the most interesting visit I paid to the Chuki district was last with my wife and three of our children. We stayed six nights at our mission-house at Chuki city, and two nights we slept in our church at the Great Valley. We trust the visit was productive of great good. Mrs. Elwin stood the long ride of seventeen miles in a sedan-chair, from Chuki city to the Great Valley, remarkably well. The excitement by the way was something extraordinary. An English lady had never been seen anywhere near those parts before. Once or twice I must say I felt rather nervous. When surrounded by a large crowd, pushing and struggling to get a good view of the foreign lady, calling us names anything but complimentary, it required some presence of mind to keep outwardly quiet and collected, and to speak to the people as if we had been in Hang-chow.

The Great Valley was reached in a little over six hours—a quick ride. We found the Christians assembled from all parts to greet us. Some of the women had walked seven miles, over high mountain passes, in order to see us. How they managed it with their small feet I do not know. In the evening, some of the poor things said their feet ached!—no wonder! Some friends in England think the Chinese bind the feet of the women to keep them at home. Binding the feet of these women did not prevent



GAZA.

Founded, 2,000 years B.C.; Scene of Samson's death, about 1,100 B.C.; Captured by Alexander, 332 B.C.; Baptism of Ethiopian Eunuch, 34 A.D.; Heather finally expelled, and cathedral built, about 400 A.D.; Captured by Mohammedans, 634 A.D.; Capital of Palestine, 17th cent. A.D.; C.M.S. Mission begun, 1878.

them walking those seven long miles, over a most difficult path, to see the foreign minister's wife, and to partake of the Lord's Supper. I think few English women, with their natural feet, could walk so far through such a country.

We arrived Tuesday evening, and at once took up our quarters in the church. The church at the Great Valley is upstairs; it is entered by a trap-door in the middle of the floor. We slept comfortably in our strange quarters—Mrs. Elwin in one hammock, our little boy in another; a bamboo framework made a bed for the rest. In the morning, at ten o'clock, the Christians assembled to partake of the Lord's Supper. There were forty-three altogether, most of whom for the first time partook of that feast provided by the Saviour for the benefit of His disciples.

GAZA.



GAZA, the youngest station of the Church Missionary Society, is one of the oldest cities in the world. It is mentioned in the 10th chapter of Genesis as the border town of the Canaanites before Abraham's time. And it has never lost its importance. As one of the five Philistine states; as holding Alexander the Great at bay for five months; as a city with its own coins (many having been found) under the Roman Empire; as the seat of an early Christian bishopric; as held in turn by Saracens and Crusaders; as the actual capital of Palestine in the 17th century; and as now the second town in the Holy Land,—Gaza has a history stretching over four thousand years.

Here the Rev. Alexander Schapira took up his abode as a

missionary of the C.M.S. at the beginning of last year. He is in the midst of a Mohammedan population, and we trust it will please God to open their hearts to know the One True Prophet of God.

PICTURES FROM BATALA.



BATALA is a new station in the Punjab, the centre of a district containing a population of a million souls, densely massed together. Here Miss C. Tucker (A. L. O. E.), the well-known and devoted honorary missionary of the Indian Female Institution Society, settled two or three years ago; and afterwards Rev. F. H. Baring, an honorary missionary of the Church Missionary Society, and son of the late Bishop of Durham, moved thither from Umritsur, and a regular Mission was established. Although Mr. Baring's work is in connection with the C.M.S., it costs the Society only a small grant, as he bears most of the expense himself. There is a Boarding School for the sons of the upper class of Native Christians in the Punjab, which Mr. Baring conducts with the help of Native teachers; and Rev. Mian Sadiq makes Batala his centre for systematic preaching tours round and round the country.

Our two pictures are from photographs kindly sent us by Mr. Baring. The building used for the school, and as a mission house, was formerly a palace of the Maharajah Sher Singh,



REV. F. T. BARING.

MISS C. M. TUCKER (A.L.O.E.).

MISSIONARIES AND NATIVE CHRISTIANS AT BATALA, PUNJAB.

built it and slept in it one night, and was soon afterwards killed. With regard to the other picture, Mrs. Weitbrecht, in a little tract on Zenana Missions, says, "I wish you could see her in the midst of the infant Church, gathered quite recently from

among the heathen"; and in this picture we fulfil that wish. Of the school, Bishop French writes:—

My heart has gone entirely with the movement for a Native Boys' Christian Boarding School which Mr. Baring has so thoughtfully and lovingly originated, becoming himself its first head teacher and director. To found a school is one thing, but to become its first master, and to undertake (what many think) the drudgery of its teaching, as well as the financial responsibilities, is quite another.

I do not think I have yet seen a school in India in which some of the best characteristics of our middle-class English schoolboys are reproduced better or so well; in respectful and manly bearing, and in their excellent behaviour in pastime, work, and devotion. I regard it as a thankworthy token of God's good favour to the Native Church, and happy omen of the use He will yet be pleased to make of that Church, that He has put it into the heart of Mr. Baring to throw his energies and his experience into the religious instruction of our higher class Christian youth, and that Miss Tucker has been allowed to add a kind of motherly oversight of the institution to the varied other offices she has received of our gracious Lord to fulfil for the Church of the Punjab.



DESERTED PALACE AT BATALA, NOW USED AS A MISSION HOUSE AND BOARDING SCHOOL.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

Last Qr. 24. 6h. 18m. a.m.
New Moon 30. 3h. 7m p.m.

APRIL.

First Qr. 17d. 7h. 14m. p.m.
Full Moon 24d. 10h. 50m. p.m.

- 1 T Lord, remember me. Luke 23. 42.
- 2 F Ye shall be remembered before the Lord your God. Numb 10. 9.
- 3 S Bp. W. Williams consec., 1859. Remember them which have the [rule over you. Heb. 13. 7.]
- 4 S 1st aft. Easter. Remember that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead. M. Nu. 16. 1-36. 1 Co. 15. 1-29. E. Nu. 16. 36, or 17. 1-12. Jo 20. 21-30. [2 Tim. 2. 8.]
- 5 M I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High.
- 6 T He remembered His holy promises. Ps. 105. 42. [Ps. 77. 10.]
- 7 W Tokio Miss. Ch. op., 1878. Remember Thy congregation. Ps. 74. 2.
- 8 T Children's Home op., 1853. Remember thy Creator in the days of [thy youth. Ec. 12. 1.]
- 9 F We will remember the name of the Lord our God. Ps. 20. 7.
- 10 S Remember His marvellous works. 1 Chr. 16. 12. [Ex. 20. 8.]
- 11 S 2nd aft. Easter. Remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy. M. Num. 20. 1-14. Luke 10. 17. E. Num. 20. 14 to 21. 10, or 31. Gal. 2.
- 12 M C.M.S. estab., 1799. Thou meetest those that remem. Thee. Is. 64. 5.
- 13 T 1st freed slaves bapt. East Af., 1879. Remember my bonds. Col. 4. 18
- 14 W 1st Africans bapt. S. Leone, 1816. Who remembered us in our
- 15 T Remember the poor. Gal. 2. 10. [low estate. Ps. 136. 23.]
- 16 F Four Chinese ord. at Fuh-Chow, 1876. Remember, Lord, the re- [proach of Thy servants. Ps. 69. 50.]
- 17 S Remember the Lord, which is great and terrible. Neh. 4. 14. [answered Mic. 6. 5.]
- 18 S 3rd aft. Easter. O my people, remember . . . what Balaam M. Num. 23. Luke 14. 1-25. E. Num. 23 or 24. Eph. 2.
- 19 M When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord. Jon. 2. 7
- 20 T 1st bapt. at Niagpo, 1851. Remember the days of old. Deut. 32. 7.
- 21 W Thou shalt remember thy ways, and be ashamed. Ezek. 16. 61.
- 22 T Nevertheless I will remember My covenant with thee. Ezek. 16. 60.
- 23 F Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more. Heb. 8. 12.
- 24 S He remembereth that we are dust. Ps. 103. 14. [Acts 20. 35.]
- 25 S 4th aft. Easter. St. Mark. Remember the words of the Lord Jesus. M. De. 4. 1-25, or Is. 62. 6 Lu. 18. 31, to 19. 11. E. De. 4. 25-41, or 5; or Eze. 1. Phil. 2.
- 26 M All the ends of the earth shall remember, and turn unto the Lord.
- 27 T Remember Lot's wife. Luke 17. 32. [Ps. 22. 27.]
- 28 W Remember me, O my God, for good. Neh. 13. 31. [Job 36. 24.]
- 29 T 1mad-ad-din bapt., 1866. Remember that thou magnify His work.
- 30 F T. S. Grace d., 1879. Remembering your work of faith and labour [of love 1 Th. 1 :

NOTES.

Looking over our April texts, the key-word of which is "REMEMBER," we observe on the four Sundays of the month four commands peculiarly appropriate to those days. On the 1st Sunday after Easter, "Remember that Jesus Christ was raised from the dead." On the 2nd Sunday after Easter, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," reminding us that it was the great event of Easter which made "the first day of the week" our Sabbath or Lord's Day. On the 3rd Sunday, when the Proper Lessons narrate the history of Balaam, the words of Micah, "Remember . . . what Balaam answered." On the 4th Sunday, "Remember the words of the Lord Jesus"—to hear which is one great object of our Sunday services.

Then, on the 3rd, 8th, 10th, 15th, 17th, 20th, 21st, 27th, and 29th of the month, we have other Divine precepts, calling on us to "remember" the Lord, His works, His name, His ministers, His poor, and our own sinful ways.

Four times we pray God to "remember." We begin the month with the dying thief's cry, "Lord, remember me"; and on the 7th, 16th, and 28th, we make similar petitions.

And we have not only precepts and prayers, but also promises. The response to our prayer on the 1st comes the very next day, "Ye shall be remembered." God says He will "remember" His covenant (22nd), and will not "remember" our sins (23rd). On the 26th, a grand missionary text assures us that "all the ends of the earth shall remember and turn unto the Lord."

The missionary anniversaries of the month are interesting. On the 12th, the Society's birthday. Its founders did "remember" the Lord, and He did "meet" them with His blessing. On the 8th, the opening of the Home where our missionaries' children are taught to "remember" their Creator in the days of their youth." Two successive days, the 13th and 14th, commemorate happy events in West and East Africa, the first African baptisms by Edward Bickersteth on Easter Day, 1816, and the first baptisms by freed slaves at Frere Town on Easter Day last year. God "remembered" their low estate, and God's servants "remembered" their bonds." We have also the anniversaries of the first baptisms in another most interesting Mission (20th), the baptism of one of our ablest Native clergy (29th), the ordination of four other Native clergy (16th), the consecration of a faithful Missionary Bishop (3rd), the death of a zealous

missionary in that Bishop's diocese (30th), and the opening of a mission church in the capital of Japan (7th); and as we think of all these may well exhort one another to "remember His marvellous works!"

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, having given full consideration to the Ceylon difficulties, and having consulted with the Bishop of Colombo and the President and Secretaries of the C.M.S., have issued a joint paper embodying their "opinion or advice" upon the matters at issue, which is published in this month's *C.M. Intelligencer*. The Committee receiving it, passed the following resolution:—"That this Committee offer their cordial thanks to His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury and to the prelates associated with him, for the trouble they have taken in preparing the valuable document which they have drawn up on Ceylon difficulties; and, while gratefully receiving the suggestions there offered to the Society, they desire to express their conviction that it will be able cheerfully to act upon them."

The Archbishop of Canterbury has announced his approval of the Rev. George Evans Moule, M.A., as Bishop-Designate for the Missionary Bishopric in China vacant by the death of Bishop Russell. Mr. Moule went out as a C.M.S. missionary to Ningpo in 1857, and both he and his brother, the Rev. A. E. Moule, who went out in 1861, have laboured zealously in the Province of Che-Kiang.

The Rev. C. T. Wilson and Mr. Felkin, with three Waganda chiefs, arrived at Khartoum on Feb. 18th, and will probably be in England very shortly.

The following missionaries have returned home within the past three months:—The Revs. J. A. Lamb and A. Burtchell, from Victoria; Mr. W. Harris, from East Africa; the Revs. E. K. Blumhagen, H. D. Day, and E. Champion, from North India; the Revs. H. Horton, A. Morgan, and J. Cain, from South India; the Revs. W. P. Schaaf and J. I. Jones, from Ceylon; the Rev. P. Ansorgé, from Mauritius. The following are expected shortly: The Revs. F. H. Baring and C. H. Nugent, from the Punjab; and the Rev. C. F. Warren, from Japan.

Bishop French and Mr. Gordon have gone on a journey to Kandahar and other places in Afghanistan held by the British troops.

Bishop Horden of Moosonee has been spending the winter at York Factory, Hudson's Bay, the well-known station of Archdeacon Kirle. He was to visit Churchill, Trout Lake, and Severn, before returning to Moose; after which he proposes to come to England *via* Canada. He will receive a warm welcome.

In January, the Bishop of Madras paid what may be regarded, owing to Bishop Speechly's consecration, his farewell episcopal visit to Travancore and Cochin. Addresses were presented to him by the missions and the Native Church Council. He admitted the Rev. A. F. Painter as priest's orders.

King Ockiya, of Brass, is dead. It was he who gave the idols to Bishop Crowther which were represented in the picture in the *GLEANER* of Jan. 1877. For the last three years he attended church regularly, but he did not give up his numerous wives, nor was he baptized. Lately, however, he determined to lead a new life, and asked for baptism; but he fell and died while on a journey. The idol priests tried to induce him to recant, but he was kept firm through the influence of a Christian who attended him, and he died "calling on Christ."

Our last number noticed the destructive fire at Hakodate, Japan, Dec. 6th. On Dec. 26th another great conflagration destroyed a large part of Tokio, the capital. The C.M.S. premises were providentially spared, but the American Missions suffered severely.

The Japanese edition of the Book of Common Prayer has been completed. The Translation Committee were Bishop Williams and the Rev. J. H. Quinby, of the American Episcopal Church; the Rev. A. C. St. John, of the S.P.G.; and the Revs. J. Piper and C. F. Warren, of the C.M.S.

A new church—St. Peter's, Faji—is being built at Lagos, to replace the mud church put up in 1854 by the Rev. C. A. Gollmer—the first opened in the place. On the occasion of its opening, a son of Mr. Gollmer's was baptized, who is now an ordained missionary, and Principal of the Lagos C.M.S. Training Institution.

TOPICS FOR THANKSGIVING AND PRAYER.

THANKSGIVING for the result of the consideration by the Archbishops and Bishops of the Ceylon question (above).

PRAYER for the new Missionary Bishop in North China (above).

PRAYER for Kashmir (p. 41), Great Valley (p. 45), Gaza (p. 46), Batata (p. 47).

* * * Several kind donations to the Society's Deficiency Fund have been sent anonymously by readers of the *GLEANER* to the Editor, for which we return the sincere thanks of the Committee. All sums of 10s. and upwards are duly acknowledged in the *C.M. Intelligencer and Record*.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

MAY, 1880.

BIBLE THOUGHTS ABOUT MISSIONARY WORK.

BY THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

V.

"But what shall we do for the hundred talents?"—2 Chron. xiv. 9.



WORD about money will not be out of place at the opening of the month of May. For one of the great anxieties with many of our Christian friends at this season of the year, when the reports are read of the different societies, is often a deficiency of funds. Serious this appears, in connection with our Missionary work, when there seems to be the necessity of withdrawing from certain fields of labour, or of diminishing the number of those who have been fighting as good soldiers of the Cross. We must be right and careful in the administration of our funds, as receiving from God, and using them for His service and glory. But should the lack of money ever be an anxiety? If, with earnest prayer, we have sought to follow the Divine Guidance, if we have been diligent to use all the means at our command, if we have done, under God, all that we could, is it well to be asking, "What shall we do for the hundred talents?"

Let me say at once, that the man who asked this question was one who did that which was right in the sight of the Lord, but not with a perfect heart. Here we shall find the secret of all our anxieties about money and everything else. Deep down in the heart there is a certain mistrust, a misgiving, a misapprehension. It is with the heart that man believeth, and with the heart there is something wrong. It was so with King Amaziah as he went forth to fight the enemies of Judah, and hence his anxious inquiry about the money. His story in the sequel is a very solemn one, and as we seek to draw a lesson from it for ourselves, there are three things which it is well for us to lay to heart. They will be useful to remember in our Missionary work. They were overlooked by King Amaziah.

The Lord saith, "The battle is not yours, but God's." We are apt in our zeal to forget this, and so to think of our own resources. But we are called by God to fight for Him. The enemy with which we are engaged is His foe. We need not fear that we shall ever lack support.

But again, the Lord saith, "The silver is Mine, and the gold is Mine." And thus we may be sure that neither of these will be wanting to carry out the Lord's work. They may not be forthcoming perhaps to fulfil all that we ourselves might desire, but the truth is certain for each necessity.

And, once more, the Lord saith, "God is able to make all grace abound toward you." He can change the heart and He can open the purse, and He can stir up the wills of His people. Not that we are to relax in prayer and every needful effort; but He can and He will overrule all for His own glory.

Yes, dear reader, if the thought is stealing into your heart—a thought prompted no doubt by zeal for the cause—"What shall we do for the hundred talents?"—I will only answer with the man of God, "The Lord is able to give thee much more than this."

HOW THE £25,000 WAS RAISED.



ES, the £25,000 has been raised! The accumulated deficiency in the Society's funds, which stood on April 1st, 1879, at £24,758, has been paid off, and more than paid off, within the twelve months. Though we asked for this, we scarcely expected it.

It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

Let us see how it was done, and thus "recount the noble acts

of the Lord," that we may "show forth all His praise." The first impulse came from that revered friend of the Church Missionary Society, the Rev. V. J. Stanton, Rector of Halesworth (and this is not the first time that he has led the way). As soon as the fact of so heavy a deficit became known, he wrote, "I prayerfully devote £1,000 to commence a Deficiency Fund for 1879." This was immediately followed by other large gifts, and within a few weeks £7,000 was contributed in about twenty donations varying from £100 to £1,500. But all the other smaller contributions, up to the end of 1879, barely doubled that amount, and the fund was then still short by more than £10,000. Then came another impulse from another tried friend, the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth, who, in December, offered to give £200 if the whole sum were raised by March 31st. This offer was made known; papers showing the rapid growth of the Society's work were widely circulated; and the Committee invited special offerings on the Leap Year Sunday, February 29th—seeing that five Sundays in February would not occur again for forty years.

The result of this appeal has been remarkable. It has brought "the small gifts of the many," and these have raised the fund to the amount required. Still better, an amount of sympathy and self-denying interest has been called forth which has deeply touched the Committee, and encouraged them to larger expectations of what Christian people are willing to do for the cause of Christ abroad when its needs are fairly put before them.

In the GLEANER of March we printed some of the sympathising letters we had received. Here are a few more, also addressed to the Editor, most of them anonymous, and enclosing the smaller but not less welcome gifts:—

"I enclose a P.O.O. for £2 2s. This is truly 'the small gift of many,' being sent by the members of my Bible Class connected with—[a Yorkshire parish]. 'Most of them are employed in mills, and in consequence of the late depression in trade are only earning small wages. But they very cheerfully give their 'mite,' with the earnest prayer that God will incline the hearts of His people who can give larger gifts to give them, that the deficiency may be made up by March 31st; and they do pray very specially for rich blessings on the work of the C.M. Society, in which they are deeply interested."

"Kindly accept the enclosed three pounds towards the Deficiency Fund, from a Missionary's widow and daughter. May God give His blessing with it, and use it and us in His service, for Jesus' sake."

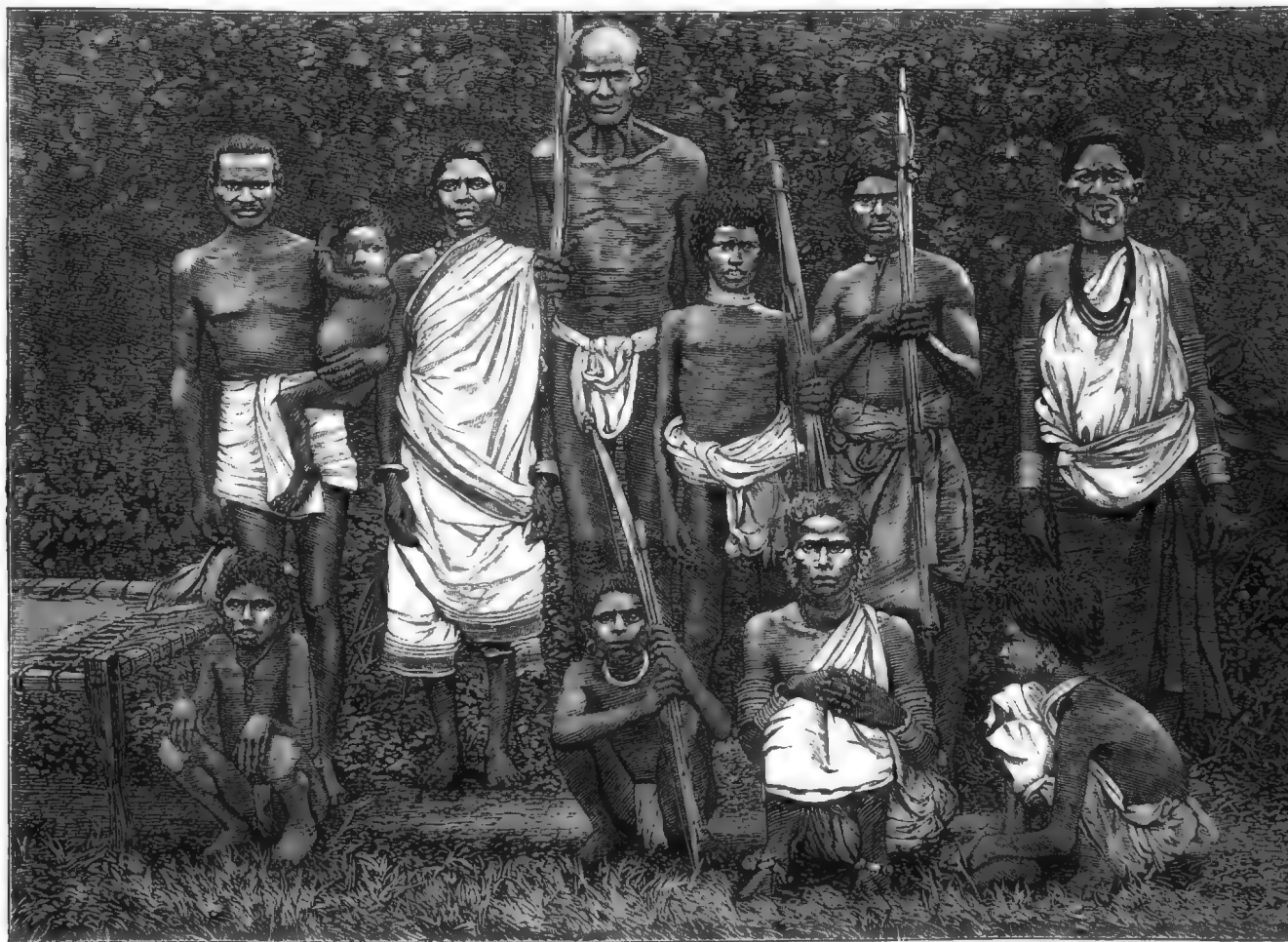
"Thank-offering for good news from a far-off land, £1. A mite towards sending those seven men waiting to be sent on God's work."

"Five shillings—a small gift from one of the many towards the Deficiency Fund.—A Dressmaker."

"As I have taken in the GLEANER for some few years, I have of course seen the appeal for increased funds, and felt with pain my inability to do my part in response. However, it suddenly occurred to me that perhaps if I made some few little trifles involving no outlay (my means being painfully limited) any lady friends you know might be willing, for the sake of the object, to give a small sum for them. My son has also etched a few cards. He is but a lad, or he might do more. Were it not that 'the Lord accepteth according to that a man hath,' I should not venture to offer so insignificant a help as this. The present difficulties seem to me but a trial of the extent of His servants' faith, for He is well able, and will, according to His promise, crown with success the efforts of His people to extend His kingdom. 'They shall not labour in vain.'"

This last letter came inside a little box, delivered by post, which contained some pretty needle-cases, &c., a few ornamental texts written on cards, and, at the bottom, a quantity of fragrant violets. We can but reply to the unknown sender, "The Lord reward thee!"—that Lord who declared that the poor widow with her two mites "cast in more than they all," and who said of another who brought her offering to Himself, "She hath done what she could."

The words "a small gift from one of the many," suggested by the GLEANER of January, occur again and again in other



GROUP OF SANTALS AND PAHARIS.

letters to the Secretaries. One kind donor quotes them in sending a cheque for £500.

It is particularly touching to find the missionaries who are bearing the burden and heat of the day in the field taking their part. From Frere Town comes £5 each from Mr. Menzies, Mr. Streeter, and Mr. Handford, and £8 earned by the needles of the Native Christian women; and from Fort Francis (N.W. America) comes £83 raised by the Rev. R. Phair, including £50 from himself.

Thus the £25,000 has been raised. And what an opportunity is now set before those who were unable to join in this special effort! They can do the Society still more effective service by exerting themselves to increase its *regular funds*. Its difficulties are due, in the main, to one cause, namely, to the large number of missionaries it has sent out within the past four or five years. There are now forty more at work than there were in 1871. Are they too many? Not too many for the growing work. *Not enough* for the calls from the regions beyond. But too many for the Society's funds to support—large and increasing as the funds are. The Committee, therefore, are now proposing to reduce the number gradually by sending out fewer, and letting some of the ordinary yearly vacancies (by death or retirement) remain unfilled. The readers of the GLEANER can do much to render this painful task unnecessary.

How can they do this? (1.) By becoming regular subscribers to their Local Association. (2.) By getting other regular subscribers. (3.) By taking collecting cards and missionary boxes. (4.) By getting cards and boxes taken by others. (5.) By

organising working parties, missionary sales, &c. (6.) By moting the circulation of the Society's papers and periodicals. (7.) By asking the Lord of the vineyard to show them what they can do, and to bless them in the doing of it.

Five years ago a lady set to work to increase the missionary funds raised in her parish. The amount then raised was under £80. This year it is £160. She has just entered into her 70th year. Does she *now* regret her share of work in gaining this advance?

SANTALS AND PAHARIS.

OUR January number contained a picture of the Society's staff, the clergy and their families, with an explanation by the Rev. Mr. Storrs. The above is from another photograph kindly sent by Mr. Storrs. The Santals and Paharis are two totally different races, neither of them Hindus, in a hilly district in the west of Bengal. Santals live in the valleys; the Paharis (*i.e.*, hill-men) on the tops of the hills. Mr. Storrs writes:—

"I send also a group of six Paharis and five Santals, all *heathen*. The left is part of a common native bed, then a Santal boy sitting in the usual way on his hip; next to him a Santal woman, unusually dressed for a heathen, but she has Christian friends and has been influenced by them in her dress; then a very tall Santal old man with a stick in his hand, such as a Santal is seldom seen without. Then the Paharis. The young man and two boys have bows and arrows in their hands; the others are two women and a girl. See the nose ring on one woman, and glass armlets above the elbow, and brass bracelets on both the women, and the abundance of earrings on all, the anklets of brass on the sitting woman."

A CHINESE CLERGYMAN ON HIS BISHOP.

[The following is a translation of a paper written by the Rev. Dzing Ts-Sing, one of the C.M.S. Native clergy at Ningpo. An account of Mr. Dzing appeared in the GLEANER of Jan., 1877.]

"A Short Account of Bishop Russell's Life."

BY THE REV. DZING TS-SING.



T. PAUL in his lifetime said "To die is gain." Who is there that does not wish to gain? We may be certain that he who dies does not lose, rather is it those that live who lose. Therefore in Phil. i. 23 St. Paul writes, "I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better." For we have naturally nothing to desire in this world; we desire a better country, to which our Lord has gone before us. But if it be God's will that we should live yet a little longer, and walk a few steps further on our way, we should with gladness and with patience run our course; and when the time is come, when our course is finished, then shall the body fall asleep, the spirit shall be released, and every desire that we have in this life shall be fulfilled. Seeing then that God's will is good towards us who live, still more may we feel assured with regard to those who fall asleep that He deals not hardly towards them, but rather shows forth more exceeding love and mercy towards them.

God has lately called Bishop Russell, whom we all loved and honoured, to leave us to go and rest in the place which He had prepared for him. To this blessed rest the Bishop has already attained. And God, as it were, beforehand revealed this blessing to him, for when the Bishop first

fell ill he knew that he would not get better, but that his illness would but increase. But thanks be to God that He permitted him a very peaceful departure.

The Bishop was originally born in England, but the greater part of his life was spent in our own country; we, therefore, have reaped the greatest benefit from that life. He himself, indeed, felt bound to Ningpo, because here was the scene and the result of his labours from first to last. We must indeed regret this one thing, that although the Bishop, and other clergy with him, have for so many years, with one heart and soul, done the Lord's work in Ningpo and its neighbourhood, the doctrine has not yet triumphed. Whilst the Bishop was with us he constantly referred to this as a subject for sorrow. Nevertheless God will assuredly have regard to the sufferings of those who love Him, and will not permit the hope of their labour to be in vain. Therefore the seed which has been sown during these thirty years has already brought forth much fruit; we ourselves are the pledges of his work. Although there has been no great triumph, yet there is clear evidence that the path he trod was not without result, his labour was not in vain. Moreover, the machinery for the working of the Mission in Ningpo and the neighbourhood is now well established. This, of course, is not the work of the Bishop alone, all the clergy have had their share in it; but he was the first of the workers, and he worked the longest.



REV. DZING TS-SING.
(The Author of the article.)



BISHOP RUSSELL.
(The Subject of the article.)

On this account it is impossible for me to write the life of Bishop at length; I could not do it, either fully or accurately. Although in whatever he did he trusted only in the power of God, yet God employs vessels which He has purposely chosen, thus showing forth His power in men. Now the Bishop, when he first came to preach the Gospel here, was placed in circumstances very unlike the present, when the foundations have been laid and there are many other facilities for work. But we, whether from having heard of what he did in times gone by, or whether from personal observation during the last ten years, all know how great was his virtue, how excellent was his work. He did indeed far exceed common men, manifestly having the power of God with him.

In thought and character he was wise and gentle, very willing to have regard to the sorrows of all, and to help them in their difficulties. Whosoever, therefore, had any trouble, would once run to consult with him about it; nor was this ever done in vain—his love and wisdom would always find a good way out of the difficulty.

In all the ordinary affairs of life, not only in Church matters but also in matters of other importance, every one would listen to him. He was in truth a man of great power, doing things well.

Moreover, in preaching his words were forcible, his explanations clear, as was his conduct in all things. Not that there was any exhibition of profound learning, but he had lived so long in Ningpo that he was thoroughly well acquainted with the ways of the people. Hence, in dealing with men without Church, whether learned or ignorant, he could always address himself to them. Moreover, especially did

Christians always delight to hear him preach or expound Scripture. Assuredly we natives in Ningpo derived great benefit from him, for he was a man such as is not easily to be met with.

For this reason, from his first arrival here, he was always highly esteemed, not only in his own home and in his own Church but other Churches also, and the surrounding heathen; in fact all who knew him honoured and loved him for his gentleness and peaceableness with all men; neither man nor woman would ever speak a hard word of him, or have any bad feeling towards him. All united in speaking well of him. This was not on account of the office which he held, rather does it testify to the excellent work in which he held that office; as St. Paul says (Rom. xiv. 18) "He that in these things serveth Christ, is acceptable to God and approved of men."

But what God does is not only wiser, it is also better than what man does. Thus when He calls our Bishop away, is it not better for him than our wish to have him here? For although for it is a day of sorrow, to the departed it is a day of release from sorrow. I think that if God were to allow us to remain for ever in this world and never die, throughout our lives we should never be released from sorrow, and surely this would be a matter for mourn over. We therefore may be comforted at the departure of our Bishop. From henceforth he as it were watches our conduct in this world. May we be followers of him as he was of Christ.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER V.

IT has been said," remarked Mr. Harper, when the party met again, "that prayer is the better half of study; I am sure it is the better half of work. And yet in these active, stirring days, I am afraid we think more of the labour than of the prayer, more of what is seen and applauded than of what is seen only by our heavenly Father who

seeth in secret."

"It will do us good, then," said Mr. Treddel, "to look back to earlier missionary days, that we may be reminded of the need and of the power of prayer."

"Yes, only think of that little band waiting in prayer all those years before God opened the door of missionary work before them."

"Where did the first door open?" asked young Green.

"If we put ourselves in imagination in the year 1800, and look round the world with an eye bright with the glow of missionary zeal, what should we see? No railway, no telegraph, no penny post, no steamships, no rapid overland routes, no British India, no missionary experience to guide, and no Macedonian cry to encourage and unite. There was literally nothing—"

"Nothing but PRAYER," interrupted dear old Mrs. Hope.

"Ah, yes, nothing but the cry of those who pity and the wail of a miserable idolatry. New Zealand cannibal, and almost unknown; India fast closed against us; China inaccessible; Africa unexplored and savage; where in the wide world were they to go? Our fathers could find neither men to work nor a field to work in. The strong man had kept his goods in safety; but now a Stronger than he was coming."

"I think the door opened first in Africa, did it not?" asked Mr. Treddel.

"Yes, the door opened. So we say. But who opened it? Do not let us even seem to forget Him who openeth and no man shutteth, and shutteth and no man openeth. He opened first a very strait gate, for the very little band which He led forth."

"They went, did they not, to Sierra Leone?" asked Mr. Green.

"Not at the very first. Our earliest missionaries were located somewhat to the north of Sierra Leone."

"Were they the very earliest who went out?"

"No, about forty years before, the Moravians sent out nine labourers; but they all died within two years. Thirty years later the Scottish and London Missionary Societies sent six men, but these again were not suffered to continue. In two years three of them died, one was murdered, and the other two returned."

"I think sometimes," continued Mr. Harper, "of those earliest labourers. They seem to have done nothing. They seem but to have gone out to die. Our own first missionaries in the Susu land, and among the Bulloms, no record exists of their sighs or their services. Their record is on high, and when the day dawns, it will be read with wonder and praise. Even on earth a gleam has broken through the hiding cloud. About five-and-twenty years ago a missionary went out to that part again. Sickness soon prostrated him, but by his bed there came an aged chief, and said in his ear our familiar old Te Deum. The work had not been all in vain. But it must have been very trying at the time."

"Why did they select a place where the climate was so deadly?" asked Mr. Ryne.

"Among other reasons, for two especially, I think," Mr. Harper answered. "They had scarcely any other places open to them. And then to Western Africa we were deeply in debt. In the days of the horrible slave trade, we had torn away thousands of their sons and daughters, and had engaged in a traffic, the working of which is too frightful to describe. It was a happy God-given thought when our fathers determined to pay them back again, by sending to them the Name which is of greater price than even of sons and daughters. That very spot where England had shared in more crime and bloodshed than anywhere else, there it was where we sent first the word of salvation."

"Was the slave trade going on when our first missionaries went out?" Mr. Green asked.

"It had been abolished a few years before. English cruisers were sent out to capture the slave vessels, and to liberate the poor imprisoned slaves on the shores of Africa again. But many of them had been brought hundreds of miles away from the interior. They would simply have starved or devoured one another if they had been only landed on the coast and left there. So Sierra Leone was set apart to receive them, and in this way a grand opening appeared to be made for missionary effort."

"How grateful the poor people would be," remarked Mr. Treddel. "That would give the missionaries great influence with them."

"So we might suppose, and so no doubt in some degree it was. But you must remember these re-captured people were not an innocent, pure-

minded race, capable of being influenced very much by better feelings. They were indescribably degraded and impure."

"Here at least was a definite field of labour," remarked Mr. Treddel.

"Yes, and see how we trace the finger of God. Our fathers had another field, and for what they deemed wise reasons. No doubt there was wisdom in their reasons, but it was that Divine wisdom which leading them into failure that He might strengthen their faith."

"A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps," said the sententious Mrs. Hope.

"The history of Missions often shows that," Mr. Harper said, "especially of this particular Mission. Here were gathered together in one place men speaking a hundred different dialects; but men depraved to the lowest degree. The capital of the peninsula of Sierra Leone was Freetown, and it became the centre of evangelistic work."

"But it must have been a work of immense difficulty," suggested Mr. Ryne.

"Indeed it was. And the climate was so deadly that our missionaries died, and the place was known as the white man's grave. In the ten years, twenty-four arrived there, of whom fourteen died, and sixteen returned. In the next ten years, twenty-eight arrived, of whom eight died, and nine had to return. In the third decade, twenty-two arrived, of whom six died, and ten returned. In one year four missionaries, catechists, and three missionaries' wives died."

"I had no idea," said Mr. Green, "that the difficulties and dangers of the earlier missionaries had been so great."

"Things are so different now, Mr. Green. But it does us good to look back, and especially I like to linger over that long time of waiting and praying. But at last blessing came. It seemed to begin with the arrival in Sierra Leone of a Mr. Johnson. He had no great worldly distinction. He was but a poor working man. How wonderfully in harmony this was with the Divine rule! God chooses not many noble, not many wise, but many who choose the base things of the world. Evidently this man was chosen. Certainly he did God's work. He is the worker!"

"The good that is done upon earth, He doeth it Himself," interposed Mrs. Hope.

"Mr. Johnson's grand qualifications seemed to be simple loving and genuine devotion to God. The story of his conversion to God is edifying. His deep conviction of sin, his misery beneath the pricking of an aroused conscience, drove him to the Cross; and then his 'joy in the Lord,' and his single-hearted devotedness to Him were as marked as his previous wretchedness. These are the men who make the best labourers for God. I fear many conversions now are far too shallow. Sin is not dreaded. The hammer has not broken the rock; so there is a partial verdure, but the strong tree bearing much fruit does not follow. Young friends, look well to the state of your heart before God. I know few books which will do you more good, independently of the information you will get out of it, than the Memoir of the Rev. W. A. B. Johnson. Get it if you can and read it."

"Did he see fruit soon?" Mr. Green asked.

"Other men laboured, and he was privileged to enter into their labours. They dug, and toiled, and sowed, and slept the sleep of death. He entered in God's providence, fitted by God's grace for the work, and laboured still more abundantly, sowing and reaping. A day or two after he arrived he wrote: 'If ever I have seen wretchedness, I have seen it to-day. But shall I despair? No; with God nothing is impossible. Let me then and tell them of Jesus. His grace is sufficient for the vilest of sinners.' These few words show the spirit of the man."

"It strikes me," said Mr. Treddel, "that there is a lesson for us here. We are most of us workers for God in one way or another. We cannot all reach high intellectual attainments or lofty worldly positions, but we can, we may, we should, every one of us, reach to this singleness of heart towards Christ, which is the very mainspring of Christian life. The man who has not felt, aye, and does not continually feel the struggle of Rom. vii., will never attain to the joy of Rom. viii., or the consecration of Rom. xii."

"Yes, and what so strongly appeared in Johnson, appeared in his converts as well. These two elements pervade the work everywhere, the conviction of sin and holy joy in Christ. I read the book more than twenty-five years ago, and it made an impression on my mind, I say on my heart, which has not worn off yet. Think of these words of the Christian African—'The Lord Jesus is my breakfast and my supper, morning and my night. I can put no trust in anything beside, for I see I am sinful; in my heart nothing but sin; in the world nothing but sin. But the Lord Jesus, He took all sin, and died for it, and He only good enough to save—and that make Him my everything.'"

"Happy are they that can truly say those words," said Mrs. Treddel, as she trudged homeward from the meeting.

And young Green, after the friends had dispersed, asked that he might have them written, that he might learn them; and that night he knelt on his knees before God. Can you, reader?

Such utterances from dark Africa show the power of God, and tell us that work is not for naught. "In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not."

**"THINE IS THE KINGDOM, THE POWER, AND THE GLORY,
FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN."**

(By a Brahmin's Daughter.)

RALLY round the Master
Ye who bear His Name;
Follow, follow faster,
Magnify His fame.
Tell the people proudly
Whom ye love and serve;
Blow the trumpet loudly,
Falter not, nor swerve.

Where the battle rages
Flash your armour bright,
Where the dread foe wages
Fierce and deadly fight;
Hark, oh hark, He calleth,
Follow, follow on;
Nought, yea nought, appalleth,
Every fear is gone.

Noble your profession,
Soldiers of the Lord!
Join the grand procession,
Take your two-edged sword.
Onward! dangers braving,
Lift your standard high;
O'er the wide world waving
Let your banner fly.

What though faint and weary
From the noontide heat,
What though all look dreary
When the snowstorms beat;
Where the breeze is balmy,
Where the breeze is hot,
To the regions palmy
Hasten—linger not.

What though comrades dying
Make our numbers less,
Then the ranks supplying
Will not others press?
What though wounds are paining,
Courage—forward go!
New dominions gaining,
Vanquishing each foe.

Ye who have enlisted
Well may shout and sing,
Are ye not assisted
By your Captain King?
Satan's power shaketh;
See, it soon must fall!
Christ His kingdom taketh,
Ruling over all.

Know ye not how surely
Every conquered plain
Addeth more securely
To His vast domain?
Know ye not His glory
On your own depends?
How each triumph-story
Praise to Him extends?

By brook Besor staying,
Weakly ones and ill,
For the warriors praying,
Ye are serving still.
Let your zeal be burning
With a jealous care,
Then on their returning
Ye the spoils shall share.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH.

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

V.

Kioto (continued)—A Paper Prayer—Taiko-sama's House—A Shinto Temple—
Japanese Tombs—Mission Work in Kioto—Mr. Niishima.



we seem to have gone somewhat fully into detail in describing the worship we witnessed in Japan, it is because we would fain endeavour to convey an idea of the active vitality of idolatry in that country, and so stir up a spirit of prayer for Christ's messengers, whose office it is to contend earnestly for the faith, whilst seeking to turn men from darkness to light.

What a contrast to the Buddhist College, with its grand halls in English style, and rooms for 600 students, was afforded by a scene we beheld close to its gates! On each side of the entrance to a temple stood two gigantic figures, some ten feet high, once gaudily painted, but now covered over from top to toe with what looked at first sight like dry mud. A native stops, claps his hands to summon the deity, just as at home or in an hotel he would call a servant; then, having stood praying for a few seconds, he takes from his mouth a pellet of chewed paper, and aims it neatly at the idol's face—it sticks—and he goes on his way rejoicing, for there he has a pledge that his prayer is answered. We turn away sickened and sad. Who is sufficient to arouse in such a people a true perception of what prayer is?

Let us turn aside for a moment to visit a most interesting memorial of one whose memory Japan will not willingly let die. Here, close to the Honguanji, is the house and garden of a famous old warrior, Hideyoshi, or as he is more generally termed, Taiko-sama. Three hundred years since, this singular man rose from the obscurity of village life, becoming a groom, a soldier, a general, and finally premier, or kambaku. As a warrior he

was remarkable for skill in strategy and bravery in the field, whilst his talents as a statesman are evidenced by the fortresses he built, and the cities he founded, such as Osaka and Nagasaki, and also by his having kept the high-spirited nobility of that day in loyal subjection by his indomitable energy. He not only achieved the conquest of Corea, but purposed once, when visiting Kiyomidzu, that of China. It is a touching trait in his character that when about to start at the age of sixty with the expedition to the Corea, he abandoned his intention, in deference to the sorrowful entreaties of his aged mother, who feared the loss of her beloved son.

The house is neither large in size, nor costly in construction. The interior is preserved in the same state as when the great man occupied it. From the upper storey is obtained an interesting view of the city and surrounding hills. We were shown some ancient richly-gilt screens, having on them simple landscape views of Fusiyama by moonlight took their place. Our guide had a legend about each beam and post in the house—that came from Fushimi, that from some foreign land—here the Taiko used to sit on a slightly-raised dais—that was his bath-room—there his private parlour overlooking the quaint garden, with its winding stream, rustic bridges, closely-cropped shrubs, artificial rockwork, and grand old trees, through whose overshadowing branches streamed the brilliant sunshine, throwing over all a quivering network of light and shade.

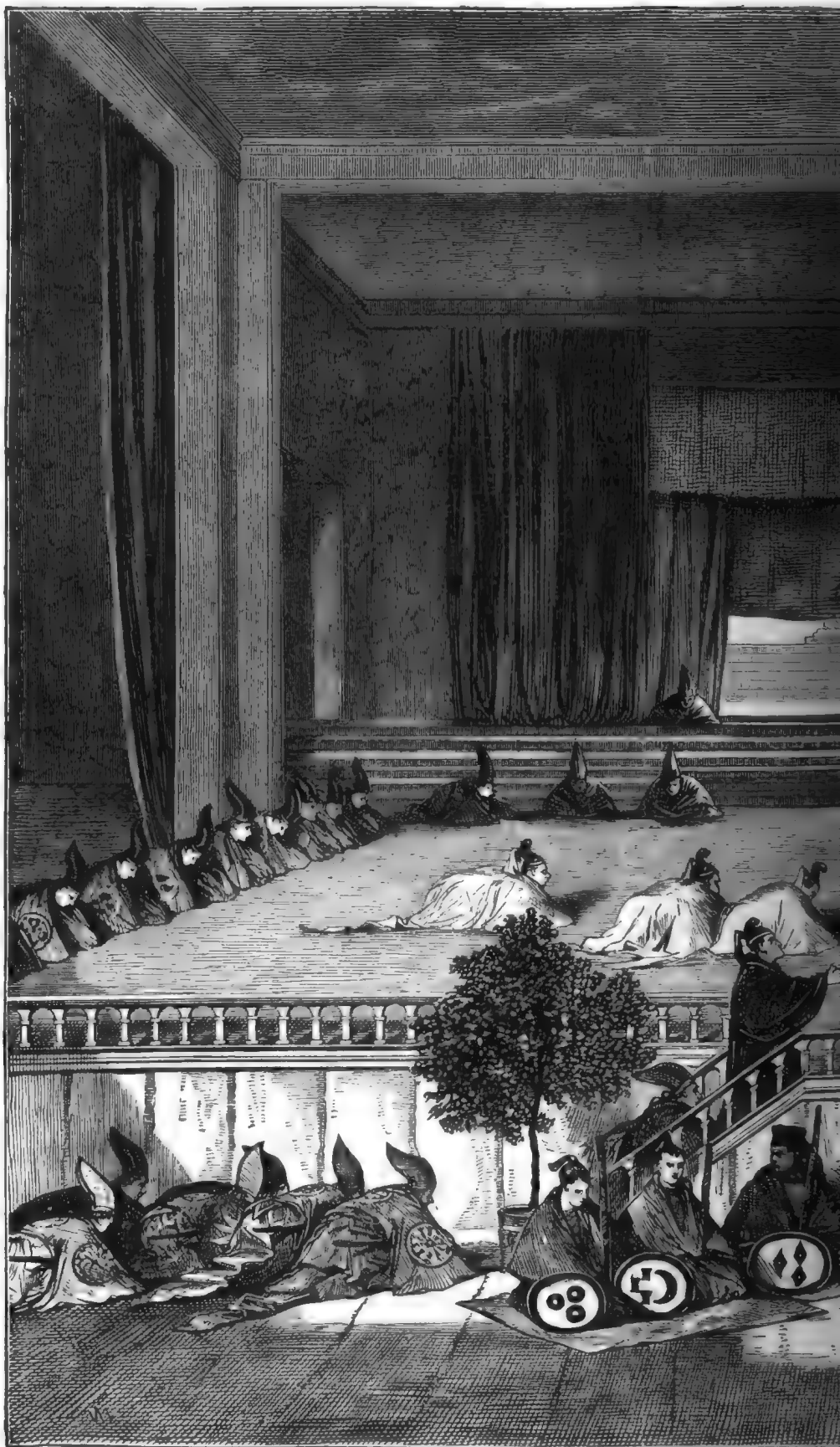
We exchange the quiet seclusion of this cloister-like spot with its memories of the past, for the turmoil and activity of the busy streets of the Kioto of to-day. We glance at beautiful embroideries for the fronts of domestic shrines displayed in many of the shops which we pass on our way to a Shinto temple, the Gihon Yashiro. We pass along an avenue of lamps on stone pedestals, from ten to sixteen or eighteen feet in height, peep into temple halls similar to those already visited, only noting that here there are no images or idols, but a simple circular mirror on the altars. The courts so thronged at the evening festival are now deserted, reminding one of the ordinary desolate appearance of the Confucian temples in China. The deep tone of a sweet-sounding bell from the neighbouring Chion Ina is heard, proclaiming the hour of prayer, and as we enter priests are hastening to one of the halls. They belong to the Yodo sect. Some accompany us courteously round the Imperial apartments recently occupied by the Mikado and Empress. With shoeless feet we try to walk noiselessly, but in vain; the boards are so laid in the verandah, or gallery surrounding the building, that they give a chirping or whistling sound. The screens separating the various apartments are magnificent specimens of painting and gilding, whilst the lacquered furniture and gorgeous vases throw into the shade any specimens we have hitherto seen. The altars here are richly adorned with ornaments of gold, Imperial gifts, shrines, candlesticks, lotus flowers, and pendant lanterns. Worshippers are kept afar by stout railings, and screens of gilt wire preserve the paintings and carved work from the defiling presence of the pigeons and other birds which wheel and fly through the open courts.

As we leave we pass through one of the finest gateways in Kioto. These arches or gateways resemble immense lich gates such as we see at the entrance of old churchyards, only they are about ten times the size in every direction, and the beams are beautifully adorned with carving.

A jinrikisha soon carries us to another temple belonging to the same sect, and having an extensive graveyard in the rear on the hill side, which is crowned by a pagoda. This is the Kuro-dani, or Black Valley. It is crowded with tombs. For the most part they are a stone on a pedestal about three feet square. I learn that the Japanese bury the dead in a sitting posture—another great difference from the Chinese, who

large coffins, and whose graves are similar to our own. I do not remember seeing either a coffin or a funeral in Japan, but the sight of the graveyard, with images of Buddha here and there among the tombs, reminds one that there is for deceased and survivors no hope, no consolation, no light amidst the darkness of death, such as streams upon the Christian from the Cross of Calvary.

And are there none in all this vast city who know the blessedness of the words, "I am the resurrection and the life"? Yes, a few. There are no missionaries permitted to reside here as such, for Kioto is not open to foreigners for residence, but some four or five missionaries of the American Board have a large Government School, and utilise their spare hours in evangelizing. There are five or six preaching-places in the city, but as it was the vacation, all the workers were away for their annual and much needed rest. Our hearts, however, were cheered by a visit to Mr. Niishima and his family. He visited America some years since, where he was baptized, and since his return has married an earnest young Christian. He received us most kindly, conversing in English on the prospects of Christianity with calm confidence, and a clear appreciation of the difficulties to be surmounted. His wife came in and saluted us with profound obeisance. Many memorials of his stay in America adorned their neat dwelling, specially a large Bible. How deeply touching was the privilege of kneeling together to implore the Divine guidance, protection, and blessing upon the seed of the Church there in that benighted city, amidst that vast aggregate of idolatrous shrines which we had been visiting! Here was the pledge that Kioto shall once more become a royal and sacred city in a better sense than of old, when its people shall become kings and priests unto our God through the indwelling of the Spirit of adoption: joint heirs with Christ the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.



STATE RECEPTION BY THE MIKADO OF JA



ED CAPITAL, KIOTO, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION OF 1868.

THE MIKADO OF JAPAN—BEFORE AND AFTER 1868.

IN the preceding article, the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson continues his account of Kioto, the old sacred capital of Japan. We therefore take the opportunity to present a picture representing a scene that might have been witnessed in Kioto little more than a dozen years ago.

The year 1868 was a great year in Japan. For a thousand years before, the Mikado or Emperor had resided at Kioto; and for the last seven hundred of those years he had been inaccessible and invisible to his subjects, and his chief minister, the Shogun (called by English writers the Tycoon), ruled in his name. In 1868 came a mighty revolution, which abolished the government of the Shogun and the Mikado, a young man of eighteen named Mutsuhito, who had ascended the throne the year before, issued forth from behind the screen of ages, and took his place as head of the state. (His portrait, and that of his empress, appeared in the GLEANER of July, 1878.) On April 26th, 1868, the British Minister, Sir Harry Parkes, saw him for the first time; on Nov. 26th, the young monarch made his state entry into his new capital, Tokio, which (under its old name of Yedo) had been the Shogun's city; on Jan. 5th, 1869, he gave his first state audience to the Foreign Ministers; and on the 23rd of that month, the first C.M.S. missionary to Japan, Mr. Enson, landed at Nagasaki.

Our picture shows the way in which the Mikado held his state receptions before the revolution in his old capital, Kioto. He sat behind the curtain, and only his feet were seen.

Two or three of our readers who have been in Japan have criticized the picture of the "Fire in Japan" in our March number, stating that the principal figures it are not Japanese but Chinese. We had intended, but inadvertently omitted, to append to that picture a note to the following effect—that it was engraved from an original sketch in 1872 for the *Graphic*, that it was seen at that time by the Japanese ambassador, Iwakura, and declared by him to be very good, but that some of the figures were Chinese; and that probably it represented a fire in Yokohama, the principal foreign port of Japan, where more than a thousand Chinese live.

CEYLON: A CONVERSION AND A DEATH.

(From the Rev. J. Alcock's Annual Report.)



E have to record the conversion of another leading character of Baddegama, commonly known as Sinhaley Appuhamy. He is about fifty years of age, and had for a long time been the diligent and mighty agent of the great adversary. When strong men fall on their knees, and by promises, professions of faith, and the reception of the heavenly sacrament, put on the Lord Jesus Christ, we do and ought to rejoice and be glad. His little boy, of about six years of age, knelt on his left side, and entered into the same covenant relationship with God. One present well observed that the event would make a good picture. He was not so much moved by the preaching of the Gospel as by the fruits of faith and the grace of God which he had observed in some Christians. He said that the charity, humility, spirituality, happiness, and zeal and activity of some Christians whom he knew intimately won his heart to the Gospel. He added, "Not one true Buddhist priest or a layman have I found, but I have found a few true Christians. Buddhists," says he, "are envious and jealous when their neighbour gets something to eat. I perceive that the really pure people and well-wishers of the world are the true Christians."

The catechist of Kitulampitiya lost his wife with almost the startling suddenness of the prophet Ezekiel. She was attacked with a disease, and was dead in less than fifteen minutes. She leaves behind a bereaved husband and six little motherless children, the eldest not more than ten years. She was surrounded by many heathen relatives, many of whom her death deeply impressed. She was quite ready, and appears to have had some premonition of the approaching preferment. The few minutes and the little strength she had to spare were spent in purely spiritual conversations. The poor carnal Buddhists had never seen a saint's death before. When a poor heathen dies, his last conversation is about his estate, his money, and this world. Some went so far as to wish, or pretend to wish, that their death might be like hers. To her husband she said, "I count myself a blessed woman in being called to the eternal home first." One of the last thoughts on her mind was one of her delicate little children, which shows in very strong colours the depth and strength of a mother's love. It appears that the little child, when it gets its mouth opened, has not the power to shut it again. "Be careful," she said, "never to use the rod when the child is in that condition."

Until the time that the body was put in the coffin the children thought that their mother was only sleeping. The father said, "It is not right to bury her till they are undeceived." He took them and said, "Children, this is not your mother, but the nest in which your mother once lived! Your mother has gone to heaven; you will never see her again on earth." To which one child replied, "Oh, yes, father; we shall see mother again at the resurrection day."

At the grave some heathen remarked, "The husband does not sorrow like the Buddhists. He does not beat his head against the earth, and make loud lamentations. Did he really love his wife?" The husband replied, "Friends, I have a hope which much chastens and diminishes my sorrow." That was the explanation. Even the strong-hearted Buddhist father seemed melted for the time. Once he told his son to take a knife and stab him, if he wished; "But don't preach the Gospel to me," said he.

A GIFT OF TEN THOUSAND BRICKS.

MANY of our readers will remember the two persecuted converts of Bonny who were kept in cruel confinement for a year and a day, and were then released on the intercession of the English traders; and who appeared in a picture in the GLEANER of July, 1877. After their release they were brought to Lagos, where they have earned a living ever since as brick-makers. The following touching letter was lately received by the C.M.S. Secretary at Lagos, the Rev. J. A. Maser:—

LAGOS, 20th December, 1879.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—We, the undersigned, are sensible of the large debt of gratitude we owe to the Church Missionary Society for the kind help given us in our distress, to secure a means of obtaining our livelihood here at Lagos, whither we have been forced to come as refugees.

The sincere desire of our hearts is to request of you kindly to accept these 10,000 bricks as a thank-offering towards the Society's new building at Faji, Lagos, as a token of our most cordial appreciation of the Society's service to facilitate our condition at this our place of refuge.—Your most grateful Servants,

THEIR
JONATHAN X APIAFA,
ISAIAH X BARA.
MARKS

{ Note by Mr. Maser—
10,000 bricks at 27s. 6d. = £13 15s. 0d. }

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

V.—THE LABOURER'S HIRE.

"What shall we have?"—Matt. xix. 27—xx. 16.



PETER and the others had now been long with Jesus: what had they got by it? No kingdom yet—no honours for them—only a life of wandering and a "bag" for their little money. And now Jesus calls a rich lord to give up all his wealth, and come and join them; and the rich lord sorrowfully says, No (chap. xix. 16–26). What does Peter think of him? Not surprised. We (he thinks) gave up all for Jesus, and what have we gained? Then thinks, Surely we shall gain yet—what shall it be? Asks Jesus (ver. 27).

How does Jesus reply? Wonderful promise (ver. 28, 29)—"twelve thrones," "an hundred fold," "everlasting life." Yes, but Jesus tells him something else—Parable—read it (xx. 1–16). What does it mean? Look at—

(1) *Hiring time.* Vine-grower wanting extra men—good vintage—get it in quickly—wages agreed—off go the men. Comes back again and again—more men wanted—even at 5 P.M. will take them on—but no bargain with these—glad to be hired on any terms.

(2) *Working time.* Toiling away—long hours—fierce sun and parching wind ("heat" in ver. 12 is the dry east wind)—but work on—be done by-and-by—then the pay. But the men just come as sun sinking—can't think that—don't know what pay will get—know they deserve very little—never mind—do all they can—master generous.

(3) *Paying time.* How pay "these last"? Master rich and kind—knows they were willing to work, only not hired before—will make them a present—whole day's wages—fancy their gratitude! Then the others—full pay—nothing short—master a just man; why then black looks and bitter words? Not because they have not enough—quite content with that—but because others have too much! What is that to them?—if he chose to give them even a larger present, why should he not?

What did this Parable tell Peter? That he must not think of what he should get—if so, would become selfish, envious, discontented—rather work for love of Master—think less of himself—then much happier—then glad that all should share His bounty.

What does the Parable say to us?

1. *Christ calls us to work for Him.* Harvest plenteous, labourers few. If you put off serving Him till "eleventh hour"—thinking will get heaven then—only care for the pay—which labourers will that be like! Can you say, "No man hath hired us"—when He is calling now? If the eleventh-hour labourers had refused work all day, would they have been taken on at the last? But if do all we can, as soon as we can—

2. *Christ will give us a rich reward.* Not because we deserve it (Luke xvii. 10; 1 Cor. xv. 10.) Not wages, but a gift (see Rom. vi. 23). How much? (Eph. iii. 20)—"exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think!"

OUR PORTFOLIO.

IN the early days of the Church Missionary Society, two difficulties confronted it. First, there were no openings. Secondly, there were no missionaries. China was hermetically sealed against the messengers of the Gospel; India was shut against them by the regulations of the East India Company; New Zealand by cannibalism; North West America by ignorance (for nobody then knew anything about it); West Africa by pestilence."—From a recent Speech by Canon Hoare.

In those same countries alone, the Society now has nearly 140,000 Christians. And it has sent out, from first to last, some 900 missionaries.

THE Indian people themselves have come to regard the Gospel which we bear among them as the greatest of all boons that England can confer upon India, and that, whether it be for weal or for woe, whether it be for war or for peace, as things appear to the temporal eye, that there is nothing in all our arts, in all our civilisation, in all our legislation, in all our military domination, in all the protection we afford to life, and property, and opinion, there is nothing that compares with that which is the great secret of all our success—the truth of the Gospel as it is in Christ.—Sir Bartle Frere, Speech in 1871.

A TSIMSHEAN Indian once asked Mr. Duncan what the white men meant when they spoke of "the year 1868." "How appalling to my mind," wrote Mr. Duncan, "when I tried to make him understand the origin of this date! I never felt the fact to be anything like so awful before. To me it seems that this must form one of the greatest stumbling-blocks to all the present generation of intelligent heathen. What can Christians in past ages have been thinking about? and what is the present generation doing?"

GOOD NEWS FROM A RURAL DISTRICT.

To the Editor of the GLEANER.

DEAR SIR,—The past year, in spite of the failure of crops in our agricultural districts, has given so much cause for encouragement, and for thankfulness to our gracious God, that I think a few plain facts from my District may be of interest to your readers.

First.—The subjoined figures show not only a steady progress in pecuniary support, but also a great increase of missionary zeal throughout the District (containing 24 parishes).

In 1877, 7 parishes supported C.M.S., sending up £78.

„ 1878, 9 „ „ „ 109.

„ 1879, 17 „ „ „ 152.

Second.—One parish in the district has advanced from £45 in 1877 to £60 in 1878 and to £91 in 1879, and the advance in this country village is mainly owing to the fact that their 56 missionary boxes produced £47, made up of about 3,000 coins.

Third.—The contents of two of these boxes were as follows:—

(a.)—The largest, in a shop:—

Gold	10 coins	£6 0 0
Silver	118 „	4 16 2
Copper	281 „	1 0 8
	409 „	Total £11 16 10

(b) A small box in a labourer's cottage, where they have ten children at home, collected in eight months:—

	s.	d.
80 farthings	1	8
12 halfpennies	0	6
1 penny	0	1
93	Total.....	2 3

Fourth.—The same village sends up this year two thank-offerings of £5 each, one from a farmer, the other from a tradesman.

When I consider the badness of the times through which we have passed, I cannot but thank God for these encouraging results, and especially that the poverty of our agricultural population has “abounded unto the riches of their liberality.”

March 31st, 1880.

E. D. S.
(Hon. District Secretary.)

LETTERS FROM THE REV. W. T. SATTHIANADHAN.

[The following letters to the Editor need no introduction. Our many friends who remember with so much pleasure Mr. and Mrs. Saththianadhan's visit to England two years ago will read them with affectionate interest.]

CHINTADREPETTAH, MADRAS, Sept. 15th, 1879.

DEAR SIR,—OUR Sundays ago I baptized in my church at Chintadrepettah a young Brahmin from Madura. He was for a time educated in the American Mission School at Madura, and the seed there sown in his heart has now ripened in his conversion. He is highly connected. His father is a village Moonsiff and well-to-do. He has a young wife of fourteen, but she has refused to join him. He was employed at Tuticorin, in a mercantile house. He wrote to me from there that he was very willing and anxious to come up to Madras and receive baptism from me. As he was a perfect stranger to me, and as I knew nothing about his antecedents or circumstances, I did not reply to his letter, but one evening, all on a sudden, a young man called, and on inquiry I found that he was the very person who had written to me. Of course I received him on probation. Three or four days after, his father and father-in-law arrived from Madura, and endeavoured to persuade him to go back with them to Madura. He was, however, very firm. But as I had reason to think that they would give him much trouble, I asked Mr. Arden to take him under his protection. This he readily and promptly did, and received him in the Mission House. But I may say that for about a fortnight the Mission House was in a state of siege. Many of his relatives and friends, both male and female, constantly visited him, and tried by threats and persuasions to draw him away. Immediately after his baptism, the same Sunday morning, a scene took place at the Mission House which I can never forget. His stepmother and aunt embraced him, and wept in such a manner that it was really heartrending. His father, who heaped curses and abuses upon him and all his Christian friends, finding that he was unyielding, flew at

him like a tiger and tried to smother him. His coat was torn to pieces. It was, indeed, a trying scene. But the Lord graciously helped him, and he stood firm to the very last. Subsequently, several efforts were made to decoy him, but all in vain. He is still at the Mission House, and will probably attend the Madras Christian College for a time to further his education. Mr. Arden is very kind to him. He gave a stirring address on the occasion of his baptism.

We are expecting another young convert from our school at Strivilliputtur. He is a Vellala by caste. He, too, wrote to me expressing a mind to receive baptism in Madras. Mr. Arden has very kindly asked him to come up. Mr. Vēdanāyagam, of Vagikulam, speaks very highly of him, as regards his sincerity and earnestness. So you see the Lord is pleased to encourage us with the tokens of His favour and blessing.

Nov. 30th, 1879.

The other day, having heard of the death of his father, Somasundram, the young Brahmin from Madura, went thither to settle his affairs. He has sent me two letters since, relating all the trials which he encountered from his relatives, and his purpose to stay at home and manage his affairs as a Christian. I hope he will have grace to remain steadfast unto the end, and that he will be the means of bringing his young wife and other relatives to the foot of the cross.

The young Vellala was baptized last month by the name of Devanayagam. He has a widowed mother and a stepbrother, and other relatives at Strivilliputtur, but none of them came up to Madras, nor gave him trouble like Somasundram's friends. He has a fair knowledge of Scripture, and seems earnest and sincere. I trust the Lord will uphold him to the end.

I am thankful to be able to report progress, on the whole, in the two congregations composing this pastorate. The number of baptized members, including children, is nearly 400, of whom 177 are communicants.

As a proof of the reproductive and aggressive character of the work, I may mention a case which is full of interest. There is an assistant surgeon in charge of the Civil Hospital at Pullachy, in the Coimbatore district. His name is Dr. Munisawmi. He was a member of my congregation at Madras, and still keeps up his membership by continuing his subscription to our Church Fund. At his earnest and repeated request I visited Pullachy in September last, and was truly gratified with what I saw and heard there. Though connected with Government, yet Dr. Munisawmi exercises a great influence for good. To his numerous patients, from all castes and classes, both at the hospital and in private families, he speaks about Christ earnestly and impressively. I accompanied him to several villages, and, wherever we went, the people flocked to him in such numbers, with presents of fruits, &c., and spoke to him in such terms of endearment and esteem, that I could not but conclude that his influence over the people was very great and beneficial. The people were ready to listen to his message, and do anything for him.

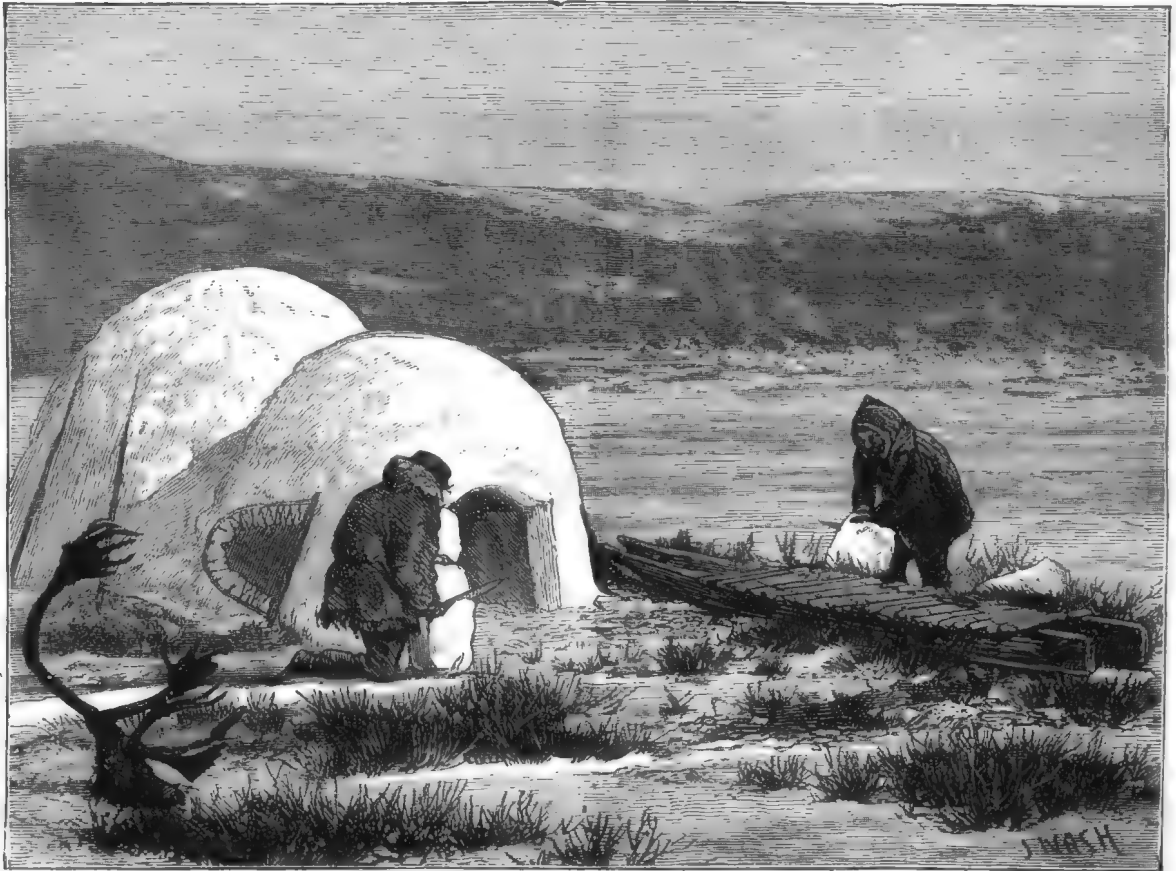
In his own family he is still more influential and exemplary. He has six children, and several nephews and nieces. He conducts family worship very regularly, both morning and evening. All the members of his family, about twenty in number, meet together round the family altar, and he reads and expounds the Word of God in a familiar and effective manner. His children sing Christian songs, or Tamil lyrics, very nicely, and answer questions in Scripture readily and accurately. I was quite struck with the way in which he conducted family prayers. In fact, I may say of him, as has been said of many primitive Christians, that there is a “Church in his house.”

He also prepared three heathen lads belonging to higher castes for baptism. I examined them, and was very much struck with the knowledge of Christianity which they possessed, and with the careful manner with which they were prepared for the sacred rite. These three youths, and his own child, a nice little boy of about fifteen months old, were baptized by me on a Sunday. The large hall, which was used for service, was quite full. Besides the few Christian residents of the place, there was a large number of respectable officials and inhabitants present, viz., the Tasildar, or Native magistrate, the overseer of the district, and other leading members of the Native community.

March 11th, 1880.

The Bishop of Madras is going to hold a confirmation in my church to-morrow. The number of candidates is thirty. I trust the service will be profitable to us all. Mrs. Saththianadhan's brother, Mr. Samuel John, is to be ordained in the cathedral next Sunday. May the Lord fill him with all the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit!

Our congregation has grown so much that we have felt the need of enlarging the church. We begin the work next week. During my stay in England, in 1878, a sum of £390 was contributed by various English friends to be devoted to the benefit of my work in Madras. Of this, £130 has already been expended on new lights, harmonium, bell, &c., and erecting a belfry. The balance can be used for the enlargement, but £180 will be wanted besides. The members of my church, though for the most part poor, give about Rs. 1,000 (about £90) a year for the support of their church and ordinances; but I may calculate on realising



ESQUIMAUX HUTS ON LITTLE WHALE RIVER.

about £20 from them. For the rest I venture to appeal to the Christian public.

I do hope there will be no deficiency in the Society's funds this year. If our Christian friends could but see and realise the vast mass of heathenism as we do in India, and souls hurried into eternity without a ray of hope from the Sun of Righteousness, I am sure there would not be one who would not give a ready and liberal response to the appeals of your Committee. Oh for more self-denial and self-consecration in the Church of Christ!

W. T. SATTHEIANADHAN.

THE FIRST CHURCH FOR THE ESQUIMAUX.

Letter from the Rev. E. J. Peck to the Rev. H. Wright.

[The GLEANER of December last contained some letters from Mr. Peck, the last of which, dated August 19th, 1879, mentioned the arrival at Little Whale River of the Iron Church sent out from England expressly for the Esquimaux of Little Whale River, after being two years *en route*. And now we rejoice to hear of its being put together, and opened for the service of God. Let not Mr. Peck's special request for prayer in this month of May fail to be noticed.]

LITTLE WHALE RIVER, HUDSON'S BAY, Dec. 20th, 1879.



YOU will be delighted to hear that God has enabled me to erect the Iron Church. It is a nice neat little building, measuring (exclusive of chancel) forty feet long by twenty wide. I was about eight weeks erecting it, the Esquimaux being employed by the Hudson's Bay Company. I was only able to have their help for eight days, so that the lion's share of the task came to my lot. I had also plenty of puzzling work, as the ground plan could not be found, but with experiments, perseverance, and hard work, I managed finally to get everything in its place.

The building was opened on Sunday, October 26th. I preached in Esquimaux, Indian, and English to my small flock. I spent a most happy day; and I think our poor Esquimaux, Indians, and others were

very thankful for the gift which has been sent them. For my own part I feel deeply thankful to God, and God's people, who have given me a help in my work. You know how necessary it is to have a proper wherein to worship God; I shall now be able to speak to my people some comfort, whereas formerly I was forced to pack them in my house, or go into the open air, or have them in the Hudson's Company's quarters. I have no doubt the Esquimaux who arrive in spring will be glad to assemble within the building; they will see themselves the gift which has been sent them, so that I hope their hearts may be inclined to receive *Him* who is willing and waiting to give them still greater gift—even life eternal. As the church will be visible to all, it will be a silent witness for God. The Esquimaux will also understand our desires for their welfare far better than if mere words were used.

I am happy to say that God is still helping and blessing me in my work. The Esquimaux continue desirous to learn, and some of them show signs of spiritual life, for which blessings I am indeed thankful. I have a strong persuasion that God has a great blessing in store for the Indians and Esquimaux. I have been led to plead much for them of late, and I believe the Holy Spirit has incited me to more earnestness in prayer, it is (according to my mind) that He may use and fit the weak instrument for a more abundant blessing to others. God, as you know, generally works upon our souls when He intends to use us. Oh! may He often work within us, inciting us to more earnestness and devotion in His blessed work!

May I ask you to make the month of May a particular time of prayer for the Esquimaux? It is then that the greatest number are near me; I am in the midst of the fearful battle against Satan, sin, and indifference, and I need particular grace. You know there are special seasons when we need our hands upheld by special prayer and sympathy.

The news of the Iron Church being erected, will no doubt be a matter of much joy to Miss Agnes, yourself, and other friends who thought of the poor isolated Esquimaux, and who sent them such a token of love and sympathy. Gratefully yours in that blessed hope,

E. J. PECK.

A STORY OF THREE YOUNG WIDOWS.



OW wonderfully God often makes use of small instruments and overrules trifling incidents for the working out of His gracious purposes! Many instances of this will occur to all who watch the course of events; but how many more will remain unknown till the last day shall reveal to our sorrowful regret or our thankful surprise the untraced influence of a single word, the unexpected consequences of a trifling act. In the following little history we may trace the overruling hand of the Master in leading, through apparently trifling causes, to the appointment of a lowly worker in a field which He has blessed.

During the rainy season of 1871, the road to one of our out-stations in Bengal became absolutely impassable; and the time which had been devoted to a weekly visit to zenanas in that neighbourhood was set free to give to visits to a village in another direction, where a few women, who had lately become Christians, greatly needed a little encouragement and instruction. A small day-school was soon started, where the two or three little daughters of the Christians might be taught, together with the many neglected heathen children of the neighbourhood. A Christian woman was appointed as teacher, and she was also employed after school hours in visiting the heathen women of the place in the capacity of Bible woman. S—, one of the earliest heathen pupils of the school, from the first paid great attention to the Scripture lessons, and her earnestness has more than once called forth a silent prayer that the seed sown might hereafter bear fruit, as we have now cause to thank God that it has done.

She was, however, no longer a pupil of the school, when, about a year ago, the illness of the teacher compelled the temporary appointment of another, who, having herself been a convert from heathenism, spoke with power to the poor women of the village whom she visited, and it was not long before she told with joy of the strong wish expressed by S— and two of her friends to be baptized. Interviews with them convinced me of their sincerity, which was put to the test when, after my refusal to take them away secretly to the Mission compound three miles distant, they, with repeated prayer for strength, consented to declare their convictions in their own homes. Their wish for baptism was met with strong opposition by their friends, and, finding that they could not act according to the dictates of their conscience, they determined to take refuge with us, knowing that, under these circumstances, they would be received with a warm welcome, although we had felt it right to decline to take them ourselves from their homes when they were secret disciples.

With the help of a Christian youth of their neighbourhood

they obtained a hired conveyance, and arriving after dark one evening, were received with sisterly love by many Native converts, especially by their former instructress, now resident at the Mission, and by a lady of high birth, who had not long before been cast off by husband and friends for embracing the truths of the Gospel. It was really a pleasure to see the loving welcome she gave to these poor sisters of originally much lower position.

The relatives were very angry at their flight, more especially with the Christians of the neighbourhood for the assistance they had given, and they determined at once to marry the little daughter of one of the women to a Hindoo youth. The poor mother on hearing this was dreadfully distressed; the wedding, we were told, was to take place that very night. No time was to be lost. We immediately had letters written to the police and to the intended bridegroom signed by the mother, in which

she, as the lawful guardian of the little girl, protested against the marriage, and declared her wish that the child (not quite seven years of age) should be brought up as a Christian. We were thus, with God's blessing, enabled to prevent the marriage, and, shortly after, had the pleasure of restoring the poor child to her mother in the midst of an exciting scene of opposition from the villagers, headed by the uncle and grandmother, who only allowed us to leave with the little girl on the promise on the part of the mother to give up a document which was in her possession—a promise we readily concurred in on finding that there would be nothing prejudicial to her interests in giving it up.

The three young women are all widows. They, with the little girl and one or two other children, were all baptized in their own village, in a little church which has sprung up on the very site of the school before mentioned. Their relatives made no opposition, though some of them came to look on during the ceremony. They have been entered as pupils of the Calcutta Normal

School, in connection with the Indian Female Normal School and Instruction Society, where they will, I trust, be prepared as teachers. I would ask the readers of the *GLEANER* to pray for these poor women, that they may remain firm in the faith which they have embraced; and that being endowed with the graces of the Holy Spirit, and with wisdom from on high, they may be the honoured instruments of bringing others to the loving Saviour.

In the accompanying group, taken from a photograph, S— is the one standing in the centre; the one seated at the right hand is the mother of the little girl before mentioned. This child is now placed in the boarding-school at Augurparah, being supported there by a kind friend in England; this lady and her husband, lately a judge in India, having always been warm friends of Christian Missions during their long residence in that country.

H. J. N.



THE THREE YOUNG WIDOWS.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

Last Qr. 1d, 1h, 53m, p.m.
New Moon ... 9d, 5h, 10m, a.m.
First Qr. 17d, 10h, 24m, a.m.

MAY.

Full Moon 24d, 5h, 59m, a.m.
Last Qr. 30d, 10h, 53m, p.m.

- 1 S St. Philip & St. James. I have given unto them the words which [Thou gavest Me. John 17. 8.]
- 2 S 5th aft. Easter. Rog. Sun. Ask, and it shall be given you. Mat. 7. 7. M. Deut. 8. Luke 22. 1-31. E. Deut. 9 or 10. Col. 3. 18, to 4. 7. [gation. Ps. 35. 18.]
- 3 M C.M.S. Ann. Serm. I will give Thee thanks in the great congre-
- 4 T C.M.S. Ann. Meetings. Not unto us, but unto Thy Name give
- 5 W We will give ourselves to prayer. Acts 6. 4. [glory. Ps. 115. 1.]
- 6 T Ascension Day. All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. M. Dan. 7. 9-15. Luke 24. 44. E. 2 Kings 2. 1-16. Heb. 4. [Matt. 28. 18.]
- 7 F Given Him a name which is above every name. Phil. 2. 9.
- 8 S Frere Town Estate bought, 1875. I shall give Thee the heathen [for Thine inheritance. Ps. 2. 8.]
- 9 S Sun. aft. Ascension. He shall give you another Comforter. John 14. 16. M. Deut. 30. John 1. 1-29. E. Deut. 34, or Jos. 1. 2 Thess. 1.
- 10 M Indian Mutiny began, 1857. Great deliverance giveth He. Ps. 18. 50.
- 11 T Bp. Gobat died, 1879. He giveth His beloved sleep. Ps. 127. 2.
- 12 W Give ye them to eat. Matt. 14. 18.
- 13 T Such as I have give I thee. Acts 3. 6. [you the city. Josh. 6. 16.]
- 14 F Russell and Cobbold reached Ningpo, 1848. The Lord hath given
- 15 S 1st Santal convert bapt., 1861. God that giveth the increase. 1 Cor. 3. 7. [Ghost which is given unto us. Rom. 5. 5.]
- 16 S Whit Sunday. Ember Wk. Gen. Alexander d., 1879. The Holy M. Deut. 18. 1-18. Rom. 8. 1-18. E. Is. 11, or Ezek. 38. 35. Gal. 6. 16, or Ac. 18. 24 to 19. 31.
- 17 M How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit.
- 18 T A new heart also will I give you. Ezek. 36. 26. [Lu. 11. 13.]
- 19 W My son, give Me thine heart. Prov. 23. 26.
- 20 T Give us day by day our daily bread. Lu. 11. 3. [Lord. Ru. 2. 12.]
- 21 F Hinderer visited Ibadan, 1851. A full reward be given thee of the
- 22 S 1st Maori ord., 1853. He giveth more grace. Jas. 4. 6. [which art, and wast, and art to come. Rev. 11. 17.]
- 23 S Trinity Sunday. We give Thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, M. Is. 6. 1-11. Rev. 1. 1-9. E. Gen. 18, or 1. 1 to 2. 4. Eph. 4. 1-17, or Matt. 8.
- 24 M Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee. Ps. 60. 4.
- 25 T He giveth power to the faint. Is. 40. 29.
- 26 W He that giveth, let him do it with simplicity. Rom. 12. 8.
- 27 T Giving no offence in anything. 2 Cor. 6. 3.
- 28 F Metlakahla founded, 1862. In this place will I give peace. Hag. 2. 9.
- 29 S Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. John 14. 27.
- 30 S 1st aft. Trin. Freely ye have received, freely give. Matt. 10. 8. M. Josh. 5. 7 to 4. 15. John 11. 47, to 12. 20. E. Josh. 5. 23 to 6. 21, or 24. Heb. 6.
- 31 M It is more blessed to give than to receive. Acts 20. 35.

NOTES.

"GIVE" is a word peculiarly appropriate to a month in which, this year, fall Ascension Day and Whit Sunday. To "receive gifts for men" was one purpose of the Ascension; and the great gift that followed was given on the Day of Pentecost (see texts for 9th, 16th, and 17th). But, first, the Ascended Lord had gifts for Himself, as we learn from the three great missionary texts appointed for May 6th, 7th, and 8th.

On May 23rd, too, comes Trinity Sunday. We might well think on that day also of the gifts of our Triune God; and our text suggests what we on our part can give in return, thanks-giving.

The month of May also brings our great missionary anniversaries. Thanks-giving is again suggested by our text for the day of the C.M.S. Sermon, "thanks in the great congregation"—a great one indeed! And similar is the thought for the day of the Meeting, when the year's work is reported. Reported to the praise of whom? "Not unto us . . . but unto Thy Name give glory." On the day of the Meeting, being the Tuesday before Ascension Day, falls this year the Day of Intercession, texts suitable for which are allotted to the preceding Sunday ("Rogation," or asking Sunday) and the succeeding Wednesday: "Ask, and it shall be given you"—"We give ourselves unto prayer."

The missionary events of May, too, suggest God's gifts. The first messengers of the Gospel enter a great Chinese city (14th)—"The Lord hath given you the city." Three years after, a populous African town is first visited by a devoted missionary (21st)—"a full reward be given thee of the Lord"—as it was! Two years more, and the first Maori clergyman is ordained (22nd)—"He giveth more grace." Nine years pass away, and the far-famed Christian village of the distant West is founded (28th)—"In this place will I give peace"—a promise most truly fulfilled! Again two years, and a despised race in India yields its first convert (15th)—"God giveth the increase." Come to last year, and a venerable missionary Bishop goes to his rest (11th)—"So He giveth His beloved sleep."

Not yet are His gifts all enumerated. Let us not forget His "words" (1st), His "deliverance" (10th), the "new heart" (18th), "daily bread" (20th), "a banner" (24th), "power to the faint" (25th); and of all He truly says, "Not as the world giveth, give I unto you!"

And then we must give. See 12th, 13th, 19th, 26th, 27th, 30th, 31st.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Annual C.M.S. Sermon will (D.V.) be preached at St. Bride's, Monday evening, May 3rd, by the Bishop of Rochester. The Ann Meetings will be held in Exeter Hall on Tuesday, the 4th. The Earl of Chester will preside in the morning, and Mr. Stevenson A. Blackw in the evening; and it is hoped that among the speakers will be of the Bishops (at least), the Bishop-designate of Liverpool (Mr. Ry Archdeacon Kirkby, and the Revs. A. E. Moule (Hang-chow), J. R. (Fuh-chow), C. T. Wilson (Nyanza), C. F. Warren (Japan), &c.

The Day of Intercession for Foreign Missions, fixed by the Archbishop and Bishops for the Tuesday before Ascension Day, falls this year on day of the C.M.S. anniversary. As it may be kept any time within "se days after," the Society proposes to observe the following Tuesday, May 11th. Papers for distribution can be had at the C.M. House.

The Centenary of Christianity in Tinnevely was celebrated at Palcott on Jan. 20th. The Bishop of Madras, Bishops Caldwell and Sarg and about eighty Native clergy (C.M.S. and S.P.G.), were present. hope to give a further account next month.

We regret to hear of the death of the Rev. Joseph Cornelius, one of ablest of the C.M.S. Native Tamil clergy in South India. He was mentioned in Mr. Meadows's articles in last year's GLEANER as a catechist Tinnevely in 1854. He was ordained, with Mr. Sattianadhan, in 1854. Latterly he had been engaged at Madras, superintending the Soci vernacular schools there. He was the translator of the S.P.C.K. C mentary on the Gospels into Tamil.

On Feb. 1st, the Bishop of Saskatchewan ordained Mr. John Sinclair the Society's catechist (of mixed descent, we think) at the Stanley station on English River, to which station he is now re-appointed. Ten years ago he was a student under the Bishop (then Archbishop McLean) at St. John's College, Manitoba.

On December 18th-21st, the Bishops of Calcutta and Bombay visited the C.M.S. Mission at Nasik, with the Christian village of Sharang where Livingstone's "Nasik boys" were trained. Bishop Mylne confirmed 44 candidates, and 120 Native Christians afterwards joined at Lord's Supper.

Archdeacon Henry Johnson has sent an interesting report of his work at Breadfruit Church, Lagos, from Jan., 1877, when he took it over from the Rev. James Johnson, to Oct., 1879, when he left it to remove to new sphere on the Niger. The congregation consists of about 800 Native Christians, of whom one-half are communicants. On Easter Day year 343 persons communicated. During the three years no less than £3,412 was contributed for various Church objects, the greater part for the congregation itself. There is a large band of lay helpers; and nearly 500 children are in the schools.

The C.M.S. Mission at Hang-chow is now fifteen years old. For first ten years the number of converts baptized averaged three a year; the last five years they have averaged thirty-four a year.

The Frances Ridley Havergal Church Missionary Memorial Fund (GLEANER of Sept. last) now amounts to above £2,000, a sum contributed in eight months by no less than twelve thousand contributors. "Many of the letters," write the Rev. C. Bullock and Mr. C. Douglas Fox, Hon. Sec. and Treasurer of the Fund, "indicate that even smallest offerings have cost the givers something, and are literally expressions of heart gratitude to the sweet singer who stimulated so much to the consecrated life." The fund is still open.

The Rev. C. C. McArthur, formerly C.M.S. missionary in Ceylon, for the last thirteen years the Society's Association Secretary in Norfolk has been presented by Mrs. Burroughes, of Burlingham Hall, to a valuable living of Burlingham St. Andrew with Burlingham St. Peter the county of Norfolk. This is the third benefice to which Mr. McArthur has been presented by friends of the Society. On his return from Ceylon he was appointed to Trimmingham by Mr. T. Fowell Buxton, and afterwards to Fishley by Miss Edwards of Hardingham. These are examples of the exercise of patronage which might be followed with advantage elsewhere. No men deserve to be remembered in this way more than returned missionaries. We are glad to hear that Mr. McArthur's sphere of labour will still permit him to give his valuable services to the Church Missionary cause in Norfolk.

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

THANKSGIVING for the completion of the Deficiency Fund, and for generous gifts from rich and poor, by which it was made up (p. 49).

Thanksgiving for the converts mentioned by Mr. Alcock and Mr. Sattianadhan (pp. 56, 57).

Prayer for Mr. Peck and the Esquimaux during this month of May specially requested (p. 58).

Prayer for a blessing on the approaching Anniversary.

* * * "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters." The sender of this text requested to look at page 49. It was received too late for notice last month. Communications received after the 10th of the month always have to wait.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JUNE, 1880.

THE EIGHTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY.



SCARCELY, if ever, has the Church Missionary Society held so bright and animating a gathering of its friends as this Eighty-first Anniversary. Rarely has so overflowing an assembly come together; rarely have the proceedings been followed with such unflagging interest; rarely has such unmistakable heartiness in the great cause been manifested; rarely have such signal mercies from the Fountain of all good had to be reported. Six years ago, at the meeting of 1874—the first meeting described in these pages, in the year which saw the beginning of the present epoch of enlarged resources and expanding work—the Bishop of Ripon began his speech with the words, “A joyful and a pleasant thing it is to be thankful;” and these words might well have been the motto of this year’s gathering. Not less appropriate, however, were those of the Psalm (126th) read at the meeting—“The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.”

Three especial causes of thankfulness may be here mentioned. First, the satisfactory financial position. Not only has last year’s deficit of £24,758 been paid off (as we stated last month), but the Deficiency Fund raised for that purpose actually amounted to £27,015, leaving £2,257 to the good; while the Ordinary Income of the year was no less than £194,708, or £14,000 more than 1878-9, and larger than any other year, except 1873-4, which was exceptional in many ways. There have been no large special funds this year (except for the Deficiency), and yet the total sum paid to the Society in cash, £221,729, is the largest ever known, except once, in 1877-8, when many thousands for famine relief in India and China helped to swell the figures. But has it sufficed for the Society’s needs? Almost. The ordinary income has just covered the ordinary expenditure; and although certain payments on accounts hitherto regarded as special have had to be added, these, after allowing for the surplus on the Deficiency Fund, have only caused a small nett balance against the Society of £3,342.

Then, secondly, the cloud which has so long hung over the Ceylon Mission seems at last to have lifted. The result of the kindly interposition of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, has been that the Bishop of Colombo, after some further negotiations with the C.M.S. Committee, has recognised the Society’s right to carry on its work in the island on the lines indicated by the five Prelates (which are in all essential points the lines it has always worked on), and has agreed to license and ordain its missionaries without the tests which, misunderstanding the Society’s action, he had previously required. The Committee have cordially acknowledged the courtesy of the Bishop in these negotiations; and as much will now depend on the spirit in which the arrangements agreed upon are carried out, they ask for prayer that to all concerned “there may be vouchsafed an abundant measure of power, and of love, and of a sound mind.”

Thirdly, it has been a great matter for thankfulness to see Mr. Wilson, Mr. Felkin, and the Waganda chiefs safe in England after their ten months’ journey from Mtesa’s capital. The presence of the chiefs at the meeting, heathen though they be, was a token that God had prospered our way in the effort to carry the Gospel to a land never heard of until seventeen years ago, and a pledge that, in His own good time, that effort shall assuredly be crowned with success. Of these interesting visitors we say more in another column.

A fourth reason for thankfulness might well be added—only

that there is nothing exceptional in it—namely, the blessing that has been abundantly vouchsafed to almost every Mission. Bright news is communicated in the Annual Report from all parts of the field—from Africa, West and East—from India, North, West, and South—from Ceylon—from China, East, South-east, and South—from Japan—from Hudson’s Bay in the Far North of America and Metlakatla in the Far West. But this news the GLEANER gives month by month, and it need not be repeated here.

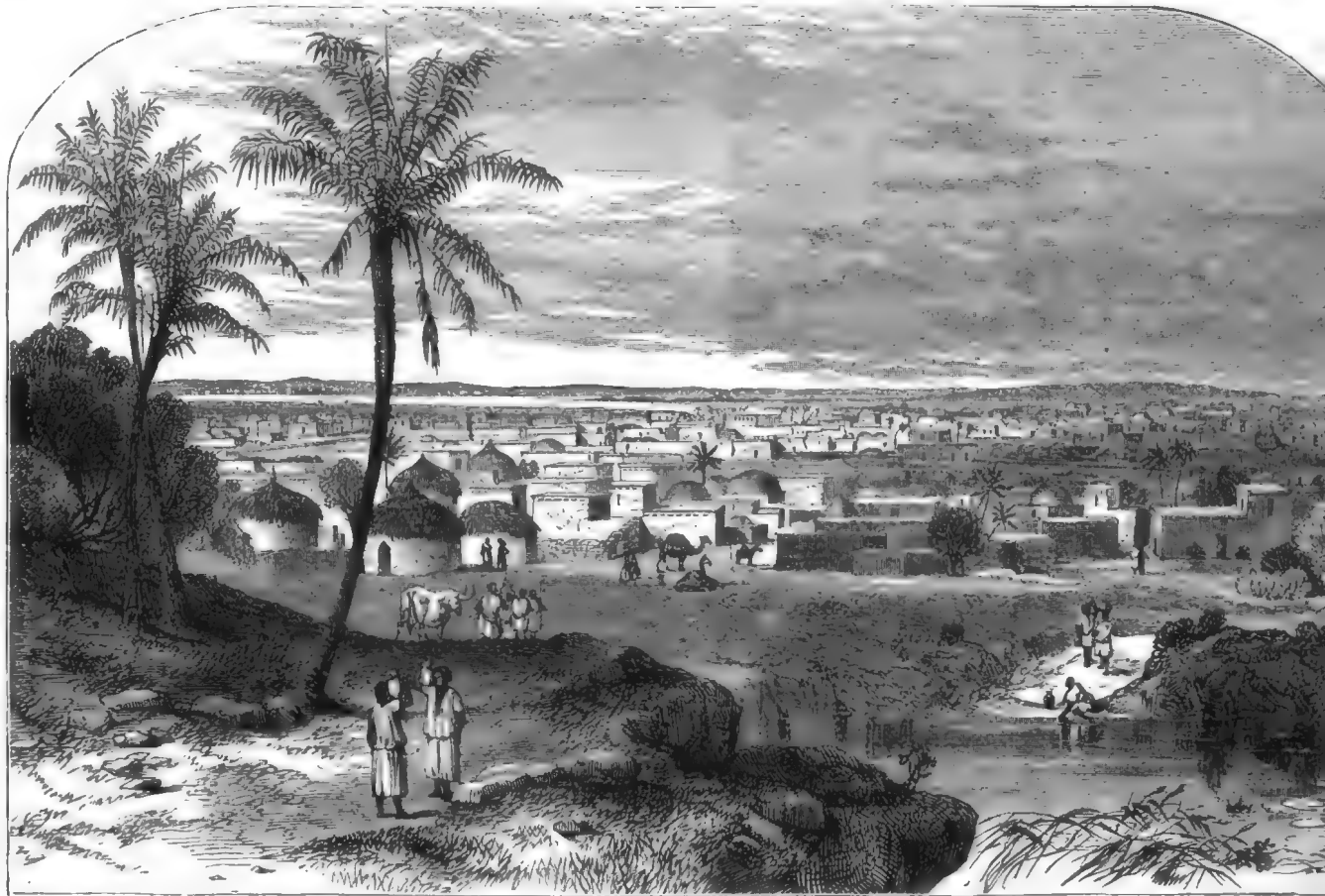
A word or two on the Anniversary itself must suffice. The Bishop of Rochester, in his sermon at St. Bride’s on the Monday evening, taking our Lord’s words to the weeping friends of Lazarus, “Take ye away the stone,” dwelt upon (1) *the grave*—heathendom, (2) *the stone*—heathen customs and prejudices, (3) *the duty*—a duty which the Lord lays upon His people that they may be workers together with Him in the work which he alone can effectually accomplish, the giving life to the spiritually dead. The sermon was listened to with the deepest interest by an immense congregation, comprising the Archbishop of Canterbury and many other of the men most revered in the Church.

On the Tuesday morning, at the breakfast, Canon Garbett spoke most impressively on the *real* Presence of Christ with His obedient people—obedient, that is, to the command, “Go and teach all nations.” Long before eleven o’clock, the benches of Exeter Hall were closely packed; and so dense was the throng in the reserved space on the platform, that two out of the eleven bishops who came failed to find seats at all. After a few words from the venerable President (the Earl of Chichester), the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol moved the adoption of the Report. Earl Cairns followed with a short but telling speech, in which he expressed his hearty admiration for the Society, and his hope that its supporters would not “rest satisfied with giving a subscription which has to be paid as a tax or an impost, to silence the importunity of conscience, or perhaps of a collector—a subscription to be thought of no more till the time recurs for repeating the payment,” but would “acquaint themselves personally and really with the Society’s working, watch its progress, pray for its success, and then inquire how those prayers had been answered.”

One more speaker represented the Church at home—the Bishop-designate of Liverpool—who had an overwhelming reception, the cheering being renewed again and again. Mr. Ryle never spoke more vigorously, expressing his unabated confidence in the Society and love for its principles, and promising it always a warm welcome in “the city of Liverpool.”

The other four speakers were all missionaries. For the first time in our recollection India had no representative; but China and Japan, which have often been without one, had their cause admirably pleaded by Mr. Wolfe and Mr. Warren; while Central Africa made its first appearance in Exeter Hall in the person of Mr. Wilson, and North-West America sent Archdeacon Kirkby, who spoke last, rising when most of the audience had been in their seats four hours, and yet enchainng their attention for half an hour more, and moving all hearts by the mingled pathos and humour of his Red Indian stories. He and Mr. Wolfe could tell of a rich harvest of souls; Mr. Warren, of the gathering of the first-fruits; while Mr. Wilson could only begin his simple and earnest address with the words, “I have no story of harvest to tell, like my brethren; my tale is one of sowing, or rather, of preparing the ground for the seed.” That is exactly what Fuh-chow might have said twenty years ago, and Japan only five years ago. What shall not the reaping of Uganda be before many years have passed away?

At the Evening Meeting, the usual enthusiastic throng of the



KANO, THE GREAT COMMERCIAL TOWN OF THE SOKOTO COUNTRY, NORTH OF THE RIVER BINUE.

Society's humbler but not less valued supporters filled the great hall. Mr. Stevenson Blackwood presided; Archdeacon Kirkby again sent his hearers into transports of delight; Mr. Felkin made his first public speech with admirable self-possession, having as his text the Waganda visitors, who again sat in a row upon the platform; and Mr. Arthur Moule strove in vain to do justice to China in forty minutes, pleasantly urging that if he and Mr. Kirkby were allotted speaking-time according to the populations they worked amongst, say *one minute to each million of souls*, the Archdeacon would get *ten seconds* for his Red Indians, while *he* would have *six hours* for his Chinese! The meeting was wound up by a most vigorous address from the Rev. W. Doyle, Hon. Sec. of the Manchester C.M.S. Association.

Well, observes some reader, this is all very bright and encouraging; but is there not a dark side? are you not going to keep back sixteen men this year? Yes, it is so, alas! Yet let us remember *why* it is so. Not because the funds have gone down; not because they have stood still; only because their advance is not rapid enough. We have sent out large reinforcements the last two or three years, and now we must stop for a while. But it will not be for long, we are assured. The cloudy pillar seems to stand still; but it will soon move onward again. *Let us be ready!*

One friend is ready. The following letter was handed to the Secretaries that day in the hall:—

"As we have been the means of bringing upon Afghanistan the miseries of war, the least we can do by way of compensation is to offer them the blessings of the Gospel of peace. I therefore beg to inclose a cheque for £1,000, in the earnest hope that others will come forward so as to enable the Committee to enter upon their work as soon as possible.—AN OLD FRIEND OF THE C.M.S."

TWO EVENINGS AT THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.



THE day has gone by when missionaries and missionary societies were looked down upon by men of science and men of travel. No doubt there are still many who care little for the great object of Missionary Societies—who think the religions of Africa and China good enough for Africans and Chinese—or at least doubt if any good is done by attempts to make Christian converts of them. But this is to be expected. Those who really care for the spread of the Gospel are those only who care for the Gospel itself. But the scientific world has at all events learned to respect missionary and missionary societies for the indirect aid they afford to geographical and commercial progress; and if any readers of THE GLEANER ever come across people who doubt this, they should suggest to them a visit to the Royal Geographical Society's meetings in London.

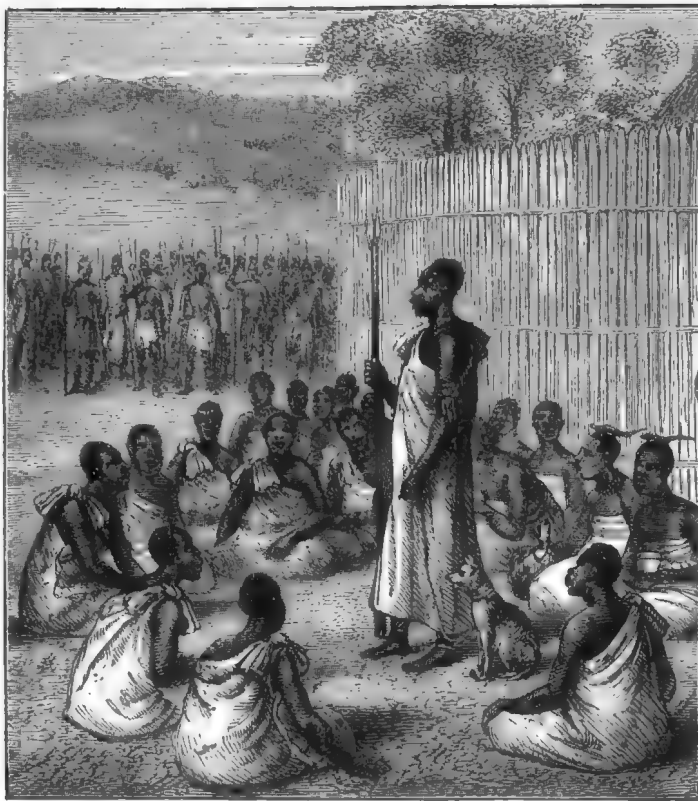
You enter Burlington House at 8.30 P.M. on a Monday evening. You cross the spacious vestibule, and, armed with your Fellowship ticket, pass into a lofty and brilliantly-lighted amphitheatre capable of seating many hundreds of people. On the wall hang maps, plans, diagrams, to illustrate the paper of the evening; the chair sits the President—this year Lord Northbrook, the Viceroy of India blazing on his left breast—or perhaps one of the Vice-Presidents, Sir Henry Rawlinson or Sir Rutherford Alcock. Around him sit great travellers, learned savans, old Indian officers and civilians; and tier above tier of seats is filled with the Fellows and their friends, not come to be amused, but to listen with interest to geographical, meteorological, or ethnological

logical details, presented in carefully-written papers prepared by the latest explorers in the remotest parts of the earth.

What does this learned and critical assembly think of missionaries and missionary societies? If you had been there on March 22nd, you would have found the Secretary of a Missionary Society giving the evening's lecture. If you had gone to the next meeting, on April 12th, you would have found a missionary occupying the same place. And if again you had attended on April 26th, you would have heard two missionaries tell the story of their travels. And at these three successive meetings you would have heard the work of mission agencies referred to by subsequent speakers—independent and learned men—in terms of heartiest appreciation.

On the first and third of these evenings it was the Church Missionary Society that was in possession of Burlington House; and both were occasions of peculiar interest. On March 22nd, Mr. Edward Hutchinson, who is a Fellow of the R.G.S., read a paper on the River Binue. Where is this River Binue?—many readers of the GLEANER will ask. If they will turn back to our February number, they will find a picture showing the confluence of the two great branches of the Niger; and of these the Binue is one. It flows, therefore (when united with the other branch), into the Gulf of Guinea, on the western side of Africa; but where does it come from? *That nobody knows.* Somewhere in the very heart of Central Africa, no doubt.

Now this River Binue was first ascended in 1854, by Dr. Baikie and Samuel Crowther, to a point about 400 miles above the confluence. Since then, no one has gone up nearly so far until last autumn, when the C.M.S. steamer *Henry Venn* was taken up by her excellent commander, Mr. Ashcroft. She steamed on and on until she had penetrated 150 miles further than the furthest point reached before, nearly 800 miles from the sea, in the midst of a country never before visited by the white man. It was this voyage which Mr. Hutchinson described to the Royal Geographical Society, reading extracts from Mr. Ashcroft's notes; and on the wall hung charts of the windings of the river, prepared from careful



KING AND CHIEFS IN UGANDA IN 1862.
(Showing the national dress.)

all willing to learn white man's Book, and that their children should learn also."

But still more interesting is the other Monday evening, April 26th. On the left of Lord Northbrook sit the Rev. C. T. Wilson and Mr. Felkin, whose names the readers of the GLEANER know so well, and who have just arrived from Central Africa; and on their left sit the three chiefs of Uganda, whom King Mtesa has sent with them to visit England and see Queen Victoria. Slight in build are these ambassadors, very black in colour, with short woolly hair; but with features less heavy and more intelligent than the common negro type. They are wearing a long light brown robe, fastened by a large knot on the right shoulder,

according to Uganda fashion; but we notice that the left shoulder and arms, instead of being bare as they would be in Africa, appear covered by the dark blue under-clothing required for warmth in our cold climate.* Mr. Wilson introduces them by the names of "Earl Nam-kaddi," "Earl Kataruba," and "Earl Sawaddu," using the term "earl" to indicate their rank in Uganda, where they are nobles, he tells us, of the second order; and



DRINKING POMBE IN UGANDA.

* The pictures on this page show the mode of fastening the robe. At the C.M.S. Annual Meeting the chiefs wore white robes and under-clothing.

the President and Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society receive them with loud applause. Mr. Hutchinson tells the meeting that he has taken them that very morning to the Zoological Gardens, where their amazement and delight knew no bounds at seeing the animals of their own land again, and especially the elephant, walking tame about the gardens with children on its back! Two of them, he adds, mounted it, but the third could not muster courage to try the experiment. They don't ride elephants, or anything else, in Uganda!

The business of this evening, however, is to hear Mr. Wilson and Mr. Felkin. The former gives a most interesting account of Uganda and its people, and of the great lake Victoria Nyanza. Mr. Felkin, whose diary up the Nile the readers of the GLEANER have had from month to month, relates his journey back again.

When Mr. Felkin sits down, Colonel Grant rises. To him above all others it is an evening long to be remembered. Are our readers aware how long it has been known that there is such a place as Uganda? Only seventeen years! It was in 1863 that the news reached England of its discovery in the preceding year—the discoverers being Colonel Grant and the late Captain Speke. Only four other Europeans—Mr. Stanley, M. Linant de Bellefonds, Colonel Long, and Dr. Emin Effendi—have since visited the country, before Mr. Wilson. He is the seventh; his stay has been the longest; and he, for the first time, has brought natives of Uganda all the way from Lake Victoria to England. No wonder Colonel Grant feels that his "walk across Africa" in 1861—63 has indeed not been fruitless.

Thus on these two evenings the Fellows of the Royal Geographical Society had before them *Africa and the C.M.S.* First it was the West Coast and the Niger; then it was the East Coast, the great Lakes, and the Nile. From both, the C.M.S. was able to bring to the most learned geographers information that was new to them. But this, after all, is not the great purpose of these missionary travels. To carry information new to the hearers, indeed, is our aim. But we bear it from England to Africa, not from Africa to England. It is the glad tidings of a Father's love and a Saviour's grace.

The Queen of Sheba came from the uttermost parts of the earth to see King Solomon. It is now a King who sends his ambassadors from the uttermost parts of the earth to see a Queen. The words of Solomon's royal visitor express exactly what these ambassadors feel: "It was a true report which I heard in mine own land of thine acts, and of thy wisdom; howbeit I believed not their words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen it; and behold, the one-half of the greatness of thy wisdom was not told me, for thou exceedest the fame that I heard." Let our prayer be that they may be taught to adopt also her other words: "Blessed be the Lord thy God, which delighted in thee!"

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

VI.—THE GREAT FALL.

"Thou standest by faith. Be not high-minded, but fear."—Rom. xi. 20. See Matt. xxvi. 69—75; Mark xiv. 66—72; Luke xxii. 54—62; John xviii. 15—27.



ICTURE—court-yard of large building in Jerusalem—midnight—full moon shining down. Silent and deserted? No, crowd of soldiers, servants, &c., in groups—some round a fire—plenty of loud talking. A woman's voice—"Thou also art one of them!"—she speaks to a man standing there—a stranger—what does she mean?—one of whom? Will he confess?

Will he say, bravely and joyfully, "Yes, I am indeed?" Listen—he is cursing and swearing—"I know not the man!"

Who is "the man" he denies knowing? His friend? Yes, but more than that. His master? Yes, but more than that. It is He whom he had called, not long before, "The Christ, the Son of the living God!" And this is Peter—the disciple—the apostle—the "rock"!

How was it? How could such a man fall like that?

1. It was the devil's work. "Satan hath desired to have thee" (Luke

xxii. 31). No wonder Peter himself wrote, years after, "Your adversary the devil, as a roaring lion," &c. (1 Pet. v. 8).

2. But how did the devil get at him? The "roaring lion" "walks about seeking whom he may devour," but he cannot get inside the fold, only on the watch for sheep that stray outside. Peter got away from humble dependence on his Master's strength, and then he was helpless. See the steps of his fall: (a) self-confidence; (b) sloth (Mark xiv. 72); (c) dangerous company (John xviii. 18); (d) "ashamed of Jesus!"

Where is Satan "walking about"?

1. In the mission field. Are not the heathen his prey? It rescues them from him that God sends forth missionaries, see Acts 18—"to turn them . . . from the power of Satan unto God," not them only. He "seeks whom he may devour" among the converts among the missionaries! What!—a convert fall?—a missionary Why not?—did not Peter the apostle fall? But do they? Very rarely—God's grace keeps them. Pray for them!

2. At home. Have you a missionary box? Satan will try and make you tired of it, or ashamed to ask friends to put in it, or set some other say "No good giving to missionaries." But more than that—"Satan hath desired to have you!" Be not ignorant of his devices! Above all, take Peter's advice—he knew!—"Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary, the devil, as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour," &c. (1 Pet. v. 8); "Watch unto prayer" (1 Pet. iv. 7)—very thing he did not do in Gethsemane.

But where is our real, our only safety? In Jesus. "I have prayed thee, that thy faith fail not" (Luke xxii. 32).

[This lesson may be effectively illustrated by the narrative on the page, "From the Power of Satan unto God."]

WHAT HINDU BOYS THINK OF THE GOSPEL.

To the Editor of the GLEANER.

NOBLE COLLEGE, MASULIPATAM,
January 25th, 1881.



DEAR SIR,—I have just been looking over some examination papers of the boys in our First Arts College Class. In the Christmas vacation a portion of Dr. Murray Mitchell's "Letters to Indian Youth," an excellent handbook of Christian evidence, was given them to prepare. They have now been examined, and the answers have been very pleasing. It occurred to me that some of your readers would be interested in seeing how Hindu boys can think and write about the Gospel. I subjoin a few of the best of the answers. Will your readers pray that these boys may not only know of Christ but know Christ, not only understand but receive and confess these holy truths? Friends at home will perhaps gather from what follows that school-work is as evangelistic as district work.

Question 2.—"Some argue that Christianity cannot be a universal religion because it is made known to men indirectly—through their fellow-men. Show from analogies in nature that this is rather an argument in its divine origin and not against it."

One writes:—"The most valuable gift of Providence is iron, but iron is not iron mines in some countries. Then should any say, 'Because iron was not given to us in the first place, we are not willing to use it?' any should say that Christianity was not designed to become universal because it was not made known to some parts of the world, they would be as ignorant as those who, because they have no iron mines in their country, refuse to use iron when it is supplied by others."

Question 6.—"In the Gospel, what is the connection between 'pardon' and 'purification of heart'? compare this with any other doctrine of religion you know of."

One writes:—"Christianity declares that every man must first be pardoned and then serve God, while many other religions say that man must first serve and then get pardon."

Another writes:—"The Gospel tells us that pardon is the only way of purification of the heart, while many other doctrines teach that by praising God will get His favour and salvation, others, that by building temples will do this."

Question 7.—"Show how the 'building' of the doctrine of salvation through the atonement of Jesus Christ agrees with the 'foundation' of natural religion."

One writes:—"The figure used in the words 'building and foundation' is this. Natural religion is like a number of walls here and there, for individual purposes of which are not known. Christianity makes our religion complete and finishes the building as an example. Natural religion agrees that God bates and punishes sin, and yet men may be saved. Then the Christian religion solves this problem which natural religion cannot, and that is through the atonement of Jesus."

ARTHUR W. POOLE,
Rugby For Master.

"FROM THE POWER OF SATAN UNTO GOD."

A TRUE STORY FROM CEYLON.

(See the picture of a Devil-dancer's Mask in the GLEANER of January.)



It is not easy to conceive a greater change than that which these words imply, or to imagine anything producing in a man a more entire alteration in both position and nature. To many they may seem a mere figure of speech, but to every truly Christian man they have a meaning learned from personal experience, and to most missionaries they have an intense reality, and express a precious truth which finds frequent illustration in the work in which they are engaged.

It cannot be too plainly recognised that every unconverted man, whatever his nation or religion, is under Satan's power; but the fact becomes an unquestionable one in the case of the many nations where actual devil-worship is the prevailing form of religion, and where men avowedly look to devils for protection, guidance, and help. In South India and Ceylon actual devil-worship widely prevails, and missionaries in those countries are literally fulfilling the command of the Risen Lord given to Saul of Tarsus, and are engaged in turning men "from the power of Satan unto God."

The following case is a rather remarkable one, as illustrating how suddenly, and under what peculiar circumstances, this great change sometimes comes.

The GLEANER for January of this year contained a picture of a hideous mask. That very mask had been used in the awful and obscene devil-worship of Ceylon, by one of the oldest Kapuwa's, or devil priests, in the island. Some years ago, when about to visit England, I obtained possession of this mask, in order to show English Christians something helping them to understand what devil-worship meant. It attracted much painful interest; few gazed on it without feelings of horror, mingled with pity for the blind devotees of the terrible system to which it belonged.

It will not lessen the interest of those who have seen it, or who may still see it at the Church Missionary Society's house, though it may alter their feelings in other respects, to know that the old Kapuwa to whom it belonged has recently professed his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

The last Sunday in 1879 I spent at Talampitiya, a large village in Ceylon. Here the Kapuwa had lived, and here the mask had, years ago, been given to me.

A great change has passed over that village since my first visit. Then there was not one Christian there. Buddhism and devil worship enthralled the people in their dreadful slavery. Wickedness and vice of the most degrading character reigned in the place. Now the hill-top is crowned with a substantial church. Large numbers of the villagers are consistent and well-instructed Christians, and some of their number have proved successful evangelists in the surrounding country.

On December 28th I held service in the well-filled church, and on that occasion fourteen men came forward as candidates for baptism, and about twenty-five communicants gathered round the Table of the Lord. My heart was full of thankfulness as I contrasted the present with the past.

In the evening an open-air service was held in a distant part of the village, when one of the Native Christians offered prayer, and another read a portion of God's Word, and explained it to those who had come together. Among these I noticed a very aged man, who stood by, leaning on his staff. There was a half smile on his countenance, as he stood listening. It was the old devil priest from whom I obtained the mask.

After listening with apparent attention for a time, he turned and was hobbling slowly away, when I addressed him, and begged him to remain. He hesitated, and then came and seated himself at my feet, on a log of wood.

I felt the opportunity was not to be lost, and spoke to him earnestly, pressing on him the acceptance of life and salvation in Christ. The Christians had frequently spoken to him before, but he had heard only to reject. Still, such occasions had given him some knowledge of the great facts of Christianity.

After a time he replied to my remarks. He said, "I am more than a hundred years old. I have for many years sought to acquire merit in order to obtain future happiness. Now you tell me to abandon all this, and accept your religion. What time have I, at my age, to practise a new religion, and do what it requires in order to obtain salvation?"

My reply pointed not to what he was to do, but to what Christ had done. I told him of complete salvation to all who with hearty repentance and true faith turn to Him.

He looked at me earnestly, and said, "Do you mean to tell me that I have only to believe? that faith in the Lord Jesus Christ will obtain salvation for me?" "Yes," I answered, "we have but to look to Him with true faith, in order to obtain full pardon and complete salvation." It seemed as though the Holy Spirit brought those words direct to the old man's heart. He clasped me round the knees, and with much feeling said, "I do believe, I do believe."

There seemed no reason to doubt the sincerity of the old man's profession, and after some further conversation he knelt with us, as we heartily thanked God that he who for so many years had been the servant of Satan had now become a little child in Christ. I commended him to the care and teaching of the Christians living in his neighbourhood, that he might be instructed with a view to his baptism. A few days later I was unexpectedly summoned to England, so that I had little opportunity of obtaining further information about him, but all I heard during those few days was satisfactory, leading to the belief that his conversion is real, and that he is another and a striking instance of what the Holy Spirit effects, in turning men "from the power of Satan unto God."

J. IRELAND JONES.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

AN old Hindu, known to be wealthy, on being asked as to his income, said it was twenty-five rupees (about £2 5s.); and that his age was only two or three years. Being asked to explain, he replied, "I reckon my income as limited to the portion of it which I have given to God, and my age as only the time which I have spent in His service."

THE Protestant Episcopal Church of America has engaged in its foreign missionary work five bishops (Hayti, Mexico, West Africa, China, Japan), thirty-six clergymen, three physicians, sixteen ladies, and 168 teachers and catechists.

A FARMER in Wales lately handed his clergyman £30 for the Church Missionary Society, with these words: "Forty years ago I started life with that sum. I then said that if God prospered me I would devote that amount to Him. He did prosper me; for during all those years I have not had a death in my family; I never skinned a horse, nor lost a bullock. I wish this money to go to send the Gospel to heathen lands."

SEEING myself surrounded by a large congregation of mendicants, I said to them, "I see a great many lepers here to-day." The eyes of all present were immediately in requisition; and I soon heard the announcement, "Sahib, there are only thirteen lepers here." "Count again," I said; and I soon received the same announcement. A wise man in the company, on seeing me still unsatisfied, sagaciously said, "I think you must be speaking figuratively." "Yes," I said, "THE LEPROSY OF SIN cleaves to you, and if you are not washed in the 'fountain which has been opened for sin and for uncleanness,' it will destroy you."—Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay.

AS Peter walked at eventide, his lengthened shadow, as it fell on the gathered sick in the streets of Jerusalem, healed as it swept over them; even so is Christianity going through the earth like a spirit of health, and the nations, miserable and fallen, start up and live as she passes.

THE CENTENARY OF CHRISTIANITY IN TINNEVELLY.



JUST one hundred years have elapsed since the glad tidings of the Gospel reached the now far-famed Province of Tinnevelly. That was before the time when missionaries were forbidden to reside in British India. And although hardly any of our Missionary Societies then existed, and not one had agents in India, there were ministers of the Lutheran Church at work, Germans and Danes, who were supported by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge (S.P.C.K., not S.P.G.), and of whom the most eminent was Swartz. He paid several visits to Tinnevelly, and on one occasion baptized a Brahmin widow, who had been instructed by an English officer, and who took the name of Clorinda. She built the first church in the province, at Palamcottia; and the register of the Native congregation connected with it begins in 1780. In this present year, 1880, has therefore been celebrated the Centenary of Christianity in Tinnevelly.

In 1790 Swartz ordained (according to the Lutheran form) a Native catechist named Sattianadhan; and the S.P.C.K. Report for that year, in recording this fact, used these remarkable words:—"If we wish to establish the Gospel in India, we ought in time to give the Natives a Church of their own, independent of our support . . . and secure a regular succession of truly apostolic pastors, even if all communication with their parent Church should be annihilated." Under Swartz's successors, Jænické and Gerické, the work grew, and at the beginning of this century there were 4,000 Christians in Tinnevelly. But a time of trial ensued. The S.P.C.K. was unable to devote so much of its funds to India; the East India Company forbade missionaries to land in the country; and many of the Native Christians, left without pastoral care, fell back to their old devil-worship. There were, however, some 8,000 in 1816, when the Rev. J. Hough became Government Chaplain at Palamcottia.

Mr. Hough was the founder of the present Missions in Tinnevelly. He applied to the Church Missionary Society, and the Committee responded by sending out the devoted Rhenius, who began his great work in 1820. In 1829 another good Lutheran minister, Rosen, was commissioned by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel to take charge of the old congregations, which the S.P.C.K. had just handed over to it; and from that

time to this the work in the Province has been divided between the S.P.G. and the C.M.S. How greatly it has pleased God to bless the labours of His servants will be seen from the following figures, which are for the year 1879:—

	C.M.S.	S.P.G.	Total
Number of Villages occupied ...	875 ...	631 ...	1,506 ...
Baptized Christians.....	34,484 ...	24,719 ...	59,203 ...
Adherents not yet baptized	19,052 ...	19,350 ...	38,402 ...
Communicants	8,378 ...	4,887 ...	13,265 ...
Native Clergy	58 ...	81 ...	139 ...
Contributions from Native Christians.....	Rs.24,498 ...	Rs.13,056 ...	Rs.37,554 ...

* (About £3,280.)

Thus Swartz's little congregation of forty persons a hundred years ago has grown to ninety-seven thousand; and of this about a third, comprising the greater part of the unbaptized, have joined in the accessions of the last two or three years.



BISHOP CALDWELL.

BISHOP OF MADRAS.

BISHOP SARGENT.

A GROUP AT THE TINNEVELLY CENTENARY.

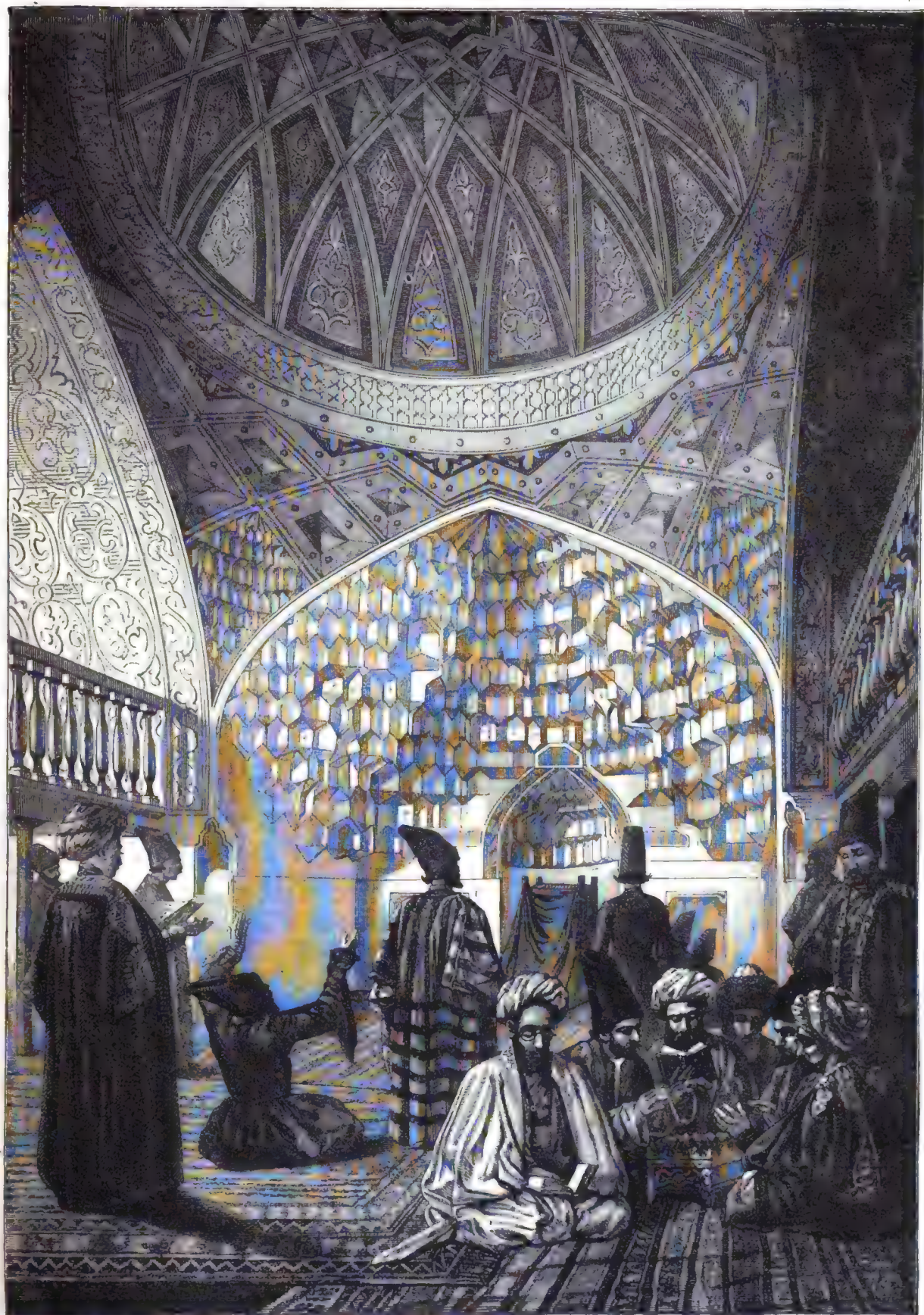
Tuesday, January 20th, 1880, was observed as the Centenary Day. The Bishop of Madras, the two Missionary Bishops—Caldwell (S.P.G.) and Sargent (C.M.S.)—eighty Native clergymen, and large numbers of Native Christians, including leading men from all parts of the province, gathered together at Palamcottia, now the principal C.M.S. station. There was a Communion Service at seven a.m., and a Centenary Meeting was held at eleven. Devout thanksgiving filled all hearts.

Shall we not thank God too? We have had Missionary Jubilees, but this is the first Missionary Centenary. Be many years past others will come round. Time

speeding by, and the great work is not standing still. So times its progress seems slow to us; but what would our fathers have thought of it! Taking all Protestant Missions into account the number of converts in the heathen world is now increasing at the rate of sixty thousand a year. Surely the Lord's word to us is, "Behold, I come quickly!"

CENTRAL ASIA—ISLAM OR THE GOSPEL?

WE hear a good deal about the advance of Mohammedanism in Central Asia, and even in far-off China. There may be exaggeration in these accounts, as there certainly is in similar statements about Africa. But they at all events call upon us to remember in our prayers those great countries that lie between India on the south, China on the east, and the Russian Empire on the north, and which at present seem more utterly closed to Christian effort than any other part of the wide world. The picture opposite may serve to emphasize the suggestion.



A MOHAMMEDAN MOSQUE IN TURKESTAN CENTRAL ASIA.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER VI.



SHOULD like to know," Mr. Green said when the meeting next assembled, "how that Mission in Sierra Leone has prospered. We were talking last time, you will remember, of its early trials and difficulties, and how, after anxious waiting, our fathers were permitted to see the smile of God upon their patience of hope. Was Mr.

Johnson long spared to carry on his great work there?"

"Only seven years. During that time his labours were incessant, and in the midst of it he had to return to England. Though he had then been but three years at work, the blessing of God had been so richly bestowed upon him, that hundreds came down to the shore to bid him a weeping farewell. 'Massa,' said one, pointing to the sea, 'suppose no water live here, we go with you all the way, till feet no more.' Mr. Johnson, however, was soon back again, and laboured on until the year 1823, when he died on his way home."

"Seven years seems a short time," said Mr. Treddel, "for so great a work."

"Yes," Mr. Harper said, "it shows us again what we have been noticing so often, that the work of Christian Missions is God's work, and not ours. We speak of it and think of it too much as *our* work; but when the great missionary apostle exhorts us to continue in it, he says, 'Always abounding in the work of the Lord.' The Lord taught this to our fathers when He withheld visible blessing from them. He taught it as clearly when He gave that blessing. If Johnson had lived forty years working on in Africa, we cannot tell what the results might have been. But when God removed him at the end of seven years, He showed that He could do without him; and He shows us still that the battle is not ours, but God's."

"Cursed be the man that trusteth in man," interposed Mrs. Hope.

"Yes, it is written so," said Mr. Harper; "and so those Christian Africans felt it. When the news of the death of the good man who had begotten them again through the Gospel reached them, they held together a solemn service; and at a subsequent meeting several of them gave expression to their sorrowful feelings. One of them said, 'My dear brethren, I think God took him away because we looked more to Mr. Johnson than we did to the Lord Jesus.' And, dear friends, I would say to you, if you want the work of the Lord to prosper in your hands, think less of human instruments; think more of Christ, whose Spirit alone can reveal Him in the sinner's heart."

"Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord," said Mrs. Hope.

"I think," remarked Mr. Treddel, "we need to remember this in all our works. We talk of *our* missionary work, *our* collecting, *our* sewing meetings, *our* systematic organisation. It is, no doubt, good and necessary, but we need to keep these things in their proper place and honour God."

"When Mr. Johnson died he left in Sierra Leone over six hundred communicants, besides schools containing more than three thousand scholars."

"Is Sierra Leone a large territory?" asked Mr. Green.

"No, it is chiefly comprised in a peninsula measuring twenty-two miles long by twelve broad. The fixed population is about 37,000."

"And how many of these are Christians?"

"All, with the exception of about 4,000, bear at least the Christian name. Nearly half of these are connected with the Church Missionary Society; the remainder are for the most part allied to the Wesleyan Societies."

"Then Sierra Leone is as much a Christian country as England is?" remarked Mr. Green.

"Quite so. In 1852 it became a diocese. The first three Bishops lived a very short time. God was still teaching us, in our first mission station, His first great missionary lesson—Trust in God."

"Who is the present Bishop?"

"Dr. Cheetham has now presided over the diocese of Sierra Leone since 1870. He is the fifth Bishop. God has mercifully spared him; may He still keep and bless him in the work! His diocese extends far beyond the peninsula of Sierra Leone."

"I think I have heard you say, Mr. Harper, that the Church Missionary Society does not do much now in Sierra Leone?"

"It has no need. The Society is for the heathen, for those who know nothing of Jesus and His cleansing blood. I cannot say that the name which is above every name is owned and loved by all in that favoured place, any more than it is in the most favoured parish in England, but there is no one there who has not heard it, I suppose; and I am sure there is no one who may not fear of its saving power in his will."

"Then if we have no missionaries there, how is the Church supported?" asked Mr. Green.

"She supports herself. She has grown strong enough to sustain her

own ministers, build her own churches, and work her own parishes. The peninsula is mapped out in parishes, just as an English diocese is, each parish having its clergy, its day and Sunday-school, and its Church council. By their own voluntary subscriptions the cost of all is met. This was done nearly twenty years ago."

"What hath God wrought!" ejaculated Mrs. Hope.

"And besides this they give liberally for the Bible Society, and their own mother-Missionary Society. I noticed in last month's GLEANER, that on Easter-day there were 313 persons who partook of the Lord's Supper in one church at Lagos, and that in three years no less than £3,412 had been contributed by that congregation for Church objects."

"Is Lagos in Sierra Leone?"

"No, but your question raises another point of interest. We have looked at this Mission in its almost home's beginning. We have seen it when it was a helpless infant. Now we see it in its vigorous maturity. You must not think that it was idle in its youth. By no means. It couldn't have grown if it had. When Africans found salvation, they yearned, as I trust you do, to make known that salvation to others."

"Yes," said Mrs. Hope,

"The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow."

"You must remember," continued Mr. Harper, "that all the clergy in the ten churches in Sierra Leone are Africans, with skin as black as coal. They are workers for God. I will give you an instance of how one of them showed his love for souls on his death-bed. He said to his sister, 'I am going home. I advise you to work while it is day; when the night of death comes, then you will be able to work no longer.' You see how his heart was in the work of God. Then he said, 'That Saviour whom I have loved—that Jesus whom I have pointed out to others—on Him alone is my trust.' And do you think men like these could confine their zeal to their own parishes?"

"I don't think they would have much blessing in them if they did," Mrs. Hope said.

"No, they thought of the heathen around them. They did what they could to preach the Gospel among them. One of them is now a Bishop, telling of Christ on the banks of the Niger. Christian England held on in her good work for God. Sierra Leone, though the first, is not the only Mission we have in West Africa. There is Yoruba, with its eleven stations, its thirteen African clergymen, its more than two thousand communicants, its nearly six thousand professing Christians. There is the Niger Mission with its African Bishop and clergy, its two hundred communicants, its fifteen hundred Christians, though commenced only twenty-three years ago."

"We have indeed much to thank God for," said Mr. Treddel. "He said, 'Your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord,' and it has been so."

"And yet you remember the first part of that text bids us be 'steadfast, immovable, and always abounding.' Truly the Church Missionary Society, with sore temptations to yield in front of her, has by God's grace been kept—immovable. May she be always abounding!"

THE WARRIORS AT REPHIDIM.



OWN in the valley the battle is raging,

Fierce was the onslaught by Amalek made,

For the first time in stern combat engaging,

See the freed bondmen for warfare arrayed!

Up on the hill, by two comrades attended,

Standeth the Leader of Israel's bands,

And the success, till the long strife is ended,

Hangs on the strength of his uplifted hands.

When they sink wearily, Amalek gaineth,

When they are steady, the Israel prevails.

So the brief history ever remaineth

A lesson to teach us that prayer never fails.

Art thou aged, or feeble, and is thy heart saddened

By thinking how useless thy life seems to be?

Muse well on that story and thou shalt be gladdened,

A place in God's army is open to thee.

It is not far from thee. Alone in thy dwelling,

Thou art nigh to a mountain exceedingly high,

And Rephidim, baffling the power of thy telling,

Lie stretched out around it, to Faith's piercing eye.

Earth is a battlefield. Two mighty Powers

For ages have striven for victory there.

O CAPTAIN of Israel! the day will be ours!

We, too, are THY warriors, in "helping thy prayer."

FIRST EXPERIENCES OF CHINESE TRAVEL.



HEY quickly have our brother and sister, the Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Ost, who only sailed for China last October, had to learn how to endure hardness in their missionary life, as the following graphic letter will show. It is pleasant to see peril and privation faced with so much Christian patience and good humour:—

SHAOU-HYING, CHINA, Feb. 20th, 1880.

You will have already learned of our safe arrival in the "City of Perpetual Prosperity." You may be sure our hearts were made glad indeed when we reached this place, upon meeting with dear brother and Mrs. Valentine, and unitedly thanking our gracious loving Father for all His goodness to us by the way. We had special cause for devout thanks and gratitude, inasmuch as we were twice mercifully preserved from serious danger by water. We were shipwrecked setting out in the *Australia*, and our journey concluded with a boat accident.

I will not again refer to the former mishap more than to say that during the time the ship was in the greatest danger we felt that our Father in heaven was watching over us, and would not only rescue us but would also grant us our hearts' desire, and bring us safely to China. Here we are, living proofs that our trust was not misplaced.

Our second serious accident occurred to us between Ningpo and this city. We had spent a most happy week with dear Mrs. Russell, Mr. Hoare, Mr. and Mrs. Shann, and Miss Smith, and the former had arranged for our being comfortably situated on board the Mission boat during the three days it was supposed to take in performing the river and canal journey; but the second morning after our departure we were providentially awakened by our little dog barking most piteously—to find the boat fast filling with water. There was 1½ feet of water in our cabin, and the water was flowing in very fast. We hurriedly got up, and my wife had to dress in the open part near the boat's bow, whilst the snow was coming quickly down. She was most fortunate in finding her things dry. I was less so. The previous afternoon I had fallen into the river and wetted most of my garments. I did not put on my dry change, but lay in bed intending to do so in the morning. Alas, in the morning I found my portmanteau filled with water, and everything saturated. I did the best I could under the circumstances, and that was to put on my overcoat and roll myself in a blanket.

As a boat conveying some coals for us happened to be alongside when we discovered the leak, all our effects were put on board, and we lay down on top of the coals until a boat could be hired to take us on as quickly as possible. We were then fifty miles from Shaou-hying.

A foot boat was procured after some time, and we were taken on in it. Our blankets were spread over the boat's bottom, and covering ourselves up we lay down in our limited space, and remained in a lying position for twenty hours. To move was dangerous, as the boat might easily be overbalanced, and we did not wish for another wetting. My wife's head was close to the stern, mine was towards the bows. It was bitterly cold, freezing very hard, and the snow was falling quickly the whole time. Drifting in on us our blankets were mostly covered, and this afterwards froze, making our covering anything but comfortable. My wife was ill most of the time.

I presented a most laughable picture on presenting myself to our good brother and his wife. I had a frozen hat (soft felt) on my head, an overcoat, partly frozen, over a flannel vest, a plaid shawl wound round my legs as a substitute for trousers, and a heavy pair of long Chinese boots—my boys. It was some little time before our hosts quite took in my sad condition. They thought that wearing plaid shawls thus round one's legs was a part of the "latest fashion" in London. When, however, I had fully explained myself, I was speedily supplied with all necessary articles. As I am rather slight, and Mr. V. is pretty stout, these were not a good fit, so when I presented myself at the breakfast table I was still an object of amusement. I must say I quite enjoyed the fun myself. It was with thankful hearts that we joined in the family prayers that morning for being so miraculously preserved from danger.

I am now settled in the house built by Mr. Palmer, and am hard at work studying the language. My wife sits with me, and goes over the same work with my teacher. I am thankful to say he is a Christian, so that he sympathises with us in our work. He regularly asks for God's blessing every morning before we commence work. He comes in time every morning for prayers, which he conducts for the Chinese on the premises, and I say the benediction, which I have studied so as to be able to take part in their devotions. He reads the lesson from the New Testament appointed by our Church for the day, and comments upon it for a few moments, and then concludes with prayer. I forgot to mention that at the outset he gives out a hymn, which is sung very nicely. As he writes this out in Roman characters for us, we are able to join our voices with theirs in thus praising our common Lord and Master. How one longs to have a loose tongue to be able to speak to these people about the Lord Jesus!

A PENNY A WEEK FOR A YEAR.

[The following letter (in which was enclosed 4s. 4d. in stamps) was lately received by the Rev. J. H. Clowes, Weston, Beccles. W. print it, as requested, exactly as it was written.]

March

SIR,—i find this Missionary Tea is Comming off again these te
i like i hope there will be a good Number. Now Sir do y
remember What you Said last year you give us a hotten [hot one] or
in Speaking you Said Something about Self sacrifice you said some mig
do with a little less Beer that i could not do without giving up all togeth
then you Said some might do with a little less tobaco which i do N
use then Sir you Said some might do with a feather or two less the
things i never wore in my life but Sir you bad me after all i had a hob
which Cost me six pence a week one penny a day. Well Sir i thought
the first Working day of the week i would Save that Penny which i ha
sent to you for the Church Missionary Cause and i hope you will exce
it and i hope the GREAT MISSIONARY of all will except it then i know
will Bring down a Blessing on some poor soul.

So no more from your humble Servant,

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

VI.

Hiyeizan, the Sacred Mountain—Lake Biwa—A terrible tragedy—Osaka—The Gospel in a prison—A night in an inn.



WITH much regret we bid adieu to the courtly and polished people of Kioto, leaving behind us countless unexplored mines of interest in temples and antiquities, arts and manufactures.

We are bound for Hiyeizan, the sacred mountain, and ere long have to leave our jinrikishas and secure coolies to carry our luggage, for we have before us a long and steep ascent until we shall cross the summit some 3,000 feet above the sea. The city is soon hidden from our view as we turn the spur of the mountain and commence ascending a lovely valley. We are accosted in a kindly way by the dwellers in a little Swiss-like hamlet that clings to the mountain side, warned to prepare for rain, pressed to take one more tiny cup of fragrant tea; and then we plunge into the everlasting hills.

After some hours of steady up-hill walking, amidst varied and most beautiful scenery, we turn an angle in the path, and the first impression is of an enormous chasm in the horizon, which slowly resolves itself into a vast lake, bosomed amid dark hills, whose outlines are lost in the distance to our left. We are gazing upon the famous Lake Biwa, which is some sixty miles long, and which forms a marked object in the very centre of the map of Japan. Turning round we behold beyond and below the valley of Kioto, and still farther off the plain of Osaka and faint gleams of the yet more distant inland sea.

More climbing brings us across a shoulder of the mountain through a magnificent fir forest, and we emerge upon the plateau of an imposing temple. Below us we can detect numerous massive roofs with their grand curves nestling amid the forest giants that clothe the thirteen valleys which open out from under our feet. Pagoda spires peep out here and there; and long flights of granite steps, whose pearly grey contrasts pleasantly with the dark foliage, indicate the steepness of the descent towards the lake beneath us, across which in the distance fairy steamers can be seen threading their way amongst fleets of fishing boats whose sails gleam white as the wings of the snowy herons which line the shores.

This lovely site has been the chosen home of Buddhism for the past ten centuries. Hundreds of temples were flourishing here when the Conqueror landed on the shores of England. Three hundred years have just elapsed since these hills and valleys were the scene (in 1571) of a massacre almost without parallel in history. The great warrior and minister Nobunaga perceived the danger to the state of the grand monastic institutions, their forts and arsenals of these belligerent monks, who led lives



JAPANESE PEASANT AND WIFE.

lawlessness, luxury, and riot; so, suddenly surrounding the thirteen valleys with his troops, he devoted the whole of the buildings to the flames, and the thousands of their inhabitants, without regard to age or sex, to the sword; an order ruthlessly carried out, to the dismay of the worshippers of great Buddha. Now all is quiet and peaceful, with nothing to recall the terrible tragedy. Many of the temples were rebuilt, and on the occasion of great festivals their halls are thronged with pilgrims and worshippers, and their lovely grounds with pleasure seekers. We paused ever and anon to wander round some colossal pile, to admire its symmetry and proportions or to question some slow-pacing monk as to its history. There is said to be somewhere



ROADSIDE SHRINE IN JAPAN.

on the mountain an impress of the foot of Buddha, and even now and then one comes upon a well or a bell sacred to the memory of some ancient hero who drank of the one, or carried the other a fabulous distance.

We observe that large sums are being even now expended restoring some of the larger temples. One was being newly roofed with copper, in thin engraved sheets, whilst the massive timbers of another were being carefully replaced, the ancient carving being exactly reproduced. The impression upon the mind of a visitor is that the Japanese are liberal and open-handed in religious matters, a characteristic which we may be sure, when sanctified by the Gospel, will materially aid in the rapid extension of Christian effort.

We leave the sacred precincts by a long avenue of stone lanterns, and gladly hail the sight of a roadside jinrikisha station where these convenient little vehicles stand ready for passers-by. In spite of a steady rain, we enjoyed the ride by the shores of the mountain-encircled lake, wondering when the name of Jesus should be as well known here as on the Galilean lake eighteen



JAPANESE POSTMAN (BEFORE 1870).

centuries since. We felt keenly how much there is yet to be done, as we turned aside, and passing under an old red torii wood, gazed upon a well-known object of worship, the famous pine-tree of Karasaki, which stands by the lake side and covers an irregular space of some 350 feet in circumference with sacred shade. It is very aged, the trunk being some 40 feet in circumference. The massive branches are upheld by more than 300 posts of different lengths and sizes, some being 40 feet high. The people believe it to be the abode of a spirit.

Resuming our journey along the western shore, we again alighted on reaching the important town of Otsu. Climbing some flight of granite steps and passing through beautiful woods, we emerged on the granite paved platform of the Mi-idera, or temple of the three wells, from which we can look down into the busy street below us and note also the way by which we have come—a lovely perspective in the clear light after rain; the mountain range on the left sloping away gracefully to the lake on the right. In the middle distance a white walled enclosure marks the site of the barracks where is stationed a garrison of Imperial troops. Clo

by is the prison. When a fire broke out here recently, the 100 prisoners, instead of trying to escape, rendered essential service in subduing the flames. Inquiry into the cause revealed the fact that *they had been listening to the reading of the New Testament by one of their number*, a literary man to whom it had been given by the officer in charge. He had received it from Mr. Niishima, whom our readers will remember at Kioto. Thus the good seed of the Word is being sown, and is quietly fructifying to the glory of the Almighty Giver of all good, in ways unknown and unsuspected.

We noticed that the lake was narrowing to its outlet, and after passing one or two villages and a long wooden bridge, we came to our resting-place for the night at Ishiyama, or Stone Hill. Selecting the better-looking of the two hotels, called Marutaya, or the Round House, although it was as rectangular as any other Japanese dwelling, we took off our boots on the threshold, and were glad to plunge our feet into hot water, brought at once for our refreshment by a sturdy waitress of the Aino type. The upper floor was placed at our disposal, a well-matted room some fifty feet long and about eighteen broad, but capable of division by sliding screens into five smaller apartments. Along the front,



JAPANESE WAITRESS. (Drawn by a Japanese Artist.)

which was quite open to the sky, ran a narrow balcony of carved wood work, and sitting upon its low balustrade one commanded a view of the whole river front of the village. A quiet, sleepy little place it seemed this summer evening, although, doubtless, busy enough when filled with pilgrims at the oft-recurring festivals.

We were entertained in native fashion. Dinner was soon served by attentive maidens, who brought to each a small lacquered table about six inches high with two small lacquered bowls and three earthenware dishes, containing portions of fish, omelet, soy, pickles, and vegetables, all very clean and appetising. A bucket of rice being brought, the kneeling servant, making obeisance by touching the ground with the forehead, begged us to eat. This we did with the clean chopsticks provided for us, and having satisfied our hunger, finished with a few cups of tea from a small earthen teapot brought on a little tray, and replenished from a copper kettle set on a hibachi or brass bowl containing charcoal ashes and embers.

As night fell, closely fitting screens were placed in the grooves of floor and ceiling, which shut us in, and then our sitting-room was turned into a sleeping apartment by preparations for a Japanese bed. Four or five large cotton quilts called futons were



A MEAL OF RICE AND FISH.

laid upon each other, and one was rolled up to form a pillow the great amusement of the servants, as, like the Chinese, Japanese use stiff curved boxes for the purpose. Over all was then placed a large semi-transparent curtain of dark gauze to keep off the mosquitos and other flying visitors, which by this time had become too numerous for our comfort, they being attracted by the candles burning on two spindle-legged candlesticks of bronze. This curtain was suspended from the sides and corners of the room, thus forming a little dressing-room over the beds. The night lamp was next lit; this is a circular square screen of oiled paper about two feet high surrounding a slight pedestal, supporting a small saucer of oil from which a lighted wick projects. Soon after nine we were asleep, alone in the midst of these strange people, yet feeling as secure as if housed in some hotel in Christian England. We were roused about an hour later by a strange noise made by sliding the outer thick wooden shutters along the whole front and rear of the house, after which all was quiet till sunrise. A flood of daylight and sound of merry laughter roused us; the screens were already down and preparations making for sweeping out the room. Signals these for the bath and breakfast which were to precede another day's journey.



JAPANESE MODE OF SLEEPING.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

New Moon..... 7d. 9h. 55m. p.m.
First Qr..... 15d. 9h. 55m. p.m.

JUNE.

Full Moon..... 29d. 1h. 46m. p.m.
Last Qr..... 29d. 9h. 57m. a.m.

- 1 T Unto you, O men, I call. Prov. 8. 4.
- 2 W Who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light.
- 3 T Called to be saints. Rom. 1. 7. [1 Pet. 2. 9.]
- 4 F Faithful is He that calleth you. 1 Th. 5. 24.
- 5 S *S. Hasell died*, 1879. The Master is come, and calleth for thee. [John 11. 28.]
- 6 S 2nd aft. Trin. Call unto Me and I will answer thee. Jer. 33. 3.
M. Judg. 4. John 16. 14. E. Judg. 5. or 6. 11. Heb. 11. 17.
- 7 M *Gen. Lake d.*, 1877. Called unto His kingdom and glory. 1 Th. 2. 12.
- 8 T *'H. Venn' str. entered Niger*, 1878. I will call them My people
[which were not My people. Rom. 9. 25.]
- 9 W Call upon Me in the day of trouble. Ps. 50. 15.
- 10 T The Lord will hear when I call. Ps. 4. 3.
- 11 F *St. Barnabas. S. Crowther ord.*, 1843. Here am I, for thou calledst
- 12 S I have called you friends. John 15. 15. [me. 1 S. 3. 5.
[earth shall He be called. Is. 54. 5.]
- 13 S 3rd aft. Trin. *Mackay reached Lake*, 1878. The God of the whole
M. 1 Sam. 2. 1-27. John 30. 1-19. E. 1 Sam. 3. or 4. 1-19. Jam. 4.
- 14 M *Persia Mission adopted*, 1875. Thou shalt call a nation that thou
- 15 T All nations shall call Him blessed. Ps. 72. 17. [knowest not. Is. 55. 5.]
- 16 W He calleth His own sheep by name. John 10. 3.
- 17 T *Adjai brought to S. Leone*, 1822. Jesus called a little child unto
- 18 F Thou shalt call me, My Father. Jer. 3. 19. [Him. Mat. 18. 2.]
- 19 S *Kirkby in Arctic Circle*, 1862. All that are afar off, as many as
[the Lord our God shall call. Acts 2. 39.]
- 20 S 4th aft. Trin. 1st C.M.S. Miss. sent to Palestine, 1851. Thou shalt be
[called, Sought out. Is. 62. 12.]
M. 1 Sam. 12. Acts 4. 1-23. E. 1 Sam. 13. or Ruth 1. 1 Pet. 5.
- 21 M Call the labourers, and give them their hire. Matt. 20. 8.
- 22 T He is not ashamed to call them brethren. Heb. 2. 11.
- 23 W The Gentiles, upon whom My name is called. Acts 15. 17.
- 24 T *St. John Bapt.* Called, and chosen, and faithful. Rev. 17. 14.
- 25 F 1st bapt. at *Osaka*, 1876. From the rising of the sun shall he call
- 26 S Called unto the fellowship. 1 Cor. 1. 9. [upon My name. Is. 41. 25.
[1 Cor. 1. 26.]
- 27 S 5th aft. Trin. *Ld. Lawrence d.*, 1879. Not many noble are called.
M. 1 Sam. 15. 1-24. Acts 8. 5-26. E. 1 Sam. 16 or 17. 1 John 3. 15.
- 28 M Before they call, I will answer. Is. 65. 24. [holly calling. 2 Tim. 1. 9.]
- 29 T *St. Peter. Bp. Crowther consec.*, 1864. Who hath called us with an
- 30 W The same Lord overall is rich unto all that call upon Him. Ro. 10. 12.

NOTES.

This is a month, as regards its missionary anniversaries, of beginnings and endings. *Beginnings*: the first C.M.S. missionaries sent to Palestine (20th); the first within the Arctic Circle (19th); the adoption of the Persia Mission (14th); the first baptisms at Osaka (25th); and particularly in Bishop Crowther's life—his landing as a child at Sierra Leone (17th)—his ordination (11th)—his consecration (29th)—and the first entrance of the *Henry Venn* steamer into the River Niger (8th). *Endings*: of three valuable and useful lives—Edward Lake, Samuel Hasell, John Lawrence (7th, 5th, 27th).

For such a month the word CALL is especially suitable. "Unto you, O men, I call"—with these words, which express the reason and the purpose of all missionary work, the month opens (1st). Then, in the more effectual sense of the word, our mission really is, like the "promise" (Acts ii. 39), "unto all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call" (19th). And then, when we stand in the presence of death, the death of the loved faithful worker, we remember *why* it is so—"The Master is come, and calleth for thee" (5th)—"Call the labourers and give them their hire" (21st).

See to *what* we are called: "Into his marvellous light" (2nd)—"to be saints" (3rd)—"unto His kingdom and glory" (7th)—"unto the fellowship of His Son" (26th). See *what* we are called: "My people" (8th)—"friends" (12th)—"brethren" (22nd).

But our texts refer to another call altogether—our call to God. It is He who invites us to call: "Call unto Me, and I will answer thee" (6th)—"Call upon Me in the day of trouble" (9th). We respond with thankful confidence, knowing "the Lord will hear when I call" (10th); for He has even said, "Before they call, I will answer" (28th). And when we think of the Africans and Hindus and Chinese and Red Indians—of Brahmin and Buddhist and Mohammedan and Pagan—what a grand assurance is that which closes our selection of texts for the month (30th), "The same Lord over all is rich unto all that call upon Him!"

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

THANKSGIVING for the financial result of the year—for the Centenary of Christianity in Tinnevely—for the safe arrival of the Waganda Chiefs—for the settlement of the Ceylon difficulties. PRAYER for increased funds—for men and means to penetrate Africa, East and West—for Ceylon, Tinnevely, Japan.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Bishops of Bedford, Auckland, Melbourne, Toronto, Calcutta, Travancore and Cochin, and Jerusalem, and the Bishop-designate of Liverpool, have been elected Vice-Presidents of the C.M.S.; also the Dean of Chester, Llandaff, and Peterborough; the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge University (Dr. E. H. Perowne); Arthur Mills, Esq., late M.P. for Exeter; and A. Beattie, Esq., who has just completed his fiftieth year of service as a member of the Society's Committees in England and India.

The Day of Intercession was observed by the C.M.S. Committee on May 11th. A Prayer Meeting was held at the Society's House, at Communion Service at St. Dunstan's Church, with a sermon by the Rev. G. E. Moule, Bishop-designate for China.

Negotiations with the Bishop of Colombo, consequent upon the action of the Five Prelates before referred to, have resulted, we are thankful to say, in arrangements being agreed to under which the Bishop is prepared to recognise the rights of the Society in its Missions, and to license and ordain candidates on its nomination. The Bishop and the Rev. J. Irwin Jones have since returned to Ceylon.

The three chiefs from Uganda, sent by Mtesa with a letter for the Queen, arrived in England, with four attendants, and accompanied by the Rev. C. T. Wilson and Mr. R. W. Felkin, on April 21st. Their attendance at the C.M.S. meetings, and at the Royal Geographical Society, is referred to on another page. They have been shown such things of this country as were likely to interest them, including a review of the Queen at Aldershot; and they were received by Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace on May 14th. Their names are Namkaddi, Kataru, and Sawaddu.

The Royal Geographical Society has voted a presentation gold watch, value £40, to Bishop Crowther, in recognition of his services to geographical research and commercial extension on the Niger.

On January 18th, the Bishop of Auckland ordained Wiki Te Pahi, thirty-seventh Native of New Zealand admitted to the ministry, and twenty-eighth still labouring. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. J. Mathews, who has been a C.M.S. missionary since 1831.

The Bishop of Auckland has appointed the Rev. Wiremu Pomare, of the C.M.S. Maori clergy, and minister of the Ngatiwhataua tribe, to be one of his chaplains.

Bishop Seeclych arrived at Cottayam, Travancore, on January 2nd, and received an enthusiastic reception from the clergy and people of the Native Church. On Sunday, February 1st, he was publicly installed in Christ Church, Cottayam—"Benjamin Bailey's church," of which picture was given in the GLEANER of October last.

The Rev. G. M. Gordon writes from Kandahar, describing his conversations with Afghans of high position. "I am reading," he says, "the Bible and Pilgrim's Progress daily in Persian and Afghani with a multitude of the town; and I hold weekly services in Hindustani for some Native Christians attached to the regiments."

The C.M.S. Mission in Kiu-shiu, the southernmost of the Japanese islands, is spreading. Forty-two adults were baptized by Mr. Maundrell last year. Ten Christian students are being trained.

The Rev. E. N. Hodges, Principal of the Noble High School, Maspatam, reports another conversion of a high-caste Hindu student. He was baptized by the Rev. I. Venkatarama Razu on Dec. 20th. There was little excitement, and no tumult, as on most former occasions, and the school suffered. When the first two converts came out in 1877, the numbers attending fell instantly from 90 to 4, and it took two years to regain the former figure. There are now 287 pupils.

The Rev. J. C. Hoare has now twenty-nine men and boys, Chinese Christians, in his college at Ningpo. Scripture and the Prayer-book, Greek, and mathematics are mentioned in his Report as leading branches of study; and he speaks highly of the intelligence of the students, especially the younger. He was joined at the close of last year by his sister and her husband, the Rev. R. Shann.

The annual letters from the Revs. R. W. Stewart and L. Lloyds-Fuller give a painful account of continued opposition and persecution on the part of the Chinese authorities. Yet the past year has exceeded all previous years in the number of baptisms, 400 having been admitted to the Church. Ung-kun, the well-known tailor of Ang-long, who has been so remarkably blessed in his efforts for the conversion of his countrymen, is dead.

Another most encouraging letter has come from Mr. Peck, at Little Whale River (see GLEANER of May). He has baptized the first eight of his Esquimaux converts; and there are thirty more candidates.

An Auxiliary Association of the C.M.S. has been formed at Lagos, a remittance for £180, the contributions of the first year, has been received. The bulk of this is subscribed by Native Christians.

An important Public Meeting on the Opium Question was held in London on May 7th, at which the Rev. A. E. Moule and other missionaries gave sad accounts of the evil effects of the Opium traffic in China. Mr. Moule is the author of a valuable pamphlet on the subject, *The Opium Question* (Seeleys, 1877).

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

JULY, 1880.

BIBLE THOUGHTS ABOUT MISSIONARY WORK.

BY THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

VI.

"Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?"

Psalm cxv. 2.



E can understand, I think, at once the force of this remonstrance with God's ancient people, Israel. What nation in the world had been blest as they were? The wonders of God's salvation had been freely and repeatedly exercised on their behalf.

The sea had been made to divide its waters for their deliverance. The desert had been required to supply their wants. The nations had been vanquished and driven out that they might have the inheritance bestowed upon their fathers. And not only had they the experience of the past, but they were richly favoured in promises for the future. The assurance of victory was theirs if they would only look to God. When, therefore, Israel failed to prosper, when the surrounding nations triumphed over them, it was indeed a most serious question for their consideration, "Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?"

But if this was a serious consideration for Israel, is it not equally so for ourselves? True, the calling of the Christian Church is different from that of the Jews. They were as a nation the depositary of God's truth, but they were never called to missionary work. The Christian Church is essentially a Missionary Church. An obligation is resting upon us. As long as there is a nation, indeed as long as there is an individual in ignorance of Jesus, so long the obligation lasts, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Is not our experience, however, of God's salvation in the past, is not the promise of power and blessing to the Christian Church, far exceeding that vouchsafed to Israel? "All power is given unto Me," says Christ, "in heaven and earth. Go ye therefore and teach all nations." These are the terms of our commission; and we have the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. We look back upon the work which was accomplished by the first preachers of the Gospel, against Jewish prejudice and all the opposition of the heathen world, and what was the result? Their idols were overthrown, their philosophy was brought to nought; and Christianity so rapidly advanced that within forty years of our Lord's Ascension, in spite of bitter persecution, it had reached Imperial Rome and was manifest in the Palace of Cæsar.

We cannot for a moment doubt, then, as to the ultimate success of our missionary labour, if only we continue faithful to the principles on which the first preachers of the Gospel acted, faithful in doctrine, faithful in practice, faithful in prayer. The truth and Word of God are the same now as they were then. The Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. If therefore at any time we fail to prosper, it is well to see if there is not some fault or error with ourselves. The Lord will be true to us, as we are true to Him. "Wherefore should the heathen say, Where is now their God?"

NEWS FROM UGANDA.



T is with much thankfulness that we report the arrival, on May 26th, of letters from Uganda written as late as Jan. 9th, at which date Mr. Mackay, Mr. Litchfield, and Mr. Pearson were well. Strange vicissitudes have occurred to the Mission since the previous news left. Our readers will remember that in March, 1879, great trouble and anxiety fell upon our

brethren, partly through the influence of the Arab traders at Mtesa's court, partly through the arrival of a party of Jesuit priests, and partly through Mtesa misunderstanding certain letters sent to him from Zanzibar. In the following June, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Felkin left Uganda with the chiefs whom the king was sending as an embassy to Queen Victoria, and who have since been welcomed in this country. Shortly afterwards more Romish missionaries arrived, and the difficulties that ensued were described in the GLEANER of March last. We have now five months' further news.

For some time the prospects were most encouraging. Our letters hardly mention the Jesuits, and how they fared we do not know. But king, chiefs, and people grew more and more friendly with our missionaries. The desire for instruction was rapidly increasing; and the little printing-press was hard at work supplying the demand for printed alphabets, texts, prayers, &c. On Nov. 2nd Mr. Litchfield writes:—

I am very thankful to be able to report progress. Not of our work or of our deserving, but purely from God's good hand upon us. Peace is upon us, and there is a wonderful change from the days of our troubles here. In fact it is like clear sunshine after storm. Mtesa is now taking up the question of Education in earnest, and is ordering all his chiefs, officers, pages, and soldiers, to learn the alphabet, &c., in English characters. Mackay and myself are never free from learners, some of whom are waiting with the daylight. We have our hands full of work to supply them with brain food, and the small printing-press sent out with us from England is in daily requisition. With knowledge will come the desire for literature, and our next work, and most important, will be the translation of the Bible. I am afraid it will be another twelve months before we could venture on this task; but our tongues are gradually becoming loosened, and we can both teach simple scripture lessons in Kiganda.

These last three months I have been very busy building, and have now finished a house for myself, a house for my boys, and am getting on with a fence which will enclose one-third of the Mission compound. Some one hundred banana trees are already planted, and I hope to get four or five hundred more yet, as several chiefs have offered to give me them. Mackay and myself are now on visiting terms with every chief in the capital, without an exception, and not a day passes without our house being filled with visitors. You can think how all this cheers our hearts and makes us praise Him who has wrought this change. In medicine, too, there has been some progress, as this last month's journal shows over 200 cases, most of which are cures. Mtesa has sent us no food supply for four months, but we have managed to buy, and have never wanted. We live, as regards food, exactly as the natives, and find our health keeps good, and no ill effects ensue.

The king and others are asking for baptism, and we hope for bright days ahead. Pray for us.

But another dark cloud was approaching, and just before Christmas it burst upon the Mission. It seems that the chief deity of Uganda is the demon-god of the Lake, who is an evil spirit called Mukassa. This spirit is supposed to reside in a human being, and to appear from time to time in Uganda to assert his supremacy. It is surprising that we have heard but little of this before, and that national superstition has not more actively resisted the Gospel. But Satan has been using, as we know, other instruments; and now that these have failed, he has brought up this Mukassa as a reserve force. In December it was announced that the god was coming, in the person of a medicine-woman or sorceress (though the spirit is regarded as male). Mr. Mackay boldly denounced the superstition, and at first carried the king with him; but the power of evil was too great, and on Dec. 23rd, at a grand council of chiefs at the palace, it was resolved unanimously to have nothing more to do with either Mohammedanism or Christianity, but to go back to the old religion. The Sunday services were discontinued; the people were forbidden to come any more to learn from the missionaries; and on Jan. 9th, a fortnight after, our brethren were just waiting the issue of this great crisis. Mr. Mackay writes:—

For several months I have found the word *lubare* more or less in every



THE NOBLE HIGH SCHOOL, MASULIPATAM, ERECTED IN MEMORY OF ROBERT NOBLE.

one's mouth. Many spoke of the name with awe, while others refused to say anything good or bad of such a being. At last I learned that the *lubare* was really a spirit, but was personified in an individual—an old woman—who lives on the Lake.

Month after month a lot of half-caste traders here had been trying to get away to Unyanyembe, but each time they went to find canoes they returned to the capital. It appeared that the *lubare* was about to pay a visit to this quarter, and no communication was to be allowed on the Lake till the spirit returned home. It was expected to cure the king of his sickness—now of two years' standing—by a single word or wish.

One day at court I introduced the subject of the *lubare*, and had a long conversation with Mtesa. He joined heartily in considering the matter, and translated all I said to his chiefs.

I put it that if the *lubare* is a god, then we worship two gods in Uganda—Jehovah and Mukassa—while, if the *lubare* is only man, then there are two sovereigns, viz., Mtesa, who had repeatedly ordered the traders to be supplied with canoes, and Mukassa, who refused to allow the canoes to start. The result was that next day an order was sent to send away all the traders at once, whether Mukassa consented or not.

The following Sunday I took up the subject of witchcraft in the chapel after prayers, and showed them from a host of passages in both Old and New Testaments how God looks on all sorcerers with abhorrence. Many of the chiefs were then present, and the general feeling seemed to be in favour of what I was teaching from the Word of God.

On Monday, December 22nd, I had another long conversation with Mtesa on the folly of turning from the worship of the living God, and paying homage to sorcerers. The king said he knew it was wrong, but he did not know what to do, as his mother and other old people wanted to bring these persons to his court. "Shall I tell you, Mackay," said Mtesa, "what I think of all these maandwas (sorcerers)?" I replied, "Tell me." "Well, I believe that what you say is true, and that every *lubare* is a liar, and deceives the people only to get food."

Next morning early we were all three summoned to court. On arriving we saw a great concourse of chiefs. The tone of the whole assemblage was unmistakable, and Mtesa had his finger on its pulse.

It was an hour of the power of Satan, and the king gave out, "We shall now have nothing more to do with either the Arabs' religion or with the white men's religion; but we shall return to the religion of our fathers." The decision was received with acclamation by all present, while the king ordered the guard outside to salute.

Long ere this the question has probably been decided whether the Mission remains in the country or has been driven out. If our brethren should have had to leave, let us remember that the Gospel has been proclaimed in Uganda for two years, and that they leave behind them precious fragments of the written Word of God, and many among young and old, among rich and poor, who have learned to read it. What fruit may not God give from the seed thus diligently and prayerfully sown?

SKETCHES OF THE TELUGU MISSION.

BY THE REV. J. E. PADFIELD, *Masulipatam.*

(Continued from the March number.)

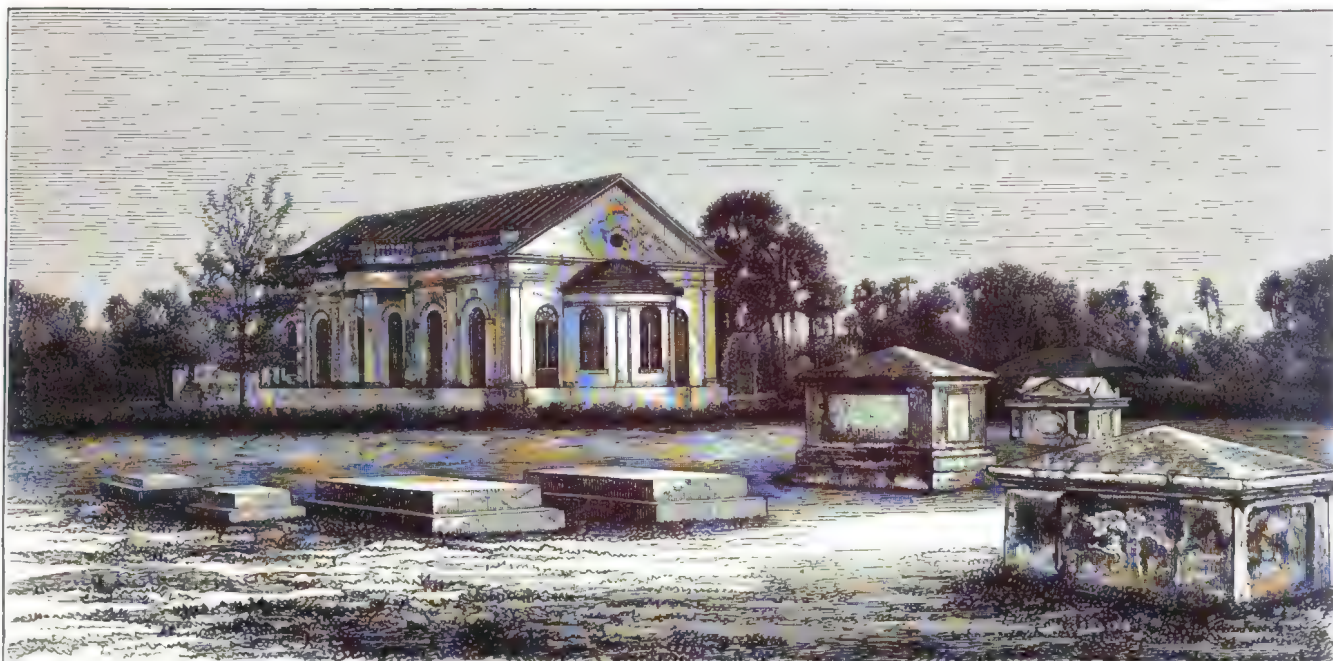
III.—ROBERT NOBLE AND HIGH CLASS MISSION EDUCATION.



T was not until about 1895 that the serious attention of Christian Churchmen was directed to the Telugus. The Nonconformists had long been in the Telugu field. The London Missionary Society had occupied Vizagapatam as early as 1805, whilst they commenced work at Cuddapah in 1822, and at Nellore in 1837. The Church of England had been more occupied elsewhere.

Good Bishop Corrie, of Madras, had for some time before his death been looking with longing eyes at the Telugu section of his vast diocese, and some of his last prayers to heaven were that God would stir up the hearts of His people to come over and help the Telugus. It is cheering to be able to mention that men of like spirit with Bishop Corrie in the civil and military service in India, also had earnest yearnings of heart for the salvation of this people. In 1839 a small fund was collected to start a Mission at Masulipatam, and the Church Missionary Society was appealed to to undertake the work. Want of men and means, however, compelled the Committee to decline adding this to their existing obligations. Nothing daunted, the friends of Telingana determined to make a beginning, even if it were on their own account. Funds were forthcoming, and they looked around for men. God had thus been preparing the means, and He was also, meanwhile, preparing the men. It was about this time that ROBERT NOBLE, who had for some time had his attention directed to Mission work amongst the heathen, was led to offer himself for the work proposed, and he was engaged by these private individuals to go out to Masulipatam. Happily, however, for the permanence of the work, the C.M.S. ultimately found itself able to take up the new Mission, and under its auspices Robert Noble, now joined by HENRY FOX, embarked for Madras in the ship *Robarts*, on the 8th March, 1841.

The early history of the Telugu Mission is, to a great extent, but a biography of Robert Noble. Everything here around me only serves to recall his memory. The house in which I am living is the one in which he lived, and in which he died. I am sitting writing this paper in the very study chair that he

CHILDREN OF D.
ANANTAM GARU.

REV. J. E. SHARKEY.

REV. R. NOBLE.

MONUMENT TO 33 CHILDREN
SWEEPED AWAY BY THE CYCLONE, 1864.

REV. G. KRISHNAYYA'S WIFE.

MISSIONARY GRAVES IN THE CHURCHYARD, MASULIPATAM.

used for many years. I lift up my head from my writing, and right before me I can see the Noble Memorial School (*see picture*), a fine building erected to his memory, and a certain portion of the cost of which was met by heathen native gentlemen, old pupils of his, who, though they had not embraced the religion he taught, had yet learned to love and honour the man who was their friend and their teacher. He laboured in this Mission for twenty-four years without once returning home, and his memory is a power in this district to both heathen and Christian, to native and missionary. For my own part, I seldom catch sight of his simple tomb in our churchyard (*see picture*) without experiencing a holy aspiration that I may be as faithful and as true as he was in our blessed work.

It was in October, 1841, that Mr. Noble and Mr. Fox came up to Masulipatam. These two fathers of our Mission, after learning Telugu, began active operations amongst the heathen, by whom they were surrounded. Henry Fox began a system of itinerating in the town and surrounding country, everywhere scattering broadcast the seed of life. Robert Noble, on the other hand, confined his efforts to reaching the upper castes through the agency of a public school. He began in fact that system of using education as a mission agency, which has ever since been carried on in this Mission, and which also is largely made use of by our own and other missionary societies all through India. He offered a high-class education to the youth of the upper classes on the express understanding that the Bible should be used as a class book for a Bible lesson in every class every day. He commenced with two pupils, but he soon got more, and at present this school, now called the Noble High School, has some 222 pupils, and its standard is that of F.A. (First in Arts) of the Madras University. In addition to this there is a branch school of a lower standard in another part of the town, with some sixty pupils. There is also a large school in Ellore, and another in Bezvada, two large inland towns, both of which have classes for matriculation at the same University. In these three schools, and the lower branch ones connected with them, there are now in round numbers some 800 pupils, all of whom, with two or three exceptions, are *caste* youths.

Objections are sometimes made to these high-class mission schools and colleges, not to the ordinary village schools that are scattered up and down every Mission, but to those educational establishments which occupy the entire labours of one or more European missionaries, in addition to a large staff of Native under-masters,—in fact such schools as the Noble High School.

"The missionary," it is said, "ought not to degenerate into a schoolmaster." I can only say for my part, that if it is *degenerating*, it is not degenerating into the slough of ease and sloth. I have had experience of both itinerating and school work, and though the former has its rough side as regards personal comfort, I can truly say that five or six hours a day hard teaching in a close hot school, under an Indian sky, is not my *beau idéal* of ease, especially when all the extra work has to be taken into account, the book-keeping, the correspondence, &c.,—and this day after day, month after month, year after year. For eight hours every day, and that for twenty long years, did Robert Noble wear out his life's tissues in his school; and all for what? Filled with a holy burning zeal for souls, he worked, and suffered, and died, that the Gospel of Christ might be made known in this dark heathen land.

It is urged that the missionary's duty is to preach the Gospel. But, standing in his pulpit surrounded by a decorous congregation, the English clergyman is apt to forget that a very necessary element in preaching the Gospel is to have people to listen. There must not only be the preacher, but the hearers, and we must acknowledge the duty and policy of not only preaching to the lowest of the people, but also to the higher grades of society.

Now, as a matter of fact, the ordinary means of getting at the masses in India fail to reach the upper castes or classes. The knot that gathers round the bazaar or street preacher, will contain few if any Brahmins. They will not contaminate themselves by thus coming in contact with the vulgar herd. But they will come to the mission school for the sake of the secular education, and they are found to make no real objections to the openly-avowed and well-understood rule in every mission school of the Bible being daily taught in each class by a Christian master. And further, I have often thought, whilst engaged in school, how much greater

prospect of success there is in the case of those youths who thus come under our influence and teaching daily for a number of years, than when a man listens perhaps only once to a few words spoken by a foreigner in the noisy bazaar.

Further, it must be borne in mind that Government has large educational establishments of its own at all the large centres, places which are very efficient and thoroughly well-conducted, but where, alas! the Bible is excluded. It is an education that must necessarily destroy belief in the national creed, without giving anything else in its stead, which takes away all faith in every thing the mind has been taught to consider holy and worth living and dying for, and leaves the devout Hindu a cold miserable atheist, or at least a misty deist. I have met many such. I meet them every day. Have missionary societies then no duties here? Is it not missionary work to leaven educated Hindu society with a knowledge of the blessed faith of Jesus? Is it nothing to have thousands of the youth of the upper castes passing through our schools saturated with a knowledge of Christianity? Is not this preaching the Gospel? Is not this Mission work in reality?

Noble and Fox then made a wise division of labour, each one using the peculiar talents committed to his care—Noble in his school, and Fox as an itinerant evangelist.

I must now say a word as to the visible success that God has vouchsafed to the efforts of His servants in these Mission schools. Probably this generation will not see very much fruit in the shape of large accessions to the visible Church of Christ. Such work is confessedly a work of faith and patience. This sapping and mining, this percolating, this leavening process that is going on, does not necessarily appear much above the surface. Hundreds and thousands of young men have passed, and are passing, out of our schools and colleges thoroughly conversant with the religion of Christ. They go out to occupy different positions in life, and chiefly the positions of those who form native public opinion.

But we have had a few drops of the longed-for shower. God has given some witness of His power and truth. Nearly all the high-caste converts we have had in this Mission have come directly through these schools, which of itself is a significant fact.

It was not until 1852 that Mr. Noble had any open converts, when he received two, one a Brahmin, who is at present a highly-respected clergyman in our midst, and one a Sudra, who recently died after working for years with us as a missionary.

I find that in all there have been twenty-three high-caste converts from our schools in the Telugu Mission. Of these, sixteen were Brahmins, six high-class Sudras, and one a Mussulman. Of these, four became clergymen: of whom one, the Rev. Anala Bhushanam has gone to his reward, and the others are still occupying important positions. They are the Revs. Manchala Ratnam and Ganugapatti Krishnayya, of this Mission, and the Rev. Jani Alli, now in Bombay. Nine others became employed as Mission agents, of whom three are dead. Five took Government employment; and four are still students. These with their families form a little band, an earnest of good things to come.

It must not, however, for a moment be thought that our Mission makes educational work its chief agency. At present we are a body of some ten missionaries, of whom but three are engaged in this high-class educational work. The rest are employed in what must ever be the chief work of a Mission, evangelistic work proper, preaching the Gospel far and wide, scattering the seed broadcast.

A WEDDING PRESENT IN EAST AFRICA.—On Christmas Day, a man and woman from Frere Town, who had (with others) gone up to settle at Mpwapwa (the interior station in Usagara), were married by the Rev. J. C. Price. The bride received from the Mission "a dress, made by Mr. Last," and the bridegroom, "a white suit given by Mr. Last, some soaps, two tin mugs, and a native cooking-pot; and a cake from Mr. Price."

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER VII.



THE party had become much interested in the earlier work of the Church Missionary Society. Several of them had begun to take the *Intelligencer*, and still more the *Church Missionary Gleaner*. The more they read, the more their hearts were warmed to the work. They saw that missionary work was a reality: that it was the work which the Lord had given His servants to do. Hence they were stirred to work themselves.

The plan pursued by Mr. Harper was producing the effect he desired. Knowing something, they desired to know more. The African, if the first, was not the only Mission whose story of working, waiting, and weeping, they considered. New Zealand was an attractive one. "It was one of the early Missions," Mr. Harper remarked, "and shows us how great is the power of the Gospel of Christ when preached 'with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.'"

"They were, I think," asked Mr. Green, "cannibals, were they not?"
 "Yes, a fine noble race of men. It is but little over a hundred years since these islands were discovered by Captain Cook. As lately as 1769 a vessel was taken by the east coast natives, and the entire crew, with exception, was killed and eaten. In 1809 some fifty Europeans, crew and passengers, were murdered at Wangaroa. So, speaking after the manner of men, it was not an inviting spot; but looked upon with a Christian eye, these very horrors were an inducement to go thither."

"The men who went first must have been men of strong faith," said Mr. Treddel.

"Yes, the New Zealanders were quite a contrast to the Africans—strong, tall, clever men."

"Had they any knowledge of God?" Mr. Green asked.

"They had a very vague idea of some unseen power, but they knew nothing of prayer, nor do they appear to have had any kind of word. They had no written language. In 1820 two chiefs visited England, stayed some time at Cambridge, when Professor Lee was able to produce a grammar of the Maori language, so that the people might be taught to read and write their own tongue."

"Who was the first missionary there?"

"We must give to the Rev. Samuel Marsden the honour of introducing the Gospel into New Zealand," said Mr. Harper. "He was a chaplain in New South Wales. He is an instance of how the love of souls arises out of the love of Christ. He heard of New Zealand, he pitied the people, and he pleaded with our Society to send labourers into this needy field."

"How long is that ago?" asked Mr. Treddel.

"Many difficulties had to be overcome, and it was not till Christmas 1814, that Mr. Marsden preached, 'Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy,' among these savage people."

"Did they readily receive the Word?" asked Mr. Green.

"Ah, Mr. Green, the work of the Lord always requires patience. We have seen this in Africa. We see it also in New Zealand. It is not that God has not power to change these hearts, but it is quite plain to us that, if we had immediate success, we should think that we had done our work; and we should be like them that 'sacrifice unto their net, and burn incense unto their drag.'"

"Did they wait long?"

"Many a minister in England would think it long to wait with them seeking conversions but seeing none. Eleven years they waited. Then one soul was given them. Then another five years they waited, and work began. Surely we may say, 'Here was the patience and faith of saints.'"

"It is very difficult for zealous workers to be patient," was the remark of Mr. Lukewell.

"St. Paul thought so; therefore he prayed for the Colossian saints that they might be 'strengthened with all might,' according to His glorious power, unto all patience." And we may notice the connection of power and patience, and work, and also knowledge, in those verses. The fact is we are not fitted to work for God until our own hearts are subdued to His will."

"Did the work in New Zealand progress rapidly?" Mr. Green asked.

"The first conversion was in 1825, the second in 1830; and in 1831 when Bishop Selwyn went out, he found what appeared to him a Christian nation. Of course since New Zealand became a British Colony, everything English, our virtues and our vices, have spread very much among them. There are at present twenty-seven native clergymen, besides many native teachers."

"It is a great work in fifty years," said Mr. Treddel, "especially when we think what a cruel people they were. And yet have not we all in our hearts the very sins which they committed with their hands? For ourselves were sometimes foolish, disobedient, deceived, serving di-

lusts and pleasures, living in malice, and envy, hateful and hating one another."

"A striking instance was given of the subduing power of the Gospel in their souls not long ago. A missionary was returning to England, and held a service before he left, at which the Lord's Supper was administered. Suddenly a Maori who had come and knelt before the table rose up and walked back to his seat without taking the bread and wine. While the missionary was wondering why he had done this, the man rose and came back, and knelt and received the tokens of the love of Christ. Why had he acted in this way? When he knelt down he found himself side by side with a man who had murdered his father and drunk his blood. 'I had never seen him since,' he said, 'till I found myself kneeling by his side.' When that murderous deed was done they were both heathens: now they were Christians. A sudden impulse of disgust and revenge came upon the man. That was why he rose and went away. But a voice seemed to say to him, 'By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another.' He thought a moment. He thought of the Crucified One; of His blood; of His cry, 'Father, forgive them.' And he arose, and went back, and knelt beside the man who had slain his father. The lion had become the lamb. The savage New Zealander was a follower of Jesus."

"That, if only that, was worth fifty years' toil," said Mrs. Hope.

"Yes, and the fifteen years' waiting," added Mr. Treddel.

"The two must always go together," Mr. Harper said; "work and wait. Not wait with folded arms. 'In due season ye shall reap, if ye faint not.' Other missions tell the same story. We will only refer to one more. It shall be China. When I began to read missionary publications years ago, I always looked upon China as an almost hopeless field. The difficulty of the language, the pride of the people, their self-complacency, their utter heartlessness in regard to all religion, made me feel that there was no people among whom we had greater hindrances. But now, what hath God wrought!"

"Fuh-kien at any rate stands out to rebuke your thoughts," said Mr. Treddel.

"Let me never despair again. Ten years they toiled in Fuh-kien. One died, and another left, and even our good Committee began to despair. But man's extremity was God's opportunity. The blessing came. And now if I were asked which is the most properous of all our missions, where are the most zealous, devoted, self-sacrificing Native Christians, I should point to China. They no sooner embrace Christ than they begin to labour for Him. The work of the Lord is done chiefly by themselves."

"These happy results of patient waiting remind me of a story I once read," said Mr. Green, "of the Scottish Missions. There was a station which had been long worked with no apparent result. It was proposed to give it up. All agreed to this but one minister. 'Nay,' he said, 'God is in arrears to that mission. Many prayers and many labours have been expended there for His glory. We have a special promise for this place. God will repay. Let us go on.' They went on, and ultimately that mission became the most successful and encouraging in the whole field."

"I feel a strong desire to be doing more than I have done," said Mr. Treddel.

"What have you done?" asked old Mrs. Hope.

From a younger person the inquiry so plainly put would have been impertinent; but no one was offended with Mrs. Hope. Her question set Mr. Treddel a-thinking. What had he done? He had paid a small subscription when it was called for. What more? He was forced to answer himself—*nothing*.

NINE YEARS AFTER.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."—*Ecc. xi. 1.*

COTTA, CEYLON, 23rd Sept., 1879.



Illustration of this passage I report the following:—

In the year 1870, either in March or October, I spent about a week at the Kesbawa Rest-house, and from thence visited the various villages round about and preached the Gospel to the people. One of these villages so visited was Deltara. To those whom we met at the house of the head-man of the village, I preached on the forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ our Lord. One of the men expressed an opinion that such a thing was not possible; said he could not believe it, and argued accordingly.

At the end of nine years I was reminded of my visit to Deltara, and of what took place there, by this same man. He sought me out and made himself known to me, and related the following circumstances. I repeat them to show the workings of the man's mind, and the struggle which is evidently going on within him.

Soon after my visit to Deltara he gave up worshipping idols, and began to speak against the folly of such worship. Gradually he withdrew from all Buddhist worship, and would not partake in any festivals in honour of

Buddhism, nor assist in feeding the priests when they visited the villages. He got a Bible and read it, but his mind was not at rest. He had no peace or comfort, and was troubled and persecuted by his relatives.

Some four years ago he says that, in a dream, he was walking along the narrow ridges of a paddy field, and slipping in the mud as he walked. All at once, in his dream, he saw me approach him and point to a good and straight road, inviting him at the same time to try it. He did so, and walked with me to some place where he got water to drink, and was refreshed. In another dream he thought that he was put into a muddy hole and surrounded by a hedge of thorns, so that he could not possibly escape, and was left there to perish. He made many and great efforts to get free, but all in vain. After a time he saw me coming to him, and that I asked him what he was doing there. He told his story, and says that I put my foot on the thorns, took him by the hand, and lifted him out of the pit.

I asked him what he understood by these things, and he said he gathered from them that by his own actions and his ancient creed he could not be saved, and that I could show him a way of salvation. And, secondly, that his sins had brought him to misery and ruin, and that I could point out to him a way of escape from punishment.

He says, that after this he dreamed that he saw a company of angels moving about, and from the midst of them he heard a voice saying, "Except you repent of your sins you will perish."

He is now anxious for instruction, and, with a view to being taught, came to me this morning, at the end of nine years, and told me all the foregoing particulars. I had forgotten all, but he remembered well the subject of my address and his own objections.

As the Saviour had foretold, he finds that a "man's foes are they of his own household." It is more than suspected that he inclines to the Christian religion, and he is persecuted accordingly.

R. T. DOWBIGGIN.

GONE BEFORE.

"Gather My saints together unto Me."—*Ps. l. 5.*

"Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be."—*Gen. xlix. 10.*



GATHERING together unto Him,
Through Death's dark waters cold and dim,
Through the Valley's shadow and Death's dark night,
Into the Everlasting Light—

'Tis thus they go,

The glorious rest of God's home to know.

Gathering here in the darksome gloom
Of life's closing day, and the shadowed tomb—
Gathering gladly, one by one,
With the multitude before the throne—

'Tis sweet, they say,

From this pilgrim life to flee away.

Gathering here, in weary pain,
Longing the endless rest to gain,
Crossing the river with tired feet
That so soon shall be treading the golden street,

And glorious rest

Shall then by His children be possessed.

Gathering here in Death's dark night,
Gathering there in God's marvellous light,
And the weary couch is exchanged for rest
In the time and way that the Lord thinks best;

And then His smile

Will make sweet amends for earth's "little while."

Gathering into the Home of God
By the same dim path that the Saviour trod;
But the darkest shades of that lonesome way
Christ hath "abolished," that so we may,

Without a fear,

With gladsome feet, enter safely there.

Gathering just when His messengers say
"Arise, He calleth thee; haste away."
And earth's frail vesture of flesh and blood
Is cast away as they cross the flood.

They only wait

Till the Master opens the golden gate.

One and another is called away
From earth's dim night into God's bright day,
Gathered to those who have gone before
To taste the joys of the further shore.

Lord, may we meet

In a little while in the golden street!

A. T.

HENRY VENN.



THE publication of the Memoirs of the late Rev. Henry Venn* suggests to us to give the readers of the GLEANER the portrait of a man whose name is more closely associated than any other with the history of the Church Missionary Society.

For nearly three hundred years, the Venns, from father to son, have been English clergymen. The Rev. William Venn was Vicar of Otterton in Queen Elizabeth's time. His son, the Rev. Richard Venn, had the same living, was ejected in the days of the Commonwealth, and was restored under Charles II. His son, the Rev. Dennis Venn, was Vicar of Holberton. His son, the Rev. Richard Venn, was Rector of St. Antholin's, in the city of London, lately pulled down. His son, the Rev. Henry Venn, was Rector of Huddersfield, and a great leader in the evangelical revival of last century. His son, the Rev. John Venn, was Rector of Clapham, and one of the founders of the C.M.S. Of this son, the Rev. Henry Venn, we give the likeness; and he has left two sons, the Rev. John Venn and the Rev. Henry Venn, the one Senior Fellow of Caius College, Cambridge, and the other Rector of Clare Portion, Tiverton. An apostolical succession indeed!

The Henry Venn we have now to do with was born Feb. 10, 1796; ordained in 1819; Curate of St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street, 1821; Tutor of Queen's College, Cambridge, 1825; Vicar of Drypool, Hull, 1827; Vicar of St. John's, Holloway, 1834. In 1841 he became Honorary Clerical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and this post he held until 1872. He entered into rest Jan. 18th, 1873.

During the thirty-one years of Mr. Venn's Secretariat, the

* The Missionary Secretariat of Henry Venn, B.D. By the Rev. W. Knight, M.A. With an Introductory Biographical Chapter, &c., by his Sons, the Rev. John Venn, M.A., and the Rev. Henry Venn, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1880.



THE LATE REV. HENRY VENN, B.D.,

Prebendary of St. Paul's, and Hon. Clerical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society from 1841 to 1872.

Society's work greatly expanded. In Africa, Missions were begun in Yoruba, on the Niger, and in East Africa; in India—among the Telugu people, in Sindh, in the Punjab, in Oudh at Jubbulpore, among the Santals, and in Kashmir; in North America—the Hudson's Bay, Saskatchewan, Athabasca, and the North Pacific Missions. China, Japan, Palestine, Mauritius were all entered in the same period. The number of missionaries rose from 103 to 204, and of Native clergy from 9 to 12; the converts multiplied five-fold; the income advanced from

£86,000 to £153,000.

Among the services rendered by Mr. Venn to the C.M.S., and to the cause of Missions, four may be specially mentioned. (1) He was emphatically a friend of Africa. The Negro occupied the largest place in his heart. And to a great extent, not only the extension of the Missions on the West Coast, but the development of trade and the fixing of languages, were the fruit of his personal labours. (2) He worked out all the difficult and complicated questions relating to Native Church organisation in India and elsewhere. He was a chief promoter of the Bishoprics of Rupert's Land, Sierra Leone, Hong Kong, the Niger, Waiapu and Wellington in New Zealand. (4) He ever held fast, to the spiritual principles on which it was founded, which have governed and guided it from the first day up to now. For Henry Venn, and all who like him, every friend of the C.M.S. should humbly and heartily thank God.

A LETTER WITH A FIVE-POUND NOTE.

To the Editor.

SIR,—Enclosed please find note, value £5, in aid of the funds of the Church Missionary Society, as a thank-offering for success in business. I don't know whether the suggestion has been made, but if many of the young men who are interested in Missionary work would deny themselves the luxury, if it is one, of smoking, and contribute the amount saved further the cause, they would be following the example of our Master, who gave up all for us, and there would be a greater increase in the fund.

May 18th, 1880.

A YOUNG MAN.



SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS AT BREADFRUIT CHURCH, LAGOS.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN THE MISSION FIELD.

A CENTENARY CONTRIBUTION.



HIS number of the GLEANER will appear in the very week of the Commemoration of the Centenary of Sunday-schools, which is exciting so much interest throughout the country, and indeed all over the world. We offer a humble contribution to the voluminous literature which the occasion has called forth, in the shape of a brief summary of the Sunday-school work carried on in the mission fields of the Church Missionary Society.

Naturally it is in the oldest missions that Sunday-schools, which are a pastoral rather than an evangelistic agency, are most efficiently worked. In West Africa, they are a highly popular institution. The parishes of Sierra Leone have not only their purely Native congregations and Native clergy, but also their purely Native Sunday-schools taught by Native voluntary teachers. An account of one of these, from the Rev. Nicholas J. Cole, Native Curate of Trinity Church, Kissy Road, appeared in the GLEANER of August, 1878. He reported 306 scholars, of whom 101 were adults. The average attendance was 268, no less than 88 per cent. "Notwithstanding the heavy rain-fall of August and September, the scholars were always seen present in their classes." Among the teachers were the students of Fourah Bay College and the young African ladies of the Annie Walsh Institution.

The large proportion of adults is a striking feature in all African Sunday-schools. In one of the Rev. James Johnson's reports from Abeokuta, we find that at Ikija station, out of 122 scholars, 68 were adults, and at Oshielle, 75 out of 100. Of Ibadan he says, "Sunday-school is well attended: nearly the whole Church is present. The Pilgrim's Progress in Yoruba is read with the Bible. Mr. Hinderer has conferred a boon on the Yoruba Mission by his translation of it." One of the Ibadan catechists mentioned a year or two ago that a Bible-class for the teachers was held between the hours of church and school, to occupy their time!

From Lagos, Archdeacon Henry Johnson lately sent a very interesting account of the Sunday-school of St. Paul's Church, Breadfruit Station:—

"It would be a complete study," he observes, "to any one coming from England or America, having some acquaintance with Sunday-schools as carried on in those countries. Here there is a class of small boys who also attend the day-school, there a class of girls of the same age. In one room there is a mighty class of infants. Yonder you find a very large and intelligent class of English-speaking Native young men under an able Native gentleman who received his education in the Fourah Bay College. The teacher is explaining difficulties, or is meeting objections advanced by some of his shrewd and inquisitive scholars. Elsewhere you see old men and women spelling out the Bible in Yoruba, and so on, in a descending scale, until you come to a class consisting of old women whom it has been impossible to teach to read. Many of these can repeat from memory a large number of texts, and even whole chapters from the Word of God. They are especially fond of the 23rd Psalm, and will go through it in a sing-song tone like the Mohammedans chanting the Suras of the Koran; but whilst the latter (if an ordinary Mohammedan) performs his exercises in a language 'not understood' by himself, these, on the contrary, repeat the psalm with the spirit and the understanding also, and, while swaying themselves from side to side, will show by their radiant countenances that they understand and enjoy these beautiful portions of God's Word."

In the GLEANER of August, 1878, there was an account of a Sunday-school begun in *Lagos gaol*. The prisoners being mostly Kroomen, who speak English, the English Bible was used. "Sometimes there are prisoners who can read the Yoruba Scriptures, but our converts who can read them are happily not often found in the prison."

Crossing over to East Africa, we find the Sunday-school at Frere Town referred to in admiring terms by every visitor and new-comer. It was opened by the Rev. J. A. Lamb on August 20th, 1876, with eight classes, Jacob Wainwright taking the first. The first hymn sung was, "Around

* The picture above is from a photograph of the Sunday-school teachers of Breadfruit Church taken five or six years ago, when the Rev. L. Nicholson was in charge. Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson are in the centre.

the throne of God in heaven." Captain Boys, R.N., of H.M.S. *Philomel*, who saw it three months afterwards, wrote home—"It was a sight worth seeing, to hear those eighty children, ages varying from seventeen down to two and three, all as black as coals, standing up and singing. I only wish the friends of the C.M.S. could see what I have seen. They would have been more than pleased." When Mr. Streeter, who had himself been scholar, teacher, and superintendent in the same Sunday-school in London, went out to Frere Town, he took charge of this school, and has worked it, as Bishop Royston says, "with loving zeal." He gave illustrated lessons, taking one Sunday a magnet and two needles, another Sunday an orange, and again "raising a ladder from earth to heaven (on the blackboard)." In December, 1878, he wrote—

"The progress seems great. They now read as well as an ordinary class at home, and begin to turn to different parts of the Bible; answer questions in English fairly; and when I ask them if they will learn their verse in school, as is the custom of necessity here, my boys always say, 'No, we will read and listen to you, and learn verse in dinner-time.' During six months only three boys have failed in saying them well, and they remember them during the week."

Turning to India, we do not find Sunday-schools mentioned in the reports from the majority of the Society's seventy-five stations; but we know they are well worked at some, and we believe the value of the system has been more generally recognised of late years. At Calcutta, Madras, Bombay, Lucknow, and other large centres, they form part of the regular machinery. At Lucknow especially they have been diligently fostered by Mr. Ellwood and Mr. Durrant. In that city and neighbourhood, the American missionaries have also been particularly active in this respect; and Mr. Ellwood mentioned a few years ago that the very Mohammedans, provoked to jealousy, had opened Sunday-schools too, in order to keep their children. In the same report he justly observed that "in addition to the religious tendency of the Sunday-school system, it has also its social aspect, binding teachers and scholars together in Christian love."

At Umritsur, in the Punjab, we find, from a report of the Rev. Mian Sadiq, that the ladies of the Zenana Mission carry on a Sunday-school for the Christian children. In Tinnevely, Bishop Sargent mentions Sunday-schools at some of the Christian villages. At Mengnanapuram, for instance, he found 357 scholars gathered in the great church, under the superintendence of the Rev. D. Viravagu. An interesting account of Sunday-schools in Travancore appeared in the *GLEANER* of October last, and need not be again referred to.

Ceylon is the only Mission which returns distinct Sunday-school statistics. It has 140 schools, with 2,666 scholars. The Rev. Henry Gunasekara, of Trinity Church, Kandy, speaks warmly of his school, and of the lay members of his congregation who are its voluntary teachers. At Galle Free Church, Colombo, Mr. Newton has Sunday-schools for the English-speaking Native children, who are numerous.

In Persia, Mr. Bruce has about a hundred Armenian boys and girls in his Sunday-school at Julfa. In Palestine, Mr. Hall of Jaffa mentions a school, small in numbers, "but those who do come are very attentive, and seem to remember what they are taught."

In China, the Sunday-school system seems not to have taken root yet. But in Japan, though a younger Mission, it is already begun. At Nagasaki, Mr. Maundrell's theological students, Stephen Koba, Paul Yoshidomo, Paul Morooka, John Ko, and others, act as teachers. A similar effort has been made by Mr. Warren and Mr. Evington at Osaka; also at Hakodate, by Mr. Dening, who says that "each teacher finds his own pupils"—a somewhat new feature in Sunday-schools. From Tokio, Mrs. Piper has sent the following interesting account:—

"One day I passed a poor-looking house, and heard the unmistakable sounds of a Japanese teacher and scholars. Venturing to look in, I found that it was one of the poorest class of schools. The teacher, a young man of about twenty, looked as poverty-stricken as the scholars. I told him we were trying to find a place to teach in on Sundays, and if he did not keep school on that day, perhaps he would allow me to hire his room for two hours every Sunday. The man replied that, as he gave holiday on that day ever since the Government had ordered public schools, offices, &c., to keep Sunday as a holiday, he would gladly lend me the room, but did not require any rent.

"We commenced school there the very next Sunday. We soon had a goodly number of children. The man himself usually attended as a scholar, and has several times been to church.

"We are in the midst of hot weather now. But we have something besides heat to try our patience in summer time in Japan. From May to October we are tormented with mosquitoes. Looking round our Sunday-school on a summer day, you would see the boys and girls give a start kick every now and then.

"It is quite impossible to sit still when there are mosquitoes about, unless we have fans, and use them vigorously. The Japanese children, having no boots or stockings, are very much bitten on the legs and feet.

"Having mentioned the bare feet, you will at once understand that we have none of the stamping of boots, or muddy foot-prints in church or school; no kicking of benches or chairs, such as we so often have to reprove in our home schools. The wooden clogs, which the Japanese wear for walking, are left outside the church, or they are placed in the porch with umbrella, &c. We have no hat-pegs, and our boys wear caps. Bare-footed, bare-headed, they come and go, so there is not much getting ready. The girls have no bonnets, but even if very poor, they usually have an ornament of some kind in their hair. I often see the girls looking at the ornaments in each other's hair, and commenting on them just as Mary would notice Jane's hat or new jacket in a school in England.

"Japanese children are very small, so that a school made up of girls and boys, from five to fifteen, looks as if the children were from three to twelve years old only. Probably if you came in and saw a class reading you would say, 'Dear me! what little girls to read so fluently.'

"About our singing. Ah! this is the weak point in all Japanese congregations and schools. If you could hear a number of people, children in Japan learning to sing a new tune, you would never forget it. However, we do sing, and the Japanese children are exceedingly fond of trying to sing; they have no ear for music, consequently the discord which is so painful to us, is unknown to them; they sing with all their might, whether in or out of tune."

In New Zealand, Sunday classes, for the Maori Christians generally, have been a most useful agency for many years. Bishop Stuart, of Waiapu, mentions one at Waimate, "held in the church after morning service, according to the old custom of the Mission," and conducted "by the Rev. Hare Peka Taua and his excellent wife, and an English lady helping them"; and another, at Tolago Bay, held after evening service, concerning which he writes: "Several of the young men repeated the Epistle and Gospel very accurately. These classes were part of the godly discipline in the early days of the Mission, and by their means it was that the people became so familiar with the Prayer-book as to know most of the service by heart, and also their favourite hymns—a knowledge which survives to this day amongst the old people."

In North-West America, at the more settled stations, Sunday-schools are carried on. One at St. Andrew's, Red River, supports a boy in the East Africa Mission. At Metlakatla, the Rev. A. J. Hall wrote as follows soon after his arrival there three or four years ago:—

"A very marked and interesting feature of the Mission is the Sunday-school. In the morning, at the ringing of a bell, the children and young people assemble—the girls in the school and the boys in the market-hall. Mr. Duncan and myself attend to open the schools, after which the teaching is carried on entirely by Natives, who have been prepared for the work the evening before. Immediately after morning service the men assemble in the market-hall, the married women in the school, and the old women in the church, when Sunday-school again is held for an hour, and, as before, under Native teachers. The zeal and earnestness with which the people show in their attendance at Sunday-school is most praiseworthy, and such as is rarely seen at home."

These are just a few gleanings from the Reports of our missionaries during the last two or three years. They will encourage that large section of our readers who are themselves teachers in Sunday-schools with the thought of the wide extent of the work in which they are engaged. We could have conceived whereunto that little humble agency would grow, which Robert Baikes inaugurated a hundred years ago on that memorable Sunday in Gloucester? What would he have felt if he could have seen Negro, Hindu, Singhalese, Japanese, Maori, and Red Indian teachers sitting down to classes of Negro, Hindu, Singhalese, Japanese, Maori, and Red Indian children? We would ask that in the many prayers that will ascend during the Centenary Week to Him who said, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me," the Sunday scholars and teachers, of divers colours and races and tongues, may not be forgotten.

FRERE TOWN.

Letter from Mr. J. R. STREETER.

FRERE TOWN, January 30th, 1880.



NCE again the opening of my annual letter must be in the spirit of that beautiful 103rd Psalm, for another year has the tree of life planted here by our venerable Society withstood the storms that have assailed it, and in doing so it has struck its roots deeper into the sterile soil, and, watered by the Spirit of Light and Love, has brought forth precious fruit, the ingathering of which into the Church of Christ you had a full account last May. [See GLEANER, September, 1879.]

You will be glad to know that those twenty-eight freed slaves, then enrolled under the banner of the cross, have, with only two slight exceptions, proved, as far as I know, faithful to their profession, and their good example has not been without influencing many others, for they have been a little band on whom one could partly rely at various meetings, especially at their own room, where we have assembled daily throughout the year for half an hour's instruction; and it is nice to see some of the men stand their big jemmys and calabash of water outside the door, and after a hymn and prayers and a few words of encouragement, shoulder their things and off to their own day's labour. George David also goes on Friday evenings, and, besides, they come to my house one night in the week for a turn at A B C. I do not attempt to make it like hard work, and so part of the time we look at the illustrated papers. In one we saw Cetewayo's attempt at writing, and one of my men thought he would like a trial, so I gave him paper and pencil, which he took home, and next day brought me the first specimen of adult freed-slave writing, done quite by himself.

I also enclose you two copies of prayers done by my Sunday-school boys, whom I have often asked to try and make up their own, and one Sunday I asked them to try and write one. The next Sunday I had nine brought. One was a collect, another a psalm, another from the Church service, &c. One characteristic prayer of a dear boy I copy exact:—

"O Lord, Almighty God, our Heavenly Father! help me to fight with devil, for the devil is too strong to me; forgive all my sins, take away my sinful heart, give me Thy Holy Spirit, lead me in Thy way, and when I die let my soul go to be with Thee for ever in Thy heavenly kingdom. O Lord! teach me to worship Thee, praise Thee, and serve Thee, and when I sleep I give my soul to Christ to keep. Take care of me this night. I done wrong many times; help me to do what is right. Hear me for the sake of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

Remembering that these are written in English, and done entirely by themselves, it gives room to believe there is a work of grace going on in the hearts of many of the dear children. It is a treat to see them text-finding, and marking all principal ones. By-and-by we shall have, I trust, some really "precious Bibles." They are getting on well with their other studies under Mr. Handford. Their singing is really beautiful, and many are the pleasant Sunday evenings we have together. I wish a dozen of them could come home; our good Committee and supporters would then be able to see, what they *know* now, that their efforts and labour of love for the Lord are not in vain.

I only wish I could see the lads better employed industrially—that is our difficulty—in fact, self-support for the whole place. We might do it if we lived like our neighbours, but to get an honest living and dress in a civilised manner will be no light matter. With regard to dressing, it is a surprise to me to see how nicely our people look on Sundays—the Bombays and freed slaves—for many of the latter now come to both services. They manage to make their own dresses now. I told you about starting a sewing-class for them, and since Mrs. Menzies has been here she has taken it up, and, I know, spent many pleasant hours with them. As to the living, it has been rather hard times; for, while you have been suffering at home from too much rain, we have been burnt up for the want of it; and having a little "Andrew Manitoba" here (a boy supported by friends in Manitoba), my mind, like that of the English farmers, has often turned to that desirable land, for the longer one stays here the more hopeless does it seem trying to grow things on any scale; yet I don't despair, and I think our people have got imbued with some of my spirit, and nearly all have got fair pieces of ground ready this year for planting, when the rain comes. I have a piece myself out at Mawani, and after four on Saturday afternoon, often went and worked for an hour or two, for I could see it was a case of being like the old general, "Come on, my brave boys!"—and an active life in this country is the best cure for liver complaint and a good many other complaints.

Oh for one good year's rain! It would help be the making of Frere Town. I have done nearly all I can to help settle the people. "Every man his own landlord" is my motto, and an interest in the soil. Last year we had *twelve* owners only; now there are *forty* houses, built or building, by the freed slaves, each in its own plot. Some of the huts are famous ones—one especially. I do not think any carpenter at home could put up such a one out of such material. It is perfection. The

owner is one of Nature's own carpenters. The other day he broke his gun-stock; with his jemby, sharpened up like an adze, and his knife, he made another capital one.

I am very pleased indeed to see the progress the children are making at Rabai, where Mr. and Mrs. Binus are evidently doing a great work in a very trying part of the world, admirably seconded by Isaac and Polly, who are real treasures to them, as George and Ishmael are to us.

We have much to be thankful for in their lives being spared us, and the lives of our sick ladies, especially Mrs. Handford, who has a great work to do in looking after the girls and the little black lambs that form the infant class. May we all be stirred up to work more earnestly for Him who pitieth our infirmities, and gives grace to help in every time of need!

THE OLD PATRIARCH, JADU BINDU GHOSE.

NO one who read the GLEANER last year can forget the remarkable history of Jadu Bindu Ghose, given in the May number under the title of "A Fifty Years' Search for Peace." We then believed the "old patriarch" was dying; but the following letter from the Rev. J. Vaughan gives a touching further account of him:—

Dec. 15th, 1879.

You will doubtless be surprised to learn that "the dear old patriarch" is still in the land of the living. When I last wrote you there seemed to be but a step between him and death; yet he lingered on, and at last began to improve. A native friend of his said to me the other day, "His restoration was little short of a resurrection." Last week I went down to Calcutta to meet my daughter, who has, thank God! safely arrived. On Sunday I went to my old church [Trinity, now worked by the Rev. Piari Mohun Rudra]. The memories of nineteen years' connection with that congregation were very vivid; it was pleasant to see the church well filled with those who had once been my spiritual children. Of those whom I had baptized nearly a quarter of a century ago not a few had flourishing families of their own. The organist, who had learned his art from my dear wife, had transferred his skill and his post to his own son, a boy of fourteen.

There too sat my first born, who, as a little girl of eight, had last sat in that church. She was now for the first time to join her father and his old flock at the table of the Lord. All this was sufficiently impressive, but one scene almost upset me. The old patriarch had begged to be carried from the hospital to the church; and during the reading of the second lesson two of the native brethren lovingly carried him into the church. I could not but think of the first time, eight years ago, that I had first beheld that venerable head and those sparkling eyes; then he was a sorrowful seeker after peace, but ever since that day his peace has flowed as a river. As, with the native pastor, I left the rails to give him the Holy Supper where he sat, strangely mingled feelings came over me, which perhaps a trembling voice betrayed.

I am sorry to say that, only a few days before that, the wound in his foot had again broken out; so that it is doubtful whether he will ever return to help us in this district. But I learned with joy that God has made use of him in the hospital; he has fulfilled his vocation as a messenger of God to his fellow-sufferers, and he believes that more than one has been brought to love the Saving Name.

At Kapasdanga some of our poor, ignorant people are continually asking "When will he come back?" We know very little, but we certainly felt it was good to sit at his feet and listen to the good things he taught us; he had but one topic, and that was Christ and salvation.

O that God would send us a few more helpers of a similar type!

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF AN AFGHAN LADY,

As described by KHUSHHAL KHAN, the Afghan Poet of Khuttuk, near Peshawar.

(Translated by an old Peshawar Missionary.)

A lady should be always sprightly, always smiling, always kind; Pure in thought and life, and jealous of her good name; Quick in understanding, free from all deceit and guile; Nice in eating, neat in dressing, and always staying at home; Rejoicing in her husband's love, pleasing him by word and deed; Sad and mournful, whenever for a time he has to leave his home; Always friendly to the good, always grieving for the bad; Who cannot endure lies, even when her mother speaks them; Ready and attentive to her guests, a heroine in cookery; Always knowing how to act, always sympathising with the sick; Beautiful in form, lovely in disposition, pleasing in manners, gentle in her ways; Sincerely following true religion, and constant in devotion; Who will not see dirt lying in her house, or hear loud noises in her yard; But who makes her servants happy, and gains their respect and love.

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

VII.

Ishiyama—Pilgrims—Uji—Tea making—Night at Nagaike—A kotatsu—The Daibuts of Narra—Shinto Temple of Kasuga.

THE monasteries and temples of the Far East, like those of the Monks of the West, are for the most part so situated as not only to present an imposing aspect, but also to command lovely views. So it is at Ishiyama. At the end of the village, perched up

amid great masses of black rocks, were the temple buildings. One platform after another was reached by long flights of granite steps, and from each new beauties of scenery were disclosed. Many groups of country people were met going from shrine to shrine; Daughter and mother, father and grandfather, travel together on these vain pilgrimages. It was touching to see in some cases the evidence of simple faith in the process, as they affixed a strip of paper bearing their names to stones or trees as a token that they had duly visited each hallowed spot. The grounds were literally speckled with these memorials. What a terrible waste of misdirected energy in religion! Oh, to teach such wanderers of the better pilgrimage—the following of the Lamb!

Notwithstanding the rain we determine to push on to Narra, so whilst making a breakfast off rice and eggs a boat prepares to take us as far as the Rapids. As we pass we notice that all the houses have their fronts off, and domestic avocations are being carried on quite openly—washing, dressing, working, cooking, without regard to privacy. Our boatmen are clad in rain-coats of rushes; the boat is a long flat structure for conveyance of tea—we can just sit upright in it. After a few miles we have to leave it, and come out into the daylight to find ourselves by the river-side, between lofty, rocky banks most beautifully wooded, whilst the stream eddies and breaks over numerous black rocks; then away over a lofty range of hills and through lovely valleys, amid mountain villages and tea plantations, for twelve miles until we reach Uji. Rain fell so heavily as we reached the summit of one ridge of hills that we sought shelter and were most kindly received by an old couple in a barn-like dwelling. They piled up pine branches on the fire, made some hot tea for the wet and weary foreigners, and entered into animated conversation with Mr. Evington on the cause of our being in the country.

We passed several tea establishments, where the leaves were being prepared for the market. Scantly clad men were stirring these in copper basons set in brickwork, under each of which

was a charcoal stove. They ceaselessly worked the mass leaves about with their hands, regardless of the perspiration which stood in beads or trickled down their arms. It was degree less repulsive than the sight of the Chinese in the Fuh-Kien district treading out the black tea in preparing it for the European market. Spite of such memories, one still enjoys a cup of fragrant tea such as that for which Uji is famous.

It was encouraging to see in every village the words *Post Office* in English, to note the Chinese characters which told of a school having been opened by the Government, and to trace from some hill top the telegraph poles leading out in various directions—the communicative wires which Western science had

made known to these progressive people. We felt, too, that new aroused energy was being expended in a right direction as came upon bodies of workmen widening and improving the roads, although it was at times trying to travellers in the rain to descend a mountain pass over newly made ground.

We tried in vain to reach Narra by evening. The rain increased to a deluge, so we were fain to stop at a village of unpromising exterior at Nagaike. The kitchen, as usual, was on the left of the entrance and there was no upper story, but the people were most respectful and attentive. The matted floor of the best room was covered over with oil-paper to prevent unwelcome guests finding a lodging beneath. A good dinner was soon forthcoming of koi fish, eggs, a rice, and best of all, our clothes were soon being effectually dried in a *kotatsu*. This is a framework of wood stood over a brazier of charcoal, which is placed in a little pit in the centre of the floor, whilst over the whole is thrown a large quilt. Had it been winter we should have indulged ourselves in one of these ingenious contrivances. It was very pleasant to hear the kindly Japanese "good night" as the last screen was being closed upon us: "Yasomi, O Yasomi, nasarey" "Rest"—"May you rest peacefully."



JAPAN: FEMALE COSTUMES.

Next morning we were soon in sight of the pagoda and shrine of the great Buddha of Narra. Leaving our jinrikishas at the gate, we entered the grounds, and were soon standing in the presence of this remarkable image. Seated on an enormous lotus flower about 80 feet in diameter was a golden representation of Sakya Muni between 50 and 60 feet high, yet so exquisitely proportioned that no idea of incongruity suggested itself. In an attempt to represent majesty by size, it certainly made the visitor feel his littleness as he gazed upon the passionless features fixed in awful repose. Gradually the eye roamed from the central figure to the details of its surroundings; all was



JAPANESE MUSICIANS.

(Drawn by Japanese artists. The outline picture on the right shows the "sam-sien," i.e., "three strings.")

wonderful proportion. Around the image, in rear, was a halo of golden rays, amid which were eighteen smaller figures, those at the bottom being 5 feet high, and that at the top, some 80 feet from the floor, 18 feet high. The building, if occupied by ordinary idols, would have seemed vast, but this gigantic presence dwarfed it, producing an unpleasant impression of want of room; yet it is nearly 800 feet long, 170 feet wide, and 156 feet high. Though the idol is so vast, it presents no appearance of want of finish or of neglect. Eleven centuries since, when Daibuts was first erected, Narra was the royal city; now its glory has departed. So, we doubt not, it shall be with the faith which is so strangely symbolised by the Buddha before us. It does not profess to be the image of God, but of a man invested with divine attributes—Satan's substitute in Asia for the true God-man, the Lord Jesus Christ. Worshippers kept coming and going without any appearance of special veneration; many

passed on at once to inspect a most interesting collection of antiquities which a thousand years ago belonged to the Mikado. Amongst them were suits of golden armour, quaintly carved masks, delicately chased bronzes, rare enamels, and strange instruments of music, which showed that art had reached a high pitch of culture in Japan when our Saxon forefathers were acquiring its rudiments.

After gazing on the great bell, which is only second to that of Kioto, we started for a delightful walk through lovely forest glades and across grassy upland slopes, overshadowed by mighty pines and other trees. These park-like grounds belong to the Shinto temple of Kasuga. Tea houses were frequent at spots commanding lovely views over the valley below us, and often were we invited to take some refreshment by the gaily-dressed, bright-eyed damsels ever on the look-out for customers. Special stalls were open here and there for the sale of earthen

foxes and cutlery mounted in staghorn from the sacred deer, which supply those mementoes of a visit which the Japanese like to possess. The only thing noteworthy about the temple was the immense number of stone lanterns, from 6 to 20 feet high, which crowded the courtyards, stood five or six deep along the pathways, and lined the approaches for some distance into the forest on either side. As we gazed, full-grown deer approached us, and numberless fawns, licking our hands and begging for cakes. As we reached the entrance torii these left us, and we resumed our journey through a beautiful country, over hill and dale, by swift

flowing streams, past many tea plantations on the higher ground, and acres of rice fields in the plains, dragging through the muddy roads between busy villages; until athwart the darkness the welcome lights of Osaka welcomed us back to the comforts of a Christian home.



JAPAN: PLAYING THE TAMBA.

(Drawn by a Japanese artist.)

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

New Moon.....7d. 1h. 31m. p.m.
First Qr.15d. 6h. 16m. a.m.

JULY.

Full Moon.....21d. 9h. 3m. p.m.
Last Qr.29d. 11h. 41m. p.m.

- 1 T He shall gather together His elect. Matt. 24. 31. [tongues. Is. 66. 18.
- 2 F *Nyanza Miss. received by Mtesa, 1877.* I will gather all nations and
- 3 S *1st Sikh convert bapt., 1853.* With great mercies will I gather [thee. Is. 54. 7.
- 4 S 6th aft. Trin. Gather My saints together unto Me. Ps. 50. 5.
M. 2 Sam. 1. Acts 11. E. 2 Sam. 12. 1-24, or 18. 3 John.
- 5 M That He should gather together in one the children of God that
- 6 T Cry, gather together. Jer. 4. 5. [were scattered abroad. John 11. 52.
- 7 W He shall gather the lambs with His arm. Is. 40. 11.
- 8 T He that gathereth not with me scattereth. Matt. 12. 30.
- 9 F That He might gather together in one all things in Christ. Eph. 1. 10.
- 10 S Before Him shall be gathered all nations. Matt. 25. 32.
[Gen. 49. 10.
- 11 S 7th aft. Trin. Unto Him shall the gathering of the people be.
M. 1 Chron. 21. Acts 16. 16. E. 1 Chron. 22, or 28. 1-21. Matt. 5. 13-33.
- 12 M He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel. Ps. 147. 2.
- 13 T *Mrs. Krapf d., 1844.* I will gather them that are sorrowful. Zeph. 3. 18.
- 14 W *Nyanza party started from coast, 1876.* Assuredly gathering that
- 15 T Yet will I gather others. Is. 56. 8. [the Lord had called us. Acts 16. 10.
- 16 F How often would I have gathered thy children together! Matt. 23. 37.
- 17 S He that scattered Israel will gather him. Jer. 31. 10.
[Ps. 102. 22.
- 18 S 8th aft. Trin. The people are gathered together to serve the Lord.
M. 1 Chron. 29. 9-29. Acts 16. 17. E. 3 Chron. 1, or 1 Kings 3. Matt. 9. 1-13.
- 19 M They shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend. Mat.
- 20 T Do men gather grapes of thorns? Matt. 7. 16. [13. 41.
- 21 W *Mungo Park discov. R. Niger, 1793.* That Thou givest them they
- 22 T Gather us from among the heathen. Ps. 106. 47. [gather. Ps. 104. 28.
- 23 F Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost. John
- 24 S *Niger Mission begun, 1857.* Gather out the stones. Is. 62. 10.
[were gathered together praying. Acts 12. 12.
- 25 S 9th aft. Trin. St. James. Bps. *Speechly & Ridley consec., 1879.* Many
M. 1 Kings 10. 1-25. Luke 9. 31-37. E. 1 Kings 11. 1-15, or 11. 35. Matt. 13. 1-24.
- 26 M *1st Tsimshian bapt., 1861.* I will gather thee from the west. Is. 43. 5.
- 27 T *Niger Mission begun, 1857.* Gather out the stones. Is. 62. 10.
- 28 W Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I.
Matt. 18. 20. [life eternal. John 4. 36.
- 29 T *Wilberforce died, 1833.* He that reapeth . . . gathereth fruit unto
- 30 F All these gather themselves together and come. Is. 49. 18.
- 31 S *1st bapt. at Noble Sch., 1852.* Ye shall be gathered one by one. Is. 27. 12.

THE PESHAWAR MEMORIAL CHURCH OF THE
AFGHAN MISSION.

I HAVE been asked by friends in England to make some statement in the GLEANER as to the progress of our Memorial Church. I am sorry to say it is not yet commenced. Some of the friends of the Peshawar Mission say they do not like giving to "bricks and mortar"! To which I can only reply that I wish to erect a loving memorial to the blessed memory of departed colleagues, and I know of no better way of perpetuating that memory than by erecting a pretty little church, of an Oriental style, in the streets of Peshawar, in which our Native brother, the Rev. Imam Shah, will officiate daily. It will be a standing witness for Christ. It will be a house of prayer. It will be a preaching station.

I should feel inclined to begin work, but, unfortunately, in consequence of the war, the rates of material and labour have more than doubled. The sum of money already collected has therefore been invested in Government securities, and in the meantime I hope that those who revere and honour the names of Pfander, Fitzpatrick, Tuting, Roger Clark, Loewenthal, Stevenson, Knott, and Agnes Wade, will help to relieve the Peshawar missionaries of all anxiety as to funds for a memorial to their beloved memories. It is always an unpleasant thing to beg—the great apostle seemed to think it so ("not that I desire a gift, but fruit that may abound to your account"); but it is a still more unpleasant thing for a Peshawar missionary to beg for a memorial to the memory of Peshawar missionaries. Amongst the readers of the GLEANER there must be some who have had fathers or brothers killed in the present Afghan war; or, perhaps, have some mercies of Providence to be thankful for in connection with this campaign, which is now making Peshawar a vast military storehouse. In such cases I can but commend the Memorial Church to their kind consideration.

Peshawar, Afghanistan, April 28th, 1880.

T. P. HUGHES.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

On St. Barnabas' Day, June 11th, a Special Ordination was held by Bishop of London, at St. Paul's Cathedral, for C.M.S. students. Seventeen Islington students received deacon's orders, viz., Messrs. A. E. B. J. Field, T. H. Canham, C. A. Thompson, J. H. Knowles, I. J. Tay, C. H. Merk, C. B. Nash, A. T. A. Gollmer, F. Glanvill, J. Hen, G. T. Fleming, C. A. French, F. E. Walton, H. Rountree, E. D. Po, and S. Willoughby. Mr. Field has already been a lay missionary Lagos, and Mr. Henry in East Africa. Mr. Willoughby is an African from Lagos. The Revs. J. Redman, W. G. Peel, and W. Banister, were ordained deacons last year, received priest's orders, together with the Revs. C. B. S. Gillings and J. A. Dodds. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Prebendary Wright, Hon. Secretary of the Society.

Nine of the Islington students just ordained were competitors in last Oxford and Cambridge Preliminary Examination for Holy Orders. Messrs. Ball and Fleming passed in the first class, and Messrs. Thompson, Knowles, Merk, Nash, Glanvill, French, and Walton in the second.

Of the seven missionary students ordained last year, but kept at home for lack of funds, one, the Rev. J. Halsey, has since been sent to Timbuctoo; and four others are now directed to sail this autumn, viz., Rev. C. Mountfort for Western India, the Rev. J. Redman for Siam, the Rev. W. G. Peel (previously designated to Japan) to the Tolu Mission, and the Rev. W. Banister to China.

The Rev. E. H. Bickersteth has given the C.M.S. £1,000 to begin Mission among the Bhils, a hill tribe in Central India.

The Waganda chiefs are returning to Central Africa via Zanzibar. Mr. Felkin accompanies them to the coast, and then (not being strong enough to go on to the interior at present) returns to England. Mr. Stokes, who is at Zanzibar, will take them back to Uganda. Photographs of the coast can be obtained at the Church Missionary House, prices 2s. and 1s.

Lord Granville, in a speech in the House of Lords on May 23th, estimated the number of Native Protestant Christians in India at 100,000. The real number is four or five times that. In 1872, according to Government returns, it was 286,987 (excluding Ceylon). In the previous ten years the increase had been 50 per cent.; and if in the past eight years there has been a like increase (which is a low estimate), there should now be about 430,000. The number mentioned by Lord Granville may be found in the small province of Tinnevely alone.

On Feb. 9th a large and interesting gathering of Maori Christians was held at Otaki, New Zealand, to commemorate the first establishment of Mission in that district just forty years ago. The Bishop of Wellington, Dr. O. Hadfield, himself the C.M.S. missionary who first preached there in 1840, was present, together with several missionaries and the Native clergy of that diocese, the Revs. Rawiri Te Wanui, Henari Herekau, Pineaha Te Mahauriki, and Arons Te Hau. An immense tree has been shaped into an obelisk forty feet high (a foot for a year with a cross on the top, as a permanent "memorial pole." Collecting which had been made by the Christian Natives in aid of their Church Endowment Fund were brought in, and, though not complete, amounted to £630, only £10 of which had been contributed by Europeans.

The Rev. W. Clark, formerly of the Ceylon Mission, has been appointed to Travancore, to work among the Arrians and coolies of the hill districts.

In consequence of the paragraph about Bishop Ridley's need of a steamer, in the GLEANER of March, a lady in York started a Penny Fund in aid of the sum required to purchase one, and has already obtained more than £20. Several Sunday-schools have made special offerings.

A Tinnevely Christian, David of Rasamanniapuram, has undertaken to build a little church in his own village, at a cost of nearly £100.

A new "Church of England Zenana Missionary Society" has been formed, in close association with the C.M.S. The President is Countess of Darnley; the Vice-Presidents are Lady Robinson, Mrs. A. Heywood, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. Arthur Mills, and Mrs. Henry Wright. The Committee consists mostly of the wives of members of the C.M.S. Committee and of C.M.S. missionaries; the Treasurer is Mr. G. Arbuthnot, the Sub-Treasurer, Mrs. Stuart; and the Secretaries, Sir W. Hill, Mrs. Stuart, Colonel Black, Miss Cockle, and Miss H. Lloyd. There is also a Council of Reference, consisting of the Rev. Prebendary Wright, General Hutchinson, and Mr. P. V. Smith. The object of the Society is "to make known the Gospel of Christ to the Women of India in accordance with the Protestant and Evangelical teaching of the articles and formularies of the Church of England."

* * * A correspondent asks where the list of subscribers to the Church Missionary Society can be obtained. It will be found in the Annual Report, to which every guinea subscriber is entitled.

We are much disappointed at being unable to give in this number the picture of the Reception by the Queen of the Waganda Envoys, as announced last month. It is being very carefully drawn by a competent artist, and unexpected delays have arisen in its preparation.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

AUGUST, 1880.

BIBLE THOUGHTS ABOUT MISSIONARY WORK.

BY THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

VII.

"He must needs go through Samaria."—*St. John iv. 4.*



UT where was the necessity? The Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans. As a rule, in going from Judæa into Galilee, they preferred to take the more circuitous route across the Jordan twice than traverse that unclean and unfriendly region. Our Blessed Lord Himself, too, expressly charged the twelve that they should not go into the way of the Gentiles, and into any city of the Samaritans they were not to enter. Yet on this one occasion, when He was returning from Judæa into Galilee, we are told by the evangelist that He "must needs" go through Samaria.

It is a strong expression—the same, in fact, that is used in other parts of this Gospel, when it is said, for instance, that we "must" be born again, that the Son of Man "must" be lifted up, that He "must" rise again the third day. How, then, shall we account for the necessity?

It seems to me that we can only do so in one way, and that is by considering what was the result of the Saviour's visit. There was one soul to be saved, and that soul was to be made the means of blessing to many others in the place. The Shepherd had come to seek and to save that which was lost, and He must go through the wilderness and many an unfriendly spot until He find it. His eye had wandered on to Jacob's Well, and there He had seen a poor adulterous Samaritan woman whose soul was to be saved. The lost one must be gathered into the fold, and so "He must needs go through Samaria."

The lesson, then, supplied to us by this little word of Scripture is surely most encouraging in connection with missionary work. No land is so unfriendly but the Lord must visit it, where souls are to be gathered into His kingdom. Many amongst the Jews would have said, What is the use of going to such a place as Samaria? and what could be done with a woman whose life was one of immorality and sin? Yet see the result. The woman, in the first place, is brought to know Christ as her Saviour. She is then made, in the very city where her life had been known to be bad, the means of greatest blessing in missionary labour. Nor was this the limit of the good work—the ground was prepared—the seed was sown—so that in after years, when the evangelist Philip visited the place in the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, the people with one accord gave heed unto the things of Christ which he spake unto them, and "there was much joy," we read, "in that city."

Thus may we look at the present time with simple faith and hope for a great result in the work of the Church Missionary Society. It is true that many lands in these days of enterprise and travel are being opened out, and the opportunity is given for the message of God's salvation. But the difficulties are great, and the discouragements constant. We seem to be overwhelmed when we think of the millions of China, and of Hindostan, and of Central Africa, and all the many obstacles with which our missionaries have to contend. Prejudice and superstition, cruelty and atheism, evil of every kind, mark the character of the people, and would make us, perhaps, despair of doing good amongst them. But here is our encouragement—that no place is so unfriendly or hostile to the truth of God but Christ will visit it. Souls are to be gathered out—the Lord's kingdom is to be extended and hastened—"He must needs go through Samaria."

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

VIII.

Union between Workers—Crossing the Rokkōsan—Arima—Baskets—Sulphur Baths—Waterfalls—Kagos—By the Moon Temple to Kobe—S.P.G. Church and School.



IT is one of the blessings of Mission work, oft realised in the East, that, face to face with the heathen hosts of Satan, and confronted by the spiritual enemies of Christ, His messengers and ambassadors are drawn closer together than is generally the case in Christian lands. So it was that, on returning from a visit to the Government Middle School of Osaka, where I heard the boys and girls read and construe English, I found the missionaries of the Kobe and Osaka Church Missions, American and English, holding their monthly prayer meeting. At its close the Rev. H. Foss, representing the S.P.G. at Kobe, proposed that we should return to that port over the Rokkōsan, and so visit one of the most beautiful districts in the neighbourhood—a proposal I gladly accepted.

Bidding Osaka friends adieu, and leaving the railway at the little station of Sumiyoshi, we breasted a steady ascent through a ravine as wild as any of those leading up from the Cumberland lakes. Human dwellings were few and far between, and at last we were alone on a bare hill-side. After long, patient climbing, we found ourselves enveloped in dense white mist some 4,000 feet above the sea. Struggling against a sense of disappointment, and carefully feeling our way along the edge of a precipice, we experienced a sudden burst of delight as the mists in a moment rolled away seaward and upward, and the rays of the bright evening sun lighted up the glorious landscape. Wild hydrangeas in full bloom were massed amongst the crags, and the gorgeous flues of Japan shed their delicious perfume on every side. The eye roved delighted over miles of well-wooded and diversified scenery, whilst in the distance the inland sea shone like a burnished mirror in the rich golden hues of the setting sun.

As we descended, our path, which at one point passed through a cleverly constructed tunnel in the rock, under a stream which splashed downwards into the ravine below, wound round sharp pinnacles of sandstone, to the steep sides of which clung fir-trees and pines, whilst below murmured pleasantly a mountain stream. A few days before, the rain had caused many landslips, impeding our path. The evening air was deliciously cool, and as the stars came out one by one, the gloom deepened around us until we could hardly discern the path through the overshadowing firs which line the hills around Arima. The narrow streets of this quaint little town cling so close under overhanging cliffs that you can step out from the upper floors on to the ground in rear. It is here that those pretty little baskets of delicate work are made which have become of late so plentiful in England. The shops were full of them, of all shapes and sizes, from a pill box to a travelling trunk.

Arima is famous amongst the natives for its hot sulphur baths, which are reputed to be very efficacious in diseases of the skin. The bath-houses open on to the main street. We entered a small ante-room in which the keeper was busily occupied in providing little handkerchiefs, which serve for towels, and in taking money from the would-be bathers. These, throwing off their outer garments, step into the bath-room, where a curious sight presented itself. A narrow path ran round the bath, which occupied the whole centre of the floor, apparently about eighteen feet square and about five feet deep. In this stood the bathers,



JAPANESE LADY IN KAGO (OR KANGO).

promiscuous
with their
just above the
water, from v
clouds of s
were rising, v
an unmistak
odour of su
made the a
sphere almos
bearable.
patients stan
an hour or
in this sim
fashion, and i
with difficult
last comers
room. Plum
my arm in, I
the water inc
niently hot,
did not won
the rubicund
of the bat
The water bu
up from a s
below, the
running away
the centre o
little street.
times the ba
reserved for
reigners, who
make excu
from Kobe.
whole place
dolent of sul
and it is a sin
fact that m
superstition
associated wit
the idea of
regions of the
Suggestive w
inquiry of my
panion, "Can
send a boy to
us the way
mushi gigoku
gigoku?" i.e.
the hell of flie
of birds. 2
turned out t
holes in the
sides from v
mephitic vapo
asionally asc
and the na
have it that
and birds re
tively fall de
they try to
across them.
guide showe
also a well co
in by a shrine
called Tan

sen, the water of which was very cold and refreshing, emitting what seemed to be bubbles of carbonic acid gas.

Going to visit the waterfalls, which are situated at the end of a rocky ravine, between two high walls of black rock, we found many of the missionaries of the American Board from Kobe, Osaka, and other places encamped close by, attending their annual conference, and securing at the same time much needed rest amid the lovely scenery of this delightful spot. Warmly they welcomed us, speaking hopefully and with quiet assurance of the wonderful way in which the cause of Christ is progressing in Japan, notwithstanding those remaining obstacles which we would fain see removed. Passing through a kind of pleasure garden as we resumed our walk to Kobe, it was amusing to see several *kagos* arrive. These are a sort of bamboo bag with open sides, slung on a pole between two bearers, and are the old-fashioned means of transit across the hills, where jinrikishas would be useless because of the steep gradients. There is exactly room in each for the occupant, sitting Japanese fashion. Notwithstanding the crowd, the panting coolies coolly strip entirely and rub themselves down, and it does not seem to strike the natives that there is aught of impropriety in so doing. They are doubtless from out-of-the-way places, or they feel that in the absence of police they can break the new-made laws with impunity.

We are soon threading our way between hill-tops rent and twisted into extraordinary forms by some strange convulsion of nature; and ever and anon we are thankful for the granite guide-posts which are placed at each divergent path. We are taking a road now very rarely used, along the ridge of hills which ends at the Moon Temple, Kobe; and although it is a lonely path, we are well repaid by the grandeur and beauty of the landscape throughout. A passing shower drives us beneath the roof of a wayside shrine. A family party are waiting here for the cessation of the rain. The aged father gravely uncorks his *saké* flask, and filling a small cup, offers it most kindly to the wet strangers. The mother and children meanwhile look smilingly on, and willingly make room for us in the most sheltered corner. How pleasantly such ways contrast with the stolid indifference of the Chinese! One cannot help liking these affable kindly folk. For a while we jog on together; then, giving us parting information as to the length of the way before us, after many "*sayonaras*" (farewells), they descend a mountain path and are gone. The sandstone hill-sides, clothed in golden gorse, presented a brilliant appearance as the sun shone out in his strength, and from the summit of the temple hill down to Kobe our road was one grand vista of beauty. It recalled the glories of the valley of the Lyn, only magnified, whilst ever before us was the sea. As we approached Kobe we



JAPANESE KAGO.

passed beautiful waterfalls, and one glen was pointed out, the sides of which are literally clothed with the maidenhair fern.

It was cheering to see at Kobe evidences of much work for Christ being carried on in many ways. The S.P.G. Native chapel is a neat little structure of wood, beautifully appointed. May the day soon come when the present little building shall be found all too small! Besides the church there is a nice little schoolroom, and one could only wish that the missionaries themselves were located in a substantial foreign-built house instead of the inflammable and somewhat cramped network of screens which constitute the ordinary dwellings of Japan. Alas! health and efficiency have too often to be sacrificed because the watchword at home is that fatal one—Retrenchment!

PROVERBS FROM THE MISSION FIELD.

BY THE REV. J. LONG, late of Calcutta.



UROPE has by her Missions sent the valuable gift of the Bible to the East, and "the children of the sun" thankfully receive it; but has the East nothing to send in return? She has, and especially in the light which Eastern customs, usages, literature, &c., throw on the interpretation of the Bible. A Hindu boy sees at once the meaning of a text, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," which has puzzled many Europeans, who are too apt to forget that the Bible is an Oriental book, and that the key to open many of its treasures of interpretation is to be found in the East. In this respect missionary labour has furnished many important contributions, not only to Biblical interpretation, but also to the mode of conveying Divine truth after the model of our Lord, of whom it is said, "Without a parable spake He not unto the people."

We shall illustrate the latter point by showing the use the proverbial lore and adages of the East may prove in elucidating Scripture truth, and in bringing various branches of missionary work more home to the Sunday-school and congregation, by the occasional use of quotations from the daily language of the people who are the subjects of missionary labours.

Suppose, for instance, I were addressing a class on the text of Proverbs xxiii. 5—"Riches have wings like an eagle." After noting the eagle's power of flight and the examples of the flight of riches in Nebuchadnezzar, one day in the palace among the nobles, and another in the park among beasts—or of Haman, one day rolling in wealth, another day swinging on a gallows sixty feet high—I would quote in illustration the Hindu proverb, "*Riches are a Hindu's beard.*" This is obscure at first sight, but comes with point when it is explained that Hindus have to shave on all occasions of mourning, which often occur. Similar Pushtu proverbs are, "*Wealth is a cliff's shadow,*" i.e., always shifting; "*The sleep of kings is an ant hill*"; or the Telugu proverb, "*Worldly prosperity is like writing on water*"; or the Bengali, "*Riches are a tree on the river's brink*"—for in the East the banks of rivers are often of a sandy friable nature, and therefore are easily swept away by the current of the rainy season.

In teaching or preaching on the uselessness of mere ceremonies or pilgrimages without the heart being interested, how *à propos* is the Telugu



JAPANESE KAGO.

proverb, "Though a man may remove the distance of fifty miles his sin is still with him," as shown in the case of Cain; or the Singhalese proverbs, "Charcoal cannot be made white though you wash it with milk"; "Your hands and your feet are the same though you go to Tuticorin." Vema, a Telugu peasant, published, centuries ago, a collection of adages which live to the present day in the hearts and memories of the people. How applicable to the East are these two of his!—"Will the application of white ashes do away the smell of a wine pot? Will a cord cast over your neck make you twice born?"—remembering that white ashes on the forehead are the sign of religious devotion, and the sacred cord over the neck the badge of the Brahmin.

The following are examples of Oriental proverbs which may be applied either to point truths in the pulpit or schoolroom, or may serve as exercises for the young, requiring them to give corresponding sayings or illustrations in the Bible. I have used them in the latter way in Bengal, and found they led to a more diligent searching of the Scriptures:—

Arabic.—"The beetle is a beauty in the eye of its mother." (Eli's sons.)

Bengali.—"Though you sing a filthy song on its banks the Ganges is not defiled." (Christ among sinners.)

Chinese.—"The swallow which built its nest on the bamboo door-screen will find rest difficult." (The door moves to and fro. So worldly enjoyment is changing.)

Tamil.—"Does the sparrow which flies very high become a hawk?" (Change of place changes not nature, as with Judas.)

Telugu.—"The cat having killed 700 mice went on pilgrimage to Mecca." (Palliating evil deeds by ceremonies, as the Pharisees.)

Russian.—"God gave the money, but the enemy made a hole in the pocket." (God sowed wheat: whence the tares?)

Arabic.—"Better to be blear-eyed than to be blind."

Tamil.—"When a dog barks against a mountain, who suffers, the dog or the mountain?"

Tamil.—"The nature of the water varies according to the soil." (The spirit of man contracts the nature of its companions.)

Telugu.—"He entrusted to the cat the care of the pigeon-house."

Bengali.—"He tears the leaf he eats on." (The Bengalis eat their food often from a leaf. It applies to an ungrateful man.)

Afghan.—"The monkey lapped up the curds and smeared the goat's mouth with it." (Adam throwing the chief blame on Eve.)

Telugu.—"Worship without faith is a mere waste of flowers." (Flowers are used extensively in Hindu temple worship.)

Bengali.—"Which is more useful, the nose or the breath?"

Afghan.—"Cold is not kept out by a 'For God's sake' or 'For the Prophet's sake,' but by four seer (= 2 lbs.) of cotton." (Cotton is used for stuffing quilts to make them warm. Compare "Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled," James ii. 16.)

In popular Hindu writings there are many excellent proverbs which may do good service in missionary preaching, in which sharp answers to pointed questions are very necessary. The following sayings from a Native source are pithy:—

What will absolve from sin?

Will water? Are not plenty of fishes then absolved?

Will fasting? Does not the snake feed on air when he can get nothing else?

Will living on vegetables? Do not the goat and other animals live on them?

Will abstaining from drink? Does the *chátak* (a kind of sparrow) ever drink?

Will living in holes underground? Are there no rats in holes in the jungles?

Will covering the body with ashes? Does not the donkey roll in the dust all the day long?

Will sitting in a state of absorption? Does not the heron sit all day long on the banks of the river?

Kavir, a great Hindu reformer, whose writings are well known, spoke in proverbs and in sayings of a strain like those above, which have passed from lip to lip and from age to age. Vemana, a Telugu writer, was another of the same class. We give a few of his sayings:—

"Those who roam to other lands in pilgrimage to find the God that dwells within them, are like a shepherd who searches in his flock for the sheep he has under his arm." (John iv. 20—24.)

"Religion that consists in various postures and in twisting the limbs, is just one straw inferior to the exercises of the wrestler." (Isa. lviii. 5.)

"Though a dog go to the sacred stream of the Godaveri, will it make him a lion?"

Our Lord's sayings most pointedly show the value of proverbial phrases,

as when He roused His hearers by what appeared paradoxes, like "Let the dead bury their dead," "Labour not for the meat that perisheth," &c.

We will give the outline of explanation of the following:—

Let the dead bury their dead. Luke ix. 60.

Those words puzzled a disciple who wished to bury his father, but did not apprehend the double meaning of the word "dead"—the dead of the body and that of the soul. St. Jude says, "sinners are twice dead, i.e., dead once by nature and again to grace." "She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth" (1 Tim. v. 6). The Prodigal Son is described having been dead and alive again. The Chinese understood the phrase for they say of excessive sorrow for the dead, "Let the dead care for the dead, the living for the living." Abel is described as "being dead yet speaking." A Talmud proverb illustrates this. "The pious require no monument, their deeds are their monument." The Arabs say, "benefactor is alive though removed to the mansions of the dead"; Turks, "Who honour not the counsels of the dead is dead himself." Oriental proverb states, "The fool is dead among the living, the man lives after his death." A Syriac proverb—"He who marries off his father's faith dies a living death."

SKETCHES OF THE TELUGU MISSION.

BY THE REV. J. E. PADFIELD, *Masulipatam*.

IV.—EARLY SEED-TIME—THE OUTLOOK IN 1860.



SOME twenty years had elapsed since Noble and set foot in this country, and so far, judging from outward appearances, but little had been accomplished. Twenty long years of patient labour digging and delving, of sowing and planting,

as yet, but little to show for it. Lands had been occupied, but had been marked out, much labour had been expended, but yet, it was only here and there that a few sprouts showed above the ground to bespeak the rich harvest that, in this year of grace 1860, is smiling around us.

Ellore and Bezwada had for some time been occupied Mission stations, and the distant station of Dummagudem about being taken up, and yet in the whole Mission there were only some 70 or 80 baptized adults, and of these I fancy bulk were Tamil Christians, who had come up to these places attached to the households of the different English Government officials attached to the Native regiments that were then stationed up here. Indeed, at the end of the year 1859 the whole of those under Christian instruction in the whole Mission, including 77 children and 25 catechumens, are returned as number 177, and this after twenty long years of patient labour. We one looks round now, after another lapse of twenty years, sees the varied and extensive machinery at work, and counts the Native Church of nearly four thousand souls, whilst exclaiming "What hath God wrought!" it must not be lost sight of how much the success of the last twenty years must result from patient labours of the former twenty.

Mr. Fox, during the three years and a half he was in the Mission, had done what he could in the town of Masulipatam itself and in the surrounding country by way of regular evangelistic work, breaking up the fallow-ground and scattering precious seed. I was talking to an old Brahmin gentleman one day who was once Mr. Fox's munshi, and in speaking of him he told me that Mr. Fox, in his walks through the streets of the town, used to take a few coppers in his pocket to give to the children here and there, so as to win their friendship. An old man seemed to speak with the greatest respect and reverence of his old friend, and this although he is still himself a heathen, and, as the large Vishnu mark on his forehead proclaims, a very strict one too. Messrs. Sharkey and Darling, the former of whom has since joined Fox and Noble amongst the saints, had also laboured much in itinerating through the surrounding country, at times taking more extended tours, and of the twenty village schools and the twenty-eight little village congregations now scattered up and down the Masulipatam

district alone, there was not a single one in 1860. Mr. Noble had his school, from which he had received several high-caste converts; and Mrs. Sharkey had her girls' boarding-school, of which more by-and-by; and in Masulipatam itself there was a small congregation, a mere handful, and that was all.

As before said, however, several other centres had been occupied, and of these the first was Ellore. This is a large and important town, some fifty miles inland from Masulipatam in a northerly direction, and situated near a large fresh-water lake named the Colair. It has a population of 25,487 according to the last census, of whom 5,048 are Mussulmans. In the middle of the town there are the ruins of an old fort supposed to have been built by the Mohammedans in the thirteenth or fourteenth century, and which is now occupied by our Mission for the High School and its Head Master.

Some years before this station was occupied by our Society there had been settled there a missionary of the Lutheran Evangelical Mission, but he did not remain long before he left for a more promising field. In 1854 one of our missionaries, Mr. English, was sent there, and he opened a school which was the beginning of the present large and flourishing High School; but in 1857 he had to leave for England, and Mr. Alexander, a then young man just arrived in the country, was sent to hold the fort, at which he has continued ever since. Ellore was a very heathenish, benighted place, very far behind Masulipatam in every respect, and in 1860, except Mr. Alexander's own household and a few Christians connected with the regiment then quartered there, the work had yet to commence. What is now a large and important centre of Mission work, surrounded by some twenty-eight villages having Christians forming a flourishing and growing Native Church, was then but a blank as regards the faith of the Cross.

At this time also another important centre had been occupied and work begun. The mighty river Kistna, which takes its rise on the western side of India, after rolling along for hundreds of miles through broad plains, mountain gorges, and dense jungle right through the heart of India, runs into the Bay of Bengal near Masulipatam. Some fifty miles before it joins the sea it passes between two high hills which form portions of a spur of the Eastern Ghauts. Advantage has been taken of the narrowing of the river as it passes between these two hills to erect the dam, or anicut, as it is called, which diverts the precious water into canals to fertilise the land instead of its running waste into the sea. The town of Bezwada is on the northern bank of the river, nestled between a group of hills of which the above two form part. It is considered a very holy town by the natives, but it was a small place comparatively until the advent of the engineers to build the anicut. Since then it has very much increased in size and importance, and is now a large and thriving place. In 1858 this town was occupied as a Mission station by Mr. Darling, who, besides superintending a school and preaching in the bazaar and surrounding country, had a small congregation, composed, however, principally of Tamil and other Christians who had come there from other parts. About this time, however, the work extended to Raghapuram, a place some twenty-five miles from Bezwada, and now itself a Mission station.

Mr. Darling had one day been preaching in Bezwada to large crowds, who had come together for some heathen festival. He had often thus preached before with no apparent good result, and he returned to his house, as usual, with a sinking heart; and yet that morning's work was the commencement of great things. In a distant village the head-man of the Malas, named Venkayya, was led by some, to him, unknown power to see the folly of worshipping dumb idols. About that time, too, he had a strange dream that further affected him, and he abandoned his idols, and, undeterred by the sneers and scoffs of his neighbours, he announced his determination to search for the true God and

Saviour. Months afterwards business brought him and several others to the town of Bezwada, and this happened to be on the occasion of a festival. Several of this group of villagers were amongst the crowd that heard Mr. Darling preach on the day in question, and they went and told Venkayya that there was a gentleman in the town speaking about the things he so talked of.

That afternoon a group of five or six villagers might have been seen standing about a dozen yards distant from the Mission-house at Bezwada, afraid to venture nearer, and yet desiring to see the strange Englishman who had been telling people of a Saviour for sin. Mr. Darling accidentally saw them, and it is needless to tell how overjoyed he was to tell to anxious listeners "that sweet story of old," and what his feelings must have been when Venkayya, the chief of his little congregation, put his hands together and said, "This is the Saviour whom I will serve." Time fails to tell how the missionary went with these men, how many believed and were baptized, and how that little group formed the beginning of a rising Native Church.

Thus, after twenty years' long and anxious labour, the first droppings began to appear of a copious shower of blessing. These men belonged to the Malas, or Pariahs, an outcast race, despised and down-trodden by the higher castes, and strange to say the progress of the Kingdom in these parts has been almost exclusively amongst that people. The mass of our Christians to this day are Malas. Truly, "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen . . . that no flesh should glory in His presence" (1 Cor. i. 27-29).

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

VII.—THE FALLEN ONE RESTORED.

"Satan hath desired to have you . . . but I have prayed for thee." Luke xxii. 31, 32.

See Mark xvi. 7; Luke xxiv. 34; John xxi. 1; 1 Cor. xv. 5.



OW sorrowful those three days to the disciples! "Ye shall weep and lament," Jesus had said (John xvi. 20); and so they did (Mark xvi. 10)—heavy hearts, crushed hopes, bitter tears—their Master dead—all over now!

When a dear one dies, we like to think how we tended and comforted her at the last. Could they feel so? Had all forsaken Him! And one—Peter—what must he have felt! His last word for Jesus, "I know not the man!"

And now the third day—Jesus risen—to whom will He appear first? Yes, the women first; but the apostles, which of them? Comes to them together that same night; but one has already got a special message from Him, already seen Him—Peter! (Mark xvi. 7; Luke xxiv. 34; 1 Cor. xv. 5). Why this? Yes, it was the Good Shepherd going after the lost sheep.

So Peter is forgiven. Sometimes we forgive one who has wronged us; that is right; but do we soon trust him again? *can* we? Could Jesus trust Peter?

Picture the scene on the Lake (John xxi.)—Jesus has shown them that the Gospel net is to be cast—that it shall not be cast in vain—that the fish caught shall not be lost—that the net shall not break—that every one shall be brought safe to land. But then, who is to do it? Can He employ those who deserted Him? Well, He may employ some—John perhaps—but surely not Peter. Read ver. 15-17: "Feed My lambs," "Feed My sheep"—to whom spoken? Yes, Jesus does trust Peter, gives to him this great commission. But two things necessary. (1) Peter must *love* Christ: "Lovest thou Me?" (2) Peter must *follow* Christ: ver. 19, "Follow Me."


Do you say you are not good enough to work for Christ? See, He employs backsliding and cowardly Peter. Why? To magnify His own grace—the work seen to be not Peter's, but His. Could trust Peter, because He Himself would keep Peter. So He will employ you too. Peter became a great missionary, like Paul; but, like Paul, he could say, "Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."



R. & TAYLOR.

SAVADON
KAYASTA
SHE S. S. WILSON
KAYASTA
KAYASTA

THE PRESENTATION OF KING MTESA'S ENVOYS TO THE QUEEN.

" HEN are we to see the Queen?" was the constant inquiry of the Envoys. They had reached the England of which they had heard so much; they had been introduced to the Committee; they were present at the Annual Meetings; but where was the "Kabakka Mkazi"? They could not understand the possibility of strangers of so much importance being even one day in this land without being ushered into the presence of the Sovereign. In their own country any stranger who arrives comes only with the permission and as the guest of the King, and they supposed naturally that so was the custom here.

The first sight they had of Her Majesty was at the review at Aldershot. Then they realised that we are governed by a lady, and heard with interest that her noble consort was dead. Her Majesty most graciously sent to inquire how the chiefs liked all they had seen, and intimated her intention of receiving them when she came to London. When, therefore, the auspicious day arrived, great was their expectation; and smiling self-satisfaction, with a conscious dignity of carriage, marked their demeanour. Special pains were bestowed on their toilet by their kind friend and constant attendant in London, George Vandyke.

Her Majesty had intimated her wish that the Envoys should be accompanied by Mr. Wilson, Mr. Felkin, and the Lay Secretary, and when the party arrived at Buckingham Palace, they found that they were to be presented by the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, Earl Granville. The reception took place in one of the small drawing-rooms, and was arranged in this way:—The chiefs with their party followed Lord Granville and the officers of state who were with him up-stairs, through a beautiful corridor, to a handsome circular room, out of which doors opened in three directions. Magnificent furniture, chairs, cabinets, and a grand marble and inlaid table occupied the attention of the chiefs, while Lord Granville and his officers passed into the adjoining room.

In a few minutes the ushers came out and arranged the party for entering the Royal presence. When the doors were again opened the ushers beckoned the party forward, and on entering, the Queen was seen standing in the centre of the room. A little distance from her, stood Lord Granville, General Sir Francis Seymour, K.C.B. (Master of the Ceremonies), and other state officials. Behind the Queen stood the Princess Beatrice. Lord Granville then presented the Envoys formally to the Queen, and Namkaddi presented the letter, saying, as he did so, "This is a letter from my master, Mtesa, King of Uganda, to your Majesty," which was interpreted by Mr. Wilson. The Queen took the letter, and asked a question as to the exact position of Mtesa's kingdom. This having been explained, Namkaddi, with some dignity, proceeded to address the Queen, Mr. Wilson interpreting. He said that his master had heard much of the fame of England, and had sent them to know if all

he had been told was true, and if the Queen was the great and powerful monarch he had been informed she was; and that they had already seen enough to convince them that England was indeed very great. Her Majesty, who was holding the letter in her hand, then said she hoped that they were pleased with all they had seen, and asked whether they had enjoyed the review at Aldershot. The reception being an official one, there was no opportunity for further communication. Her Majesty handed the letter to Lord Granville, bowed graciously, and gave the signal for the party to retire.

In the ante-room the gentlemen of the Court came and informed the chiefs, through Mr. Wilson, that Her Majesty wished them to sign their names in her birthday-book. As they had no idea of writing, it was with much interest that they were watched to see what they would do. Namkaddi wrote first, and produced something like a large straggling N. Then followed Kataruba. He took the pen carefully, surveyed what Namkaddi had written, and copied it as closely as he could, adding a tail as a flourish. The pen was then handed to Sawaddu, who copied Kataruba's mark with his tail flourish, and added a second tail on his own account. Then the party were shown over the palace, and saw the splendid state-rooms, the picture gallery, and the gardens.

The chiefs were much astonished with all they saw, and were above all things impressed with the stately courtesy and kindness of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. They must in their own minds have expected something very different. Indeed, all they saw in England opened a new world to them. It was impossible to hold much conversation with them, but by means of the vocabulary prepared by Mr. Wilson some information could be conveyed. The desire of those who were much with them was to take every opportunity of leading them to the real sources of England's wealth and power; and when the events which had recently transpired in Uganda were told them—how Mtesa had sent for the *lubari* or spirit, Mukassa, and had determined that his people should return to the worship of their fathers—advantage was taken of the visit of the

chiefs to the Queen to explain to them that we needed no *lubari* or Mukassa but could go direct to God the great Creator; that *lubari* was "mafeesh" (worthless), and that God the Creator ("Katonda"), who dwelt above, was our Father in heaven.

E. H.

THE NEGRO AND THE RED INDIAN.

FROM the foundation of the Church Missionary Society, the Negro has been in a peculiar sense the object of its prayers and efforts. It was from the first, and still is, a Society "for Africa and the East."

Yet another race, in the Far West, is, even more exclusively, the care of the Church Missionary Society. In Africa, it has but shared the field with other societies. Among the Red Indians of British North America it has worked almost alone. And many thousands of Red Indian Christians are the fruit of its labours.

It seems fitting, therefore, that a Red Indian face should appear on this page, opposite the interesting picture which so vividly reminds us that while the Society's earliest Mission was to West Africa, its latest Mission has been to Central Africa, whence, under its auspices, those remarkable Envoys came.



RED INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER VIII.



T must not be supposed that we have recorded all the talks which the little party, whose doings (or rather sayings) we have recorded, had one with another. One thing some of them very soon found out—that was their ignorance. They discovered that they absolutely knew nothing of missionary work. And yet this is the great, the greatest work of all, which the Lord has given His servants to do. None are exempt from it. The young and the old, the very rich and the very poor, all are called, I may say *commanded* to take part in it. And where the Spirit of Christ dwells, the loving heart longs to preach the Gospel to every creature. That law is written, not with ink in the book of God only, but by the Holy Ghost on the heart of every one who is born of Him.

Therefore when the young people who met at Mr. Harper's house got to know more of the real facts of missionary work, their souls were on fire to be engaged in it. They heard of the work, and the patience, and the still onward work, of men of God in Africa, and of ultimate blessing on the work. They heard of the same in China—in New Zealand. They talked about Metlakantla, about the cold regions of North-West America. Mr. Harper led them about, pointing out the difficulties, the discouragements, but also the tokens of God's presence in all parts. And his friends had begun to read for themselves. They knew something of the pages of the *Intelligencer*, as well as of the *Gleaner*. They began to introduce the "Green Book" into the Sunday-schools, and to their younger brothers and sisters.

Mr. Harper noticed all this with a glistening eye. He knew that if he had asked Mr. Treddel, or Mr. Lukewell, or any of them to collect or to work for the good cause six months ago, they would have been at least disinclined; and if to please him they had undertaken the work, they would only have done it with half a heart. His plan was to kindle the fire within, to create a feeling of need, a craving to be doing something. His thought was, "I don't know how Christians can sleep in their beds at night if they are doing nothing for the missionary cause."

And he was right. Young Anthony Welton had not said much, but he had listened earnestly. Mr. Harper noticed this, but he said nothing. "I will not strike till the iron is hot," he said to himself. So he waited. He had been teaching himself to wait, by what he had been talking about at the meetings. Old Mrs. Hope had said to him, "Why don't you ask them to be doing something?"

"No," he said, "I'll wait till they ask me."

But he did put himself in Welton's way one day. He took his arm and said, "Let us have a walk together." And he began to talk—no, not about missionary work—about the daisies in the field. How beautiful they are; how good of God to give us them. In India they never see a daisy. "A dear friend of mine, who often writes letters to soldiers in India, paints a daisy or a buttercup at the top. She says they are sure to take care of her letter then."

"Daisies are not the only beautiful gifts of God the heathen do not know," said Mr. Welton, thoughtfully.

Mr. Harper knew what he meant, but he said, "No, they don't know the golden buttercup."

"I was thinking, they don't know the Lily of the Valley, nor the Rose of Sharon. They don't know Jesus."

Poor fellow, he quite broke down. Tears rained down his cheeks. And they wept together. Welton's tears were the result of many prayers. He had prayed that his life might be for God; and since he had learnt more of missionary work, he yearned to be of use in it.

"I have often thought," said he, "since we have had our talks, that I should like to go and be myself a missionary. What do you think, Mr. Harper? I don't feel myself worthy. Far from it. Nor yet fitted for such a work; but God is all-sufficient."

"I would be the last to discourage such a thought," said Mr. Harper. "But you are young, young enough to give yourself time for more thought and prayer about it."

"I have thought much and prayed much," said Welton.

"I know you have, dear friend. And no one would rejoice more than I if God were to open the door and bid you go into the great Mission-field."

"Then you do not advise me to offer myself? I should like your advice about it, Mr. Harper."

"I will tell you a little of my own experience. When I was about your age (that is five-and-thirty years ago) I had, like yourself, a strong desire to offer myself to the Church Missionary Society. So had also another young man, a little older, and of far more experience in the way of godliness than myself. I used to look up to him as the most holy of my Christian friends, and I was blessed with many in those days. He offered himself. In reply there came a printed list of questions for him

to answer. Among these was an inquiry as to what he had read of Divinity. His answer was very simple—Pilgrim's Progress and Bible!"

"And what could be better?" said Mr. Welton.

"Ah, nothing surely. But if a man is to cope with shrewd heathens he must read other books besides. The advice given my friend was that he should read certain standard works on the Creed, the Articles, &c. This was put to him as a test. If a man will not rise early and redeem for such studies as these, he will not make much of a missionary."

"Then you did not offer yourself, Mr. Harper?"

"No; I thought if a man so far my superior in holy living and single-hearted devotedness to God was refused, it would be of no use for me to apply. Indeed I was, I confess, a little astonished, not to say angry at the result of my friend's application. But I have lived to see that there were wiser men than I in the world."

"Well, I am glad for our sakes you didn't go."

"What I should advise you to do is this. Read diligently such books as are required for the preliminary examination. Mr. Verity will tell you what they are. And do everything you can to help the work in every way you can think of. Do not wait till you can preach to heathens with your lips; preach to them by your prayers, your work at home, your endeavours in every way to help the funds of the Society. Then, if you will be the better for what you have read and done; and if you don't go, you will be no worse for it."

"What can I do, Mr. Harper?"

That was just the question Mr. Harper was wanting. His heart sprang up with joy when he heard it.

"Do!" said he, "why there is everything to be done. Begin with yourself. Keep yourself in the love of God. Let that be the first thing every day with you. All work is vain without that. It may look beautiful, men may praise it; but God will blow upon it, and it will vanish like a summer cloud if your heart is not right with God. Men overlook that in these busy days. But depend upon it, Anthony, in the great sum of Christian labour, personal holiness is a mighty factor. Enoch was a great preacher, a John the Baptist and a Paul in one person. So I gather from Jude's epistle. But when the Holy Ghost records his life, He does not say, And Enoch was a zealous labourer, or Enoch saw huge results. No, it was simply this, *Enoch walked with God*. It was so with other preachers, Noah. It was so pre-eminently with St. Paul. When Noah did this, he preached. When he ceased to walk with God, he ceased to work for God. The issues of his later life were not for glory. My dear friend, if you would help missionary work, 'keep your heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.'"

"Thank you, Mr. Harper, I hope I shall profit by your advice. I shall try. Tell me, what shall I do next?"

"Don't jump all at once into China. Begin at home. There is a young fellow in your office; he sits at the same desk as yourself. Did you ever speak to him about his soul?"

"Handley do you mean? He is a very fast, wild youth."

"And are not heathens wild?"

"I don't think he would listen to me if I were to speak to him."

"Do you think heathens are ready to listen?"

"But I think, you know, it might do him more harm than good."

"That's just what worldly minds say of missionary work."

There was a pause. Mr. Harper said then very quietly, "Did you ever pray for him, Anthony? That would do him no harm."

"Mr. Harper, I am afraid I am not fit to be a missionary."

"I don't think you are. But that is no reason why you should not be fitted. You have much to learn of yourself, and of your Saviour, as well as of books."

Mr. Harper had touched a string in young Welton's conscience which vibrated harshly. He felt that many strings were out of tune. He thought of his home life, his sometimes ill-temper, of his friends, and of his many opportunities of at least commending the Name of Christ to others.

"A missionary, and a missionary-worker," continued Mr. Harper, "should be made of the same stuff. There are not two fields, but one. Why should Mr. Matthews speak to those around him in New Zealand if Mr. Welton is not to speak to those around him here in England? Has God given an instruction for His servants there which He has not given here? What would you say of a missionary in Africa who ministered to his neighbour day by day, and told him what sort of a morning it was, and yet never told him of Jesus?"

"But a missionary is sent out for the very purpose of preaching to every one."

"I do not think we sufficiently recognise our personal responsibility. Do not be obtrusive; especially do not be disrespectful to your superiors in age or position; but cultivate a spirit which is ever longing for the conversion of souls. That is the true missionary spirit. Not zeal for a society, but zeal for souls. I take great shame to myself, Anthony, while I say this."

"You have always been faithful to me, dear sir, and I should like

more advice from you in the furtherance of missionary work; and I think there are others of our party who are disposed to do something."

"Then let us make it the subject of our next talk. Let me use you as a missionary helper in this—get them all to come. Remember missionaries are workers. I remember going to a missionary meeting with Bishop Horden (he was Mr. Horden then). We took a cab and drove seven miles, and after the meeting seven miles back. I do not think there were twenty people in the meeting. When we got into the cab to return, Mr. Horden pointed to the vicarage with his thumb, and said, 'What is he about? Why, if I had been vicar of the place, I would have gone myself to every house with a kettle for a drum, and made them come, before I would have let a missionary come all this distance to such a meeting as that.' I thought to myself, that's what missionaries are made of. Now, Anthony, let us have a goodly company for our next talk."

"LIGHTEN OUR DARKNESS, WE BESEECH THEE, O LORD."

One of Archdeacon Kirkby's stories in verse.

[The story is, that an Indian, wandering with wife and three little children over the snowy wastes of North-West America in search of food, sunk down exhausted with hunger. His wife, leaving him and the children, set out to find a party some twenty miles off, to obtain help. She found them almost in the same condition, but they gave her half a rabbit, with which she hastened back. She found her husband and one child dead, and the eldest, a girl six years old, "minding the baby." The girl said that during the night "there was a noise in father's throat, and then he went to sleep, and had not woken since"; and that at the same time "a wonderful bright being appeared for a moment, and told her not to be afraid." The survivors reached York Factory in safety, and told Mr. Kirkby.]



O sinless man in Paradise
The pathway from the distant skies
For angel wing was clear;
And sinners by earth's summer seas,
When Eden odours fill the breeze,
Not far from heaven appear.
But sure where round the Arctic pole
The heaving waves no longer roll,
And flower and fruit are dead;
Where stars alone in still heaven glow,
Or shiver in the ice below,
No angel foot may tread.
Hark! in the snow hut bleak and lone,
They hear a dying Indian's moan,
Watched by his starving child;
And angel wings are flashing bright,
A glow strikes through the Arctic night
As if the morning smiled.
The parting soul is upward borne
Where Heaven's new wine and plenteous corn
For ever satisfy.
And one from the far shining track
With loving pinion hastens back
To soothe the mourner's cry.
The light and warmth from Paradise
Fall on the little maiden's eyes;
"Fear not," the angel said,
"The God your father loved will bless
The widow and the fatherless,
And give you daily bread."
Then, as the happy vision fades,
And fall again the frozen shades,
She hears across the wild
Her mother's footsteps strong and brave,
With hard-won food, in hope to save
Her husband and her child.
Too late for him who feasts above,
But not too late a mother's love
To break her daughter's fast;
Led by the Saviour's grace, they go
With tears and songs across the snow,
To meet in Heaven at last.

A. E. MOULE.

SOME ILLUSTRATIONS OF NATIVE CHRISTIANITY IN THE PUNJAB.

(From the Rev. R. Bateman's Report.)

I WAS passing a village, late one evening, in which a solitary Hindu convert lives. I found that he had not yet returned home from his shop, and went there to look for him. The shop was open and apparently empty, but there was a light behind the door. Putting my head in, and looking round the corner, I saw my friend crouched over his Prayer-book, on his knees, saying evening prayer, and, without salaam or salute, received an invitation to join him. It was no small privilege to join such an one in such an exercise after a weary day of contact only with heathen. Alone in his faith—Hindus and Mohammedans persecuting him, his wife reviling, and his own son sometimes even striking him—he braces himself for every effort, and refreshes himself in all distress, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving. I met the same man on his return from Amritsar lately. He had there been solicited to become an Arian, and had given audience to his would-be instructor, until he failed to give any definite reply to the question, "What, then, must I do to be saved if I renounce Christianity?"

The Christian community at Clarkabad has increased very much during the year, chiefly by the baptism of converts from the agricultural class. At one time there were forty-five candidates, of whom, after public examination, thirty-one were baptized on one day. It was impossible to accommodate the congregation in the school, so we went into the unfinished church. This too, to my dismay, was crowded to overflowing. In the middle of the service a procession was formed, and we went, singing hymns, to our new tank. The Christians stood on the steps on one side, I and the candidates on the other; and, as each was baptized, he was passed across to join his brethren in the faith.

I am now encamped with the Christians whose baptism in their village pool I reported last year. On my arrival yesterday, the old disciple (a faqir) clasped me in his arms, and, instead of the usual salutation which, as a Mohammedan devotee, he would have given to his teacher, he said, "I believe in the communion of saints, the forgiveness of sins, the resurrection of the body, and the life everlasting. Amen," and then released me. Last year, when I reached his hut, I found him apparently at the point of death; so much so that his coffin had been made, and was lying there in front of him. We all prayed very earnestly that his valuable life might be prolonged. The same day he ordered his coffin out of his house, saying he should not want it now. Another year has been given to him, and he has been appointed a "reader" (strange name for a man who does not know a letter in any language) by the Punjab Native Church Council.

The other faqir, who, as I said last year, was turned out of his holding on becoming a Christian, has not had the oxen which I asked for given to him; but he has built a house by the road-side in a desolate place, has planted a number of trees, and is digging a well. He receives hosts of travellers, provides them with water brought from a great distance, gives them a light for their pipes, and often a night's lodging, and preaches Jesus to them. He is very popular, and some of the heathen, who have enjoyed his hospitality, have petitioned Government to help him in building his well *pro bono publico*. Again I ask, Who will give him a pair of oxen to work it?

There is a flourishing middle school belonging to the Kangra Mission, and I am most thankful to say that the head boy of it has come out, and was baptized by the Bishop on the occasion of his lordship's visitation in July. The convert is a very promising and consistent Christian, and will, I hope, in a year or so, enter the Lahore Divinity School. Even now he is impatient to go there, as he wants to use all his efforts in preparation for the work of the ministry. It is an interesting fact that the heathen schoolboys and their masters subscribed as much as eleven rupees for the support of this boy when he joined the Christians. Nothing had been promised by us before his baptism in the way of support; and this spontaneous token of sympathy and admiration was called forth by the evident genuineness of the conviction which led him to leave all to follow Christ. He has five brothers, who have sworn to kill him for disgracing their family by his Christianity. For a long time it was necessary to guard him against them.

THE "BIRKIN FEAST."



E should like, dear reader, to invite you to come to the Birkin Feast. You pause perhaps, and look doubtful, as if you were not quite sure as to the nature of the invitation: we will try to enlighten you about it. But before we tell you what our feast is, you ought to know what it was. Every one who has lived in the North of England must know pretty well what a village feast

THE FIERY FURNACE. *Drawn by Matthew Tai.*

is like, for they are common everywhere. Once a year the villagers, by general consent, devote an entire day to merry-making. All ordinary business is suspended; the farm lads leave their hedging and ditching, the farm lasses forget their milk-pails and household work, friends from the neighbouring villages come in, and every one lays himself out for enjoyment. "How particularly nice!" you say. Yes, very nice if all the amusement is harmless, but we fear that too often the village feast does far more harm than good, both to people's souls and bodies. The public-house is generally filled all day; towards evening the gaiety becomes uproarious, and the feast-day too often ends much less happily than it began.

Now, although Birkin is the smallest of villages—"the High Street" consisting only of two houses, one on each side—and the population is below 200, yet a few years ago the principal farmers came to the conclusion that the feast-day might be much better spent than it was. They came to the Rector, told him their feeling, and requested that an annual service should be held in church on the feast-day; if he agreed, they would guarantee a good congregation, and a collection for any society

DANIEL IN THE LION'S DEN. *Drawn by Matthew Tai.*

he might mention. You can imagine his pleasure at this proposal, and at once he chose the Church Missionary Society.

Several years have passed away since that conversation—the old Rector too, and some of his people with him—and now for "the Birkin Feast" as it is. The first thing that will strike you on driving in from Ferrybridge, is the extreme neatness of the hedges and ditches within the parish boundaries, and no wonder, for during the past week or two old John Lee has been very busy with bill-hook and spade "tidying up a bit," as he says. And now we reach the fine old Norman church. How cool it feels on this hot summer's day! and yet it is full of people, all in the best. It is an afternoon service, yet none of the farm boys think of going to sleep during the missionary sermon, for hardly the preacher come from a long distance in honour of the occasion? The choice of a preacher is no light matter in Birkin, and from the time Hugh Stowell used to come over from Manchester, some of the most eminent friends of the Society have occupied the quaint old pulpit. Many stay to witness the counting of the collection, which last year was over £22.

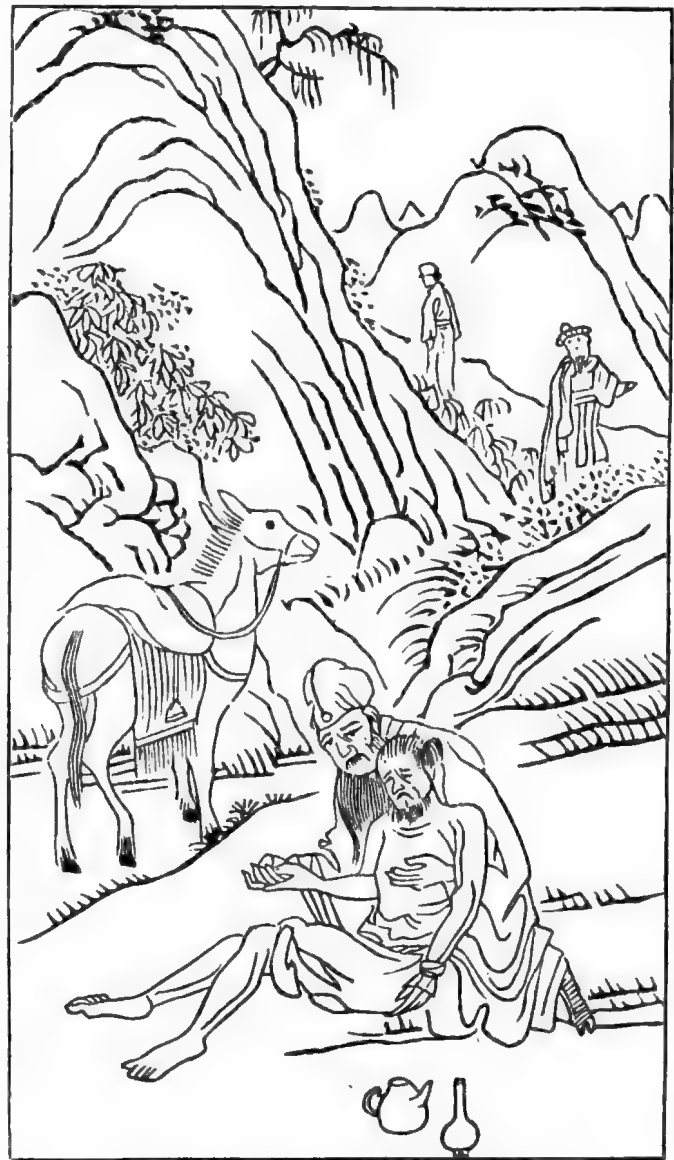
And now, before the ensuing meeting is thought of, tru

NAAMAN IN THE JORDAN. *Drawn by Matthew Tai.*

Yorkshire hospitality prevails in every house. Each of the five farm-houses is filled with guests from the market-town. The old rose-clad rectory and grounds afford a retreat for the neighbouring clergy and friends, till the time of the meeting. This, too, is held in the church, for, with the exception of the great tithe barn, there is no other suitable building. After the opening hymn, the contents of the "boxes" are declared; the special fund for "Mary Toka Birkin," a little African girl, supported and educated by the village in her home in Sierra Leone, is examined; and the Rector reminds the audience that the "Birkin Feast," as it now is, must be considered as entirely due to the farmers, and not to himself. A few words of prayer and exhortation follow, and then "a real missionary" mounts the desk, and thrills every one with the story of some bold venture of the soldiers of the Cross in heathen lands. Again the collection is counted, and a final comparison with former years instituted. The sum total for the day, last year, reached to £63 18s. 8d.

The darkening lanes are soon after noisy with the gigs and dog-carts of departing guests, and so ends, peacefully and profitably, another "Birkin Feast."

A. E. B. L.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN. *Drawn by Matthew Tai.*

MATTHEW TAI'S SCRIPTURE PICTURES.

OUR readers will not have forgotten the remarkable illustrations of the Parables, drawn by the Chinese Christian artist, Matthew Tai of Hang-Chow, which appeared in the GLEANER two years ago. We now give fac-similes of four other sketches of his. They are copied from a Chinese book compiled by the Rev. A. E. Moule, and illustrated by M. Tai, of which Mr. Moule gives the following account:—

"I was struck with the interest and influence of the Chinese story book about filial piety, specimens of which I have translated in my little book just published,* 'Chinese Stories for Young and Old.' It occurred to me that a book from a Christian standpoint and on similar subjects might be composed, and I collected and translated fifty-two stories—(1) giving instances of filial and fraternal piety, or the reverse, from Scripture and from ancient and modern history, partly to show the Chinese that they have no monopoly of this virtue; (2) instances of the higher filial piety—piety of man towards God; and (3) a brief life of our Lord, as the perfection and ideal of filial and fraternal piety.

"Matthew Tai drew the pictures under my supervision, and the Tract Society gave me £20 to print it on blocks. It costs in China 20 cents, or about 10d."

* *Chinese Stories for Boys and Girls* (Seeley & Co.). A capital book, which we hope to notice hereafter.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

New Moon.... 2d, 5h, 45m. a.m.
First Qr. 13d, 12h, 42m. p.m.

AUGUST.

Full Moon..... 29d, 5h, 18m. a.m.
Last Qr. 27d, 4h, 18m. p.m.

- [forth. Is 49. 9]
- 1 S 10th aft. Trin. *Slavery abolished*, 1834. Say to the prisoners, G. 1 Kings 12. Rom. 2, 1-17. E. 1 Kings 18 or 17. Matt. 16. 24, to 17. 14.
 - 2 M *H. Williams landed N.Z.*, 1823. Go in this thy might. Judg. 6. 14.
 - 3 T *Speke discov. V. Nyanza*, 1858. Shall I go up? And the Lord said, 4 W Who will go for us? Is. 6. 8. [Go. 1 Chr. 14. 10.
 - 5 T Go ye also into the vineyard. Matt. 20. 4.
 - 6 F My presence shall go with thee. Ex. 33. 14. [possess it. Num. 13. 30.
 - 7 S *Crowther at furthest point on Tshadda*, 1854. Let us go up and [the house of the Lord. Ps. 122. 1.
 - 8 S 11th aft. Trin. I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into M. 1 Kings 18. Rom. 8. 1-16. E. 1 Kings 19 or 21. Matt. 21. 1-23.
 - 9 M Go ye into all the world, and pr. the Gosp. to ev. creature. Mk. 16. 15.
 - 10 T I will go in the strength of the Lord God. Ps. 71. 16.
 - 11 W *Peet d.*, 1865. He goeth before, and the sheep follow him. John 10. 4.
 - 12 T Go and do thou likewise. Luke 10. 37. [go no more out. Rev. 3. 12.
 - 13 F *C. F. Schwarz d.*, 1877. A pillar in the temple of My God—He shall 14 S *Col. Taylor inv. C.M.S. to Derajat*, 1861. Fear not to go. Gen. 46. 13 [seven times. 1 K. 18. 43.
 - 15 S 12th aft. Trin. *1st Niger Exped. entered river*, 1841. Go again M. 1 Kings 22. 1-41. Rom. 12. E. 2 Kings 2. 1-16, or 4 6-28. Matt. 24. 29.
 - 16 M *Hunter reached Fort Simpson*, 1858. Is not the Lord gone out be- 17 T Lord, to whom shall we go? John 6. 68. [fore thee? Judg. 4. 14.
 - 18 W I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me. Gen. 32. 26.
 - 19 T *Krapf vis. Rabbi*, 1844. God hath set the land before thee: go 20 F I go bound in the spirit. Acts 20. 22. [up and possess it. Den. 1. 21.
 - 21 S Lord, I am ready to go with Thee. Lu. 22. 33.
 - 22 S 13th aft. Trin. We will go into His tabernacles. Ps. 132. 7. M. 2 Kings 5. 1 Cor. 3. E. 2 Kings 6. 1-24, or 7. Matt. 27. 27-27.
 - 23 M I go to prepare a place for you. John 14. 2.
 - 24 T *St. Bartho. Jowett sent to Mediterranean*, 1815. Living waters shall [go out from Jerusalem. Zec. 14. 8.
 - 25 W *Brass Mission beg.*, 1868. Thy sun shall no more go down. Is. 60. 20.
 - 26 T *Japan Treaty Ports op.*, 1858. Go through, go through the gates.
 - 27 F I will arise and go to my Father. Luke 15. 13. [Is. 62. 10.
 - 28 S How many leaves have ye? Go and see. Mark 6. 38. [against this multitude. 2 Chr. 14. 11.
 - 29 S 14th aft. Trin. *China Treaty Ports op.*, 1842. In Thy name we go M. 2 Kings 9. 1 Cor. 9. E. 2 Kings 10. 1-32, or 13. Mark 3. 13.
 - 30 M *Fuh-Chow outrage*, 1878. If it had not been the Lord. . the proud 31 T Go forward. Ex. 14. 15. [waters had gone over our soul. Ps. 124. 5.

PROPOSED CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER EXAMINATION.

WITH a view to promoting interest in Missionary work, and a more accurate knowledge of the C.M.S. Missions, it is proposed to hold a Missionary Competitive Examination on Tuesday, December 14th, 1880.

The subject of the Examination will be the twelve numbers of the Church Missionary Gleaner for 1880.

The Examination will be conducted at as many local centres as the Society's friends in the various towns and districts may be able to arrange.

Candidates must be not less than fourteen years of age.

The Question Papers will be posted in good time to every clergyman or other friend of the Society who may have arranged for the reception and supervision of the candidates.

The clergyman or other friend who has received the Question Papers must post the answers to the Editorial Secretary on December 15th. No answers will be received after December 17th.

Every candidate obtaining half marks will receive a certificate of merit.

Prizes of books will be given as follows:—one, value half-a-guinea; three, value 7s. 6d. each; and six, value 5s. each.

Clergymen and other friends of the Society desirous of arranging for the examination to be held in their districts are requested to communicate with the Editorial Secretary, Church Missionary House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

Intending candidates must apply, *not* to the Parent Society, but to the local clergy or Secretaries of Associations.

WE are glad to say that efforts are being made in various parts of the country to perfect the local C.M.S. organisation, by County Unions and the allotment of defined districts to the Honorary District Secretaries, on the plan so well worked in Norfolk. A Church Missionary Union has been formed for Suffolk, another for Notts, another for Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, and Hunts; and districts are being carefully mapped out in Yorkshire, Warwickshire, Hampshire, and Sussex.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

A letter from the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth has been printed and circulated, calling upon the friends of the Society to promise large subscriptions for the purpose of enabling the Committee to send out year some of the men ordained on June 11th. Several liberal donations and promises of subscriptions have been received.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has fixed Oct. 28th, St. Simon and St. Jude's Day, as the date for the consecration of the Rev. G. E. M. (C.M.S.) and the Rev. Canon Scott (S.P.G.) to Missionary Bishop in China.

The degree of D.D., *jure dignitatis*, was conferred on the Rev. G. Moule by the University of Cambridge on May 27th. The Purorator among other happy allusions in his speech alluded to Mr. Moule's translation of the "Chinese Flower Ballad" in the GLEANER of Oct. 1879, the day being that of the Cambridge Flower Show.

Mr. W. E. Taylor, B.A., Scholar of Hertford College, Oxford, who has accepted for missionary work in Africa in Jan. 1879, and who has been studying medicine at Edinburgh, has been appointed to the Nyasaland Mission. He was ordained on Sunday, July 4th, at Trinity Church, Hampstead, by Bishop Royston, acting for the Bishop of London.

The Rev. Philip O'Flaherty, Curate of St. John's, Deptford, and Mr. A. J. Biddlecombe, have been accepted for the Nyanza Mission. Mr. O'Flaherty left England for Zanzibar on July 2nd.

The Rev. J. G. Garrett, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, has been appointed to the Principalship of Trinity College, Kandy, the principal educational institution of the C.M.S. in Ceylon.

The Rev. John Sharp, M.A., of Queen's College, Oxford, late C.M.S. missionary at Masulipatam and Principal of the Noble High School there, and subsequently Lecturer in Telugu at Cambridge University, has been appointed Secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The following missionaries have lately arrived in England:—the Rev. J. A. Maser, from Lagos; the Rev. W. Thwaites, from the Punjab; the Rev. W. Clayton, from South India.

A remarkable speech was delivered at the Birmingham C.M.S. Anniversary on June 22nd, by Sir Richard Temple, late Governor of Bombay. He said that at different times he had been officially connected with every part of British India, except Oudh, and was acquainted with all leading missionaries; and he proceeded to speak in the warmest terms of them and their labours, and also of the Native Christians.

The Waganda Envoys sailed from Southampton on June 23rd. Her Majesty the Queen presented each of them with her portrait, and a sent by them a large picture of herself for Mtesa. The Government has granted a sum of £30 for further royal gifts, which was expended upon working model of a railway and locomotive, a die for a seal to stamp Mtesa's name in Arabic, a ring, two musical instruments (a cornet and trombone), and cups and saucers, knives and forks, rugs, &c. Colonel Grant, whose kindness to the Envoys while in England was very great, laid out £100, partly in presents; and Miss Speke, the sister of Captain Speke, sent two silver drinking-cups for Mtesa. The C.M.S. Committee sent a handsomely bound Arabic Bible.

Very sad news comes from Fuh-chow. Two years ago the college Chinese Christian students were burnt down by a hired mob. Last year an action of ejectment against the missionaries compelled them to leave the Wu-shih-shan site, which they had occupied for thirty years. The Chinese authorities then forbade any houses or land being sold or let to them within the city. Three houses they still held in the names of Native Christians have now been illegally and violently confiscated. The Christians were seized, and required under threats of torture to sign papers delivering up the premises. Much indignation is expressed by English residents at Fuh-chow at the inaction of the British Consul under these glaring breaches of the simplest Treaty rights.

A Brahmin student at the C.M.S. Robert Money School, Bombay, baptized by the Principal, the Rev. T. Carrs, on New Year's Day. This is the first Brahmin convert from that institution.

Nineteen more of the freed slaves at Frere Town were baptized by the Rev. A. Menzies on Easter Day.

Bishop Sargent's Annual Report gives the number of adherents in the C.M.S. districts of Tinnevely as 53,210, an increase of 3,135 in the past year. There were 1,511 adult baptisms. The Bishop mentions that the many thousands who have joined the Christian community since the great famine, only 300 have gone back, some to their old heathen ways and others drawn aside by the Romanists.

The Rev. John Piper, C.M.S. missionary at Tokio, has been Secretary to the Committee formed for relieving the distress occasioned by the great fire in that city on Dec. 26th last. Within four months he received and distributed some £1,600; and a highly complimentary letter was sent to him by the governor of the city, Matsuda Michiyuki. "I can assure you," Mr. Piper writes, "that the beneficence of foreigners shown through the missionaries has produced a profound impression in the minds of many Japanese in favour of Christianity. May it result in some souls being eternally saved 'so as by fire.'"

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

SEPTEMBER, 1880.

THIS YEAR'S REINFORCEMENT.



UCH disappointment was caused three months ago by the announcement that, notwithstanding the unexpected and remarkable deliverance of the Society from a heavy financial deficit, the Committee had determined to keep back the sixteen new men ordained on June 11th. We explained why this was in the GLEANER of May and June. It is not because the funds have gone down; not because they have stood still; only because their advance is not rapid enough. We have sent out so many missionaries within the last three years, that the number now in the field is larger than the Society can support with its present average income. This difficulty can be met in two ways, either by recalling some who have gone out, or by sending out fewer each year for a while, and the Committee chose the latter course. They resolved that unless the funds speedily showed a decided advance, only five new men should go out each autumn for three years, together with eight of those at home on sick leave or otherwise. And, remembering that there were already at least five of last year's men waiting, who were then kept back, it was plain that there would be no room yet for any of this year's contingent.

We are thankful indeed to be able now to say that the prompt liberality of some of the Society's friends has enabled the Committee to relax a little the severity of this rule. In June, the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth wrote a most earnest appeal on the subject, which was widely circulated. Another was written by the Rev. V. J. Stanton, of Halesworth. Several friends have in consequence put their names down for large additional annual subscriptions, expressly for the extension of the work. One gave £1,000 to support another missionary for three years. Others offered gifts (or collections) of £320 to cover one year's expenses of a new man. Of course it would not be prudent to let these kind contributions involve the Society in extra liabilities which might extend over many years. What they do enable the Committee to do is to send out some of the men kept back *one year sooner*; that is, to send this year some of *next year's five*. But we beg the readers of the GLEANER to lay this to heart—that only a general advance throughout the country, more and larger subscriptions and collections in each parish, can possibly effect what we all desire, namely, to respond more promptly in all parts of the world to the cry, Come over and help us!

The five men for this year under the Committee's scheme are the Revs. J. Redman for Sindh, C. Mountfort for Bombay, W. G. Peel for the Telugu Mission, and W. Banister for Fuh-chow—these four having been kept back last year; and the Rev. G. H. Pole, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, who offered specially for Japan. Four others are now also to go out, who would have waited till next year, viz., the Rev. T. C. Wilson (one of last year's contingent) to East Africa, and the Rev. A. E. Ball to the Punjab or Sindh, the Rev. G. T. Fleming to Jaffna in Ceylon, and the Rev. F. Glanvill to the Tamil Cooly Mission in Ceylon. In addition to these, the Rev. C. A. Thompson is appointed to the new Bheel Mission, which is specially provided for by Mr. Bickersteth's gift of £1,000; and the Rev. J. G. Garrett, B.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, to the Kandy College, Ceylon, a post previously estimated for. The Nyanza Mission, which is also separately arranged, is reinforced by the Revs. P. O'Flaherty and W. E. Taylor, and Mr. A. J. Biddlecombe. The eight men proposed as those to *return* to the mission field are the Revs. J. H. Bishop, E. Champion, W. Clark, J. G. Deimler, J. Harrison, W. Hooper, and T. J. L. Mayer, all for India; and the Rev. G. E. Moule for China, as Bishop in succession to Bishop Russell.

It is proposed to hold the Valedictory Dismissal, which usually takes place in July, on October 5th, at the C.M. College. On that occasion earnest prayer will be offered up, not only for the brethren whose way has been so providentially opened, but still more for such an outpouring of the grace of liberality and self-denial upon the Church at home that the twelve still detained at home may ere long be enabled to follow them into the field. We would invite the readers of the GLEANER everywhere to join in these supplications. Let them be supplications *with thanksgiving*—thanksgiving for past mercies—thanksgiving for the mercies which we know will be vouchsafed to us for the time to come. It was *before* and not *after* the battle that Jehoshaphat's men sang, "Praise the Lord, for His mercy endureth for ever."

THE MEN ARE WAITING, BUT THE MEANS ARE WANTING.



FROM Britain's shores the wind blows fair,
And, loosed from every straining bond,
The white-winged ships their treasures bear
To all the lands that lie beyond
The circling lines of sea and sky;
But ever as the ships sail on,
Sweeps past them a distressful cry
From souls benighted and forlorn.

"Come over, help us, ere we die!"
Such the sad prayer that day and night,
Across the sea, beneath the sky,
To England wings its urgent flight;
And millions hear, and they who wait,
A chosen, consecrated band,
Eager to bear, for Christ's dear sake,
The lamp of life to every land.

Waiting, they watch the white-winged ships,
Bound where they ask and burn to go,
God's word of "Peace" upon their lips,
Which He has given that all may know.
There go the ships, but they are left,
Whilst still is heard the pleading cry—
"Of every balm and joy bereft,
"Oh, come and help us, ere we die!"

Dear land of light, so blest of Heaven,
Answer to-day the piteous prayer,
Send out the men the Lord hath given—
The tide is full, the wind is fair;
And back to thee shall surely come
A sevenfold blessing, freely given,
Through all thy parts broad streams shall run,
Their source the Lord of earth and heaven.

Studley Ticeage, June 15th, 1880.

HENRY C. HOWARD.

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

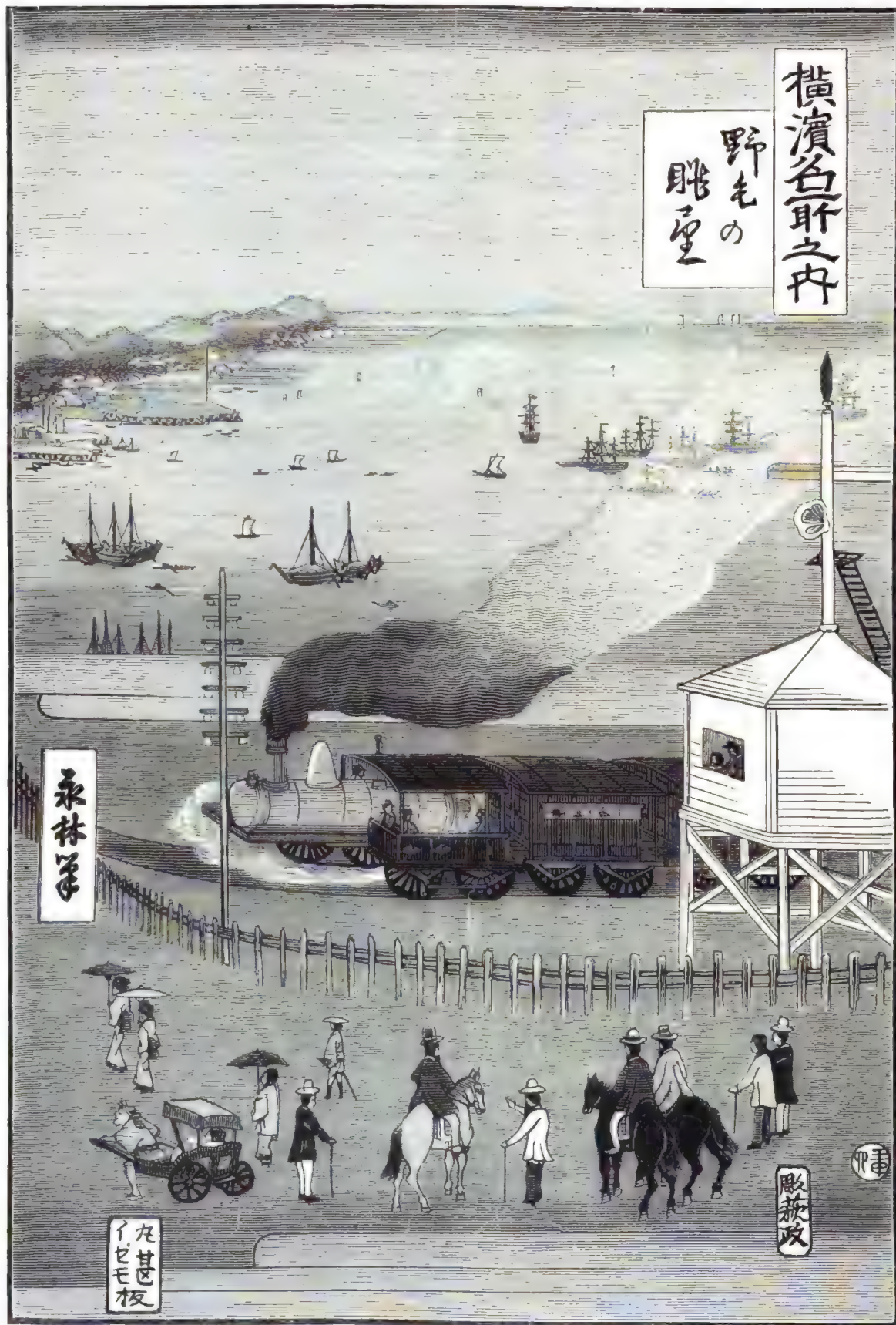
IX.

Modern Yokohama—Tokio—Shiba Woods—Shoguns' Tombs—The Sumidagawa Festival—Fireworks—C.M.S. Mission—Bookshops.



ON the third day, after leaving the old home of the great Taira family, whose ancient seat was at Hiogo (Kobe), we arrived at Yokohama.

Men of war and merchantmen of different nationalities were uneasily rolling and pitching in the capacious harbour, boats of all sorts and sizes were passing to and from the shore, whilst ever and anon was heard the shrill scream of the ubiquitous steam-launch. A long semi-circular sweep of shore is descried in the distance, lined with European built houses, surrounded with abundant foliage; behind these is a fringe of hills, along the brow of which peep



THE FIRST RAILWAY IN JAPAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY A NATIVE ARTIST.

out the roofs of bungalows, behind all upward far the brilliant blue sky gracefully outlined of the clad Fuji; mountain which sketched on Japanese paper and C. ware have so familiar English eyes.

A warm come await at the chapel where we expectedly ed by an fellow-stu the Rev. Denning, who returning from northern sea at Hakodadi. Under his ance we saw to see the spectacle presented by a grown city of 50,000 inhabitants, which in ten years was only a fishing station of people. In settlement found magnificent public buildings, consular and mercantile houses; roads, paved and lighted by gas, brick shops, and places of worship and abundance of signs of commercial activity. On bluffs, as hills in real called, are grandly appointed residences, rounded by gardens open on to good roads which to evening present a very admirable

appearance, when all who can command the leisure enjoy the daily walk or drive. Groups of the blue-clad natives of China thronged the paths; and, judging from their well-to-do appearance, they have found here a good market for their industry and skill. In the native town, which has sprung up with mushroom-like rapidity, *curio* shops abound, the majority of which offer an abundance of those cheap showy articles which tempt the unwary seaman to part with his hard earnings to carry back home a memorial of his voyage. Would that these were the worst temptations to which he is exposed in Yokohama!

Many missionaries from America are permanently stationed here, but one cannot help feeling an earnest longing for the time to come speedily when these shall be enabled to go everywhere throughout the empire preaching the Word. There are many influences always at work in a busy seaport most prejudicial to the spread of the Gospel—terrible hindrances to the quiet formation of consistent Christian characters in the converts.

We press on to the capital. Tokio is about eighteen miles from Yokohama by rail. The villages through which we pass have a prosperous appearance, and there is quite a little crowd at each of the stopping places. The railway is evidently a popular institution. On leaving the terminus we are besieged by a crowd of *jinrikishas*, porters, and guides, and are soon being wheeled comfortably along through the wide and busy streets. The station being on the southern side of the city, and business taking me first to the northern quarter, I had an opportunity of forming an idea of the vast extent of the Japanese metropolis. It is indeed a city of magnificent distances. Its main street is twelve miles long. In size it ranks next, I believe, to London, and containing about $1\frac{1}{2}$ millions of inhabitants. Now we passed through long streets of shops, then past fine temples, and along quiet silent thoroughfares lined with houses of brilliant whiteness; then we wound along by a river, and turned off past long park-like enclosures; skirted the base of wood-crowned hills, turned into more busy streets; crowds everywhere; *jinrikishas* passing and repassing.

At last ascending a hill we drew up at the door of the Rev. A. C. Shaw of the S.P.G. at Shiba. This district is famous for its lovely woods, which afford a quiet and shady retreat for the resident weary of the constant turmoil of city life; it is noted also as being the burial-place of several of the great commanders in chief (*Shoguns*) who for 700 years (till 1868) usurped the imperial authority. The builder and founder of the city, Iyeyasu (1600), is buried at a beautiful spot called Nikko, 100 miles north of Tokio. Of his descendants, six sleep surrounded by magnificent shrines amid the fir-forests of Shiba. We prevailed with difficulty upon the door-keeper to admit us one afternoon within the gates. It needed the silver key, but we were well repaid. The timbers, the walls, the doors are all panelled in lacquer of the richest description, black, red, green, and gold; the ceilings are covered with carving delicately painted to represent silk embroidery; round each granite-paved courtyard stand hundreds of massive stone or bronze lanterns, gifts from princes and mercantile corporations. The corridors are all lacquered and gilt; the very steps by which we ascend to the gorgeously gilded doors are carefully lacquered; the mats

over which we step carefully, with shoeless feet, are of extreme fineness. All is magnificence, yet all is of the past. As these proud Tokugawas have passed away, so also has crumbled to the dust the exclusive policy they sought to perpetuate.

Passing from these halls, sacred to the memory of departed greatness, we wander on through park-like scenery and come to an acclimatisation garden, in which we see English apple-trees bearing an abundant crop of fruit. A small notice-board informs us that an adjacent temple is used as the Legation Church. It is a large roomy structure, stripped of all idolatrous paraphernalia, matted and seated. The Communion Table stands on the former site of the altar. It was very interesting, and suggestive also, on the Sunday morning to hear the praises of Jesus ascending from halls once dedicated to the worship of devils.

The annual festival, called the opening of the Sumida River, afforded me an opportunity of seeing a Native crowd in the metropolis at night. Soon after nine P.M. we started in *jinrikishas* for the river's mouth. In half-an-hour the crowd became so

dense that we had to leave our vehicles, and after threading our way amongst the good-humoured people we found ourselves on the granite coping of the river's bank. The full moon was slowly rising on our right at the wide junction where the Sumida flows into the still larger Ogawa River, and thousands of boats illuminated with variegated lanterns were pressing forward to a bridge on which set pieces of fireworks were being displayed. Procuring a boat we were soon hemmed in between others containing happy family parties, laughing, talking, singing; whilst, as piece after piece burst into light, a hearty murmur of applause arose from the dense masses that lined the banks. Some pieces were very clever. One represented a lady leading a lap-dog, which suddenly turned into a sheaf of wheat, and that in turn became a flight of rockets. On shore again we found the vendors of sweetmeats and light refreshments doing a good trade amongst the laughing masses, over which ever and anon the bursting rockets shed a wild and fitful glare. Of riot or confusion we saw nothing. In fact, the impression produced upon the mind

of the visitor, after rambling about alone in various quarters, is that the natives are a very quiet, orderly, law-abiding people.

It was a great pleasure to find my predecessor at Hong Kong, the Rev. J. Piper, happily established in the foreign settlement called Tsukidji. His church, which had been recently opened, is certainly the finest in point of size and completeness of all that I visited in Japan.* After much unsettledness and discomfort, owing to the difficulty of procuring a suitable headquarters for the Mission, a house and site for church, schools, &c., was happily secured, which promises excellently for the future development of the work. I walked into the city with Mr. Piper to his preaching hall. After crossing several bridges and traversing many streets we came to a corner house, having a long room opening on to a busy thoroughfare. It was not very brightly lighted, but after waiting a short time an audience of some forty or fifty was assembled, who listened attentively to what seemed a very long sermon. The Japanese think nothing of an address less than an hour in length. The hall-keeper, an



MOUNT FUJI. (Japanese Sketch.)

* A picture of this church appeared in the GLEANER of February, 1879.

earnest Christian man, spoke to several as they were leaving, and interesting conversations often result from this daily scattering of the seed of the Word.

We visited a portion of the main street which is built in imitation of European houses. It surprised me to see so many shops for the sale of optical, mathematical, and scientific apparatus. European goods of all kinds were displayed in great variety. Book shops were numerous. Over one of these it was gladsome to see "British and Foreign Bible Society and Religious Tract Society Dépôt." Mr. Piper introduced me also to the rooms of the Tokio Young Men's Christian Association, which is supported by the residents. Thus there is a much-needed and most important witness to Christ in the heart of this vast heathen metropolis, which we trust will speak eloquently by the influence of the Holy Spirit to the thousands of English-speaking Japanese gentlemen who throng the streets of the capital.

In one large native book store I noticed American editions of the latest works of Huxley, Tyndall, Spencer, and Darwin, side by side with Smith's Dictionary of the Bible, Trench on the Miracles, and other orthodox publications. A great door and an effectual is open to the Gospel in Japan, and there are also many adversaries, some of the most subtle and dangerous of which, alas! come from lands which profess to be Christian.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER IX.



ABOUT a week after Mr. Harper and young Welton had walked and talked together, as recorded in our last chapter, who should knock at Mr. Harper's door but young Mr. Handley. He wanted to have a little confidential conversation with the good man about soul matters. It was a sort of understood thing that Mr. Harper was always to be seen when such business was in hand.

Welton had not forgotten Mr. Harper's searching and somewhat biting inquiry about his fellow-clerk, and next day he spoke to him about the salvation of God. Instead of being repulsed as he had anticipated, Handley expressed his surprise that his companion had not spoken to him before. I think, if we were more faithful, we should meet with many such surprises. The result of their conversation was that Handley acknowledged that he was not happy, that his moral excesses had been indulged in to hide away his misery, and he had determined to take the first opportunity of calling upon one who he knew would sympathise with him in his sorrow, and would be able, he hoped, to comfort him.

Why had he not gone to Mr. Verity? He knew well that the good clergyman was interested in the great work of God. But yet he chose to go to a layman. Laymen little know how much they can help their ministers by being ready to guide the inquiring and the anxious in the way. Handley felt that Mr. Harper was nearer to him, more like him, than Mr. Verity was, and the one became a stepping-stone to the other. A missionary spirit directs the eye of zeal not to heathen only, but to home surroundings also.

At the next "Talk" Mr. Handley was present. He had not yet become a communicant; he was not prepared to be a missionary worker; but he wished to come to this meeting that he might know what was being done, and that he might, in some measure, cast in his lot with those who feared God.

The question for the party-gathering at Mr. Harper's house was now assuming a definite form. He had watched the gradual growth of missionary interest as he had been prayerfully watering it from the stream of missionary intelligence. Knowledge begets, as well as directs, zeal.

"What shall we do?" It was Mr. Treddel who asked the question. He had been thinking about that large parish, their well-attended Sunday-schools, their well-worked parochial machinery, and he felt that there was a lack. There was no work being done systematically in the great missionary duty of the Church. He knew the vicar too well to think that this missionary listlessness could be according to his mind. But he knew also that no work could be done without workers. Hence the question came to the front—What shall we do?

When Mr. Harper opened the meeting that evening, he put the question to God in the name of them all. Something should be done—that was clear. Their hearts, too, were anxious to be doing. The question was—what? "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?"

"It is a personal question," he said, when they had risen from their knees. "It addresses itself to me. To each one of all of us. It is a question we refer to God, to ask His will about it. This is the Christian way. We are servants, not masters. One is your Master, even Christ. We have been to Him. He is with us now. We desire first and above all always and only to do His will, in this and in every matter. I think this is clear to us all?"

Saying this, Mr. Harper looked round upon all.

"Certainly," said Mr. Treddel, "that is the spirit in which all must be done for God."

"Then, secondly," continued Mr. Harper, "we must remember we are Churchmen. Ours is not a guerilla work, in which we impulsively do each what we think best. We must work parochially. We must work in harmony with the various other organisations which are in operation in this parish, subordinating all our plans to our ordained leader. I was very much that our good vicar could have been with us to-night; he had an engagement, and desired me to say that he should bear interest in the result of our conversation. He hopes to be with us some time."

"Could we not form some association whereby we may work together with Dissenters? We have in missionary work but one aim, and one power." This was Mr. Green's inquiry.

"No one," Mr. Harper answered, "has a greater regard—I will love—for godly Dissenters than myself; indeed, I hope that we are ready to say we love 'all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' I am sure this is a principle with the Church Missionary Society. Our aim we are one with them, but in methods we differ. Let us work by side with them for our common Master, but let each use our own methods. The moment we try to unite the differing means we use in attaining our one object, we introduce an element of discord, which would weaken the workers and hinder the work. But while we are apart, 'endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace,' we are maintaining the truest union; and union is strength, know, Mr. Green."

"But are not many of our good Societies undenominational?" asked Mr. Green.

"To my mind, there appears to be a hidden fallacy in that word undenominational. As a matter of fact, we have our denominations, various sects and parties, both in and out of the Church. Christian men and women are brought up with differing habits and methods of work. The great object is the same—the glory of God. The great weapon in the warfare is the same—the Word of God. The living agent is the same—the spiritual people of God. The life-giving power is the same—the Holy Ghost. But the training is very different, and the tactics adopted. It is like a great army. It is not composed of one regiment, but many each regiment having its own officers, its own special department. The infantry and the cavalry do not commingle in the fight. Men trained in artillery would be helpless with the rifle. To unite all in one common regiment would produce nothing but confusion and disaster. So would be if Christ's great army were to be mixed in one common method of warfare. Rather let each division work in its own way under the Captain: then we work harmoniously; love is promoted, and the zeal of the one stimulates the zeal of the other."

"But does not our Lord pray that they all may be one?" still suggested Mr. Green.

"He does, indeed, and the drift of what I am saying is to prove that oneness is best promoted by separate action. The union our Lord teaches is in the Spirit, not in the flesh. Men crave for a merely outward and visible unity. This is the error of the Roman Catholics on the one hand, and of the Plymouth Brethren on the other. True union in Christ is in the heart."

"But is it not visible? Is not the inner union of Christ's body to be seen by the world that the world may be impressed by it?"

"True again, Mr. Green. But how is the union of the children of God to be shown? On platforms? In undenominational Societies? In a common form of worship, or a common method of work for God? All these too often make only more palpable the unseen disunion which there is among professing Christians. No, rather let us show our oneness with all Christ's people by love and kindness and forbearance; by a grateful recognition of their work. 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.'"

"Are we not digressing from the subject proposed for our 'Talk' to-day?" asked young Welton, who was impatient to be at work.

"I am not sorry for the digression," said Mr. Harper, "because I am more and more assured, as life goes on, that if we would work the will of God, we must work it on the lines which lie before us in His providence. We did not make the things that are now. We were born into them. Neither can we unmake them. But we can work in them. As we depend upon it, my friends, we shall work most happily, most successfully, and most harmoniously with the great Church of Christ, if, honest Churchmen, we work on Church lines."

"The manifestation of the unity will be at the manifestation of the

sons of God. It is not a present display, but an 'earnest expectation'!" chimed in Mrs. Hope.

"At any rate, let us be one in this great work, one with each other, and with our vicar," said Mr. Welton.

"Exactly. Even among ourselves we shall have different methods of work. Some will be collectors; some will work with the needle, I have no doubt; some can only subscribe; some can only pray. But all can help somehow."

"All," said Mr. Treddel, "can show a loving sympathy with the work. That is a great help."

"But we have not come to our question yet. What shall we do?" Mr. Welton said, longing for something more definitely practical.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM RAGHAPURAM.

(See Mrs. Stone's previous letter in the GLEANER of November last.)

To a Bible Class of Young Women.

IN CAMP, MOONAGALAPILLI, NEAR RAGHAVAPURAM,
TELUGU COUNTRY, SOUTH INDIA, 27th January, 1880.



I sit outside the tent under the trees, it seems a nice quiet time to write to you. Up above the wild doves are cooing among the boughs, and the pretty green parrots flying about, while the crows are passing this way and that to their own nests; for the beautiful Indian sun is setting, and the pink glow of the evening light says to all that night is soon coming. All around my husband are heathen people who have come for medicine, and before they go he will tell them about the love of God.

Some time ago you heard about our work out here, and how we were starting a boarding-school and orphanage for girls. Those children who are already with us are provided for, for the time, and as each fresh help in the way of money comes in we are able to bring in new children. It is not always easy to get orphans from heathen people, partly because they know they will learn a new religion, and, sadder still, they say they "can get a little money for them," which in real truth means that they can sell them to farmers or others who promise food and clothing, and bring up the children to work hard for them, so as to make them pay for the food given them to eat. It is this very thing which is now hindering us from taking in two dear wee boys into the boys' boarding house down in the village.

We have twelve girls, in age from seven to fourteen. Some have pretty names—one is "Rataksim," which means "Grace" or "Kindness"; another is "Prāma," meaning "Love." At five o'clock they all get up, and each has a bath. Then they sweep and dust the two rooms. At 6.15 I ring a little bell, which tells them it is time to go to school. Then they return about 10.30, and I go to their store-room, where two take it in turns to meet me with the matron. Then I measure out the grain, and give one onion and the "curry stuffs" and tamarind fruit and salt. They have to "dunce" their food, and this is done by putting it into a hole cut out of a large boulder stone, and there for nearly two hours they pound and beat it till it is ready for cooking. Meanwhile the girls not at this work go to the river side and gather sticks that have been washed down, or else carry up water in pots on their heads, to fill the very large ones which hold the water for the next day's baths. When the food is ready one comes over in turn to tell me, and I go and see that it is measured out in equal parts. It is wonderful to see their large plates of curry and grain. They sit round in a circle, and have learned at last to put their earthen plates and earthen water-mugs straight in each place. We say "grace" first in Telugu. In the afternoon they go to school at 2.30, and return at five, when again I give out the grain; then they have a good romp and games, and sometimes as a treat I go and help them.

A few days ago I went over to the children at an hour when they did not expect me. Now we had ordered all the doors and windows to be kept open, and I saw they were shut, and some

of the children were outside. At first I thought they had been disobedient, and went in to see. But no! inside was little Maria praying, and she did not move; then in the other room were two more girls doing the same. This pleased me, and it is a lesson to many who read this, to hear how these children were kneeling down in the middle of the day because they felt that then they needed help from God. At all hours, in any place, at our work, or even in company, God will hear us, when we lift up our voice to ask Him for His help or blessing.

The evening meal is ready about seven o'clock, when I see it divided out again. Then at eight o'clock we have evening prayers. If Mr. Stone cannot go over with me I go alone, or if both of us are engaged, then the matron, who is a good Christian woman, and was once in Mrs. Sharkey's boarding-school at Masulipatam as a child, takes it.

When you come to your Sunday class you may like to know how we spend the same day. In India and all hot countries the sun is very powerful, so much so in April and May that the ground burns the people's feet if they walk during the middle of the day. In one of those months I picked up a stone about four P.M., and had to throw it down quickly because it was so hot. At this time of year it is much cooler, and we can sow seeds and plant our gardens with vegetables. The heat makes us choose an early hour to go to the prayer-house for service. There is no church yet at Raghavapuram, but the money for it has been collected, and the churchyard wall is at this time being built. Meanwhile service is held in the prayer-house.

At 7.30 A.M. six of the Christian men come up to our bungalow to carry me in my *tonjon* to church. This is a kind of chair, with a long pole at each end, and I sit in it and pull down the curtains. Prayers begin at eight o'clock, and the people all squat on the ground, on mats, so that I am the only one on a chair. Those who are inquiring about the Christian religion sit at the very back, and I sit by them, which they like. They sat in a disorderly way when we came here from having been alone for some months, but we have taught them to sit in rows, the men on one side and the women on the other, while the children sit on each side of Mr. Stone. In the morning he takes a text for his sermon, and at this time in the afternoon he is taking the history of Noah, Abraham, and going through the early stories in the Old Testament. He asks them questions each time, so as to impress the words on their memory, for they find it very difficult to remember. After morning prayers are over, and before the sermon, the collection is made. It is very different from those in England. Some of the people come and lay large vegetables down before the lectern, or country beans, or "ghee" (a kind of native butter), which is brought in a pot, while others put different kinds of grain into two boxes which are carried round. Every day the children, by their own request, give back a little of their grain to me, to put by till Sunday, so that they may have some to give at the collection. It was a very nice thought of theirs.

After service there are generally some people to talk to, and we get home about 10.30. Then we have breakfast, and then the English service together. At one o'clock the boarding boys from the village come up. They sit on one side of the study, and the girls come across and sit on the other side, and Mr. Stone gives them all a Bible lesson, and in the week they prepare some Scripture to say. They leave soon after two o'clock, and at 2.30 Mr. Stone has a class of men and young men, while I have some poor ignorant women to whom I tell easy Bible stories and teach verses. Meanwhile the Sunday-school goes on in the village, where the master and mistress take classes. At 3.45 we all go to the prayer-house for service, and, with talking afterwards, are not home till past six o'clock. Such is our Sunday among the Native Christians and inquirers.

ALICE CAMERON STONE.

AUGUST 13TH, 1880.



IN the evening of this Thirteenth of August, we take up our pen with a heavy heart to write these few lines. The present number of the GLEANER was finished two days ago, and sent to press; but this afternoon we have been constrained to send and stop the printers, in order to remove the picture and article prepared for this page and substitute what now appears.

At 8.30 P.M. to-day the following telegram reached the Church

Missionary House from Charles Douglas Fox, Esq., Lake Vicarage, Coniston, Ambleside:—

"Our dear brother Henry Wright was drowned this morning while bathing."

To write of our beloved and honoured friend on this mourning evening is a sore task indeed. But the publication arrangements of the GLEANER cannot wait (it has to be printed so early in the month on account of the numbers localised as parochial magazines), and a few words must be sadly penned.



HENRY WRIGHT, M.A.,

*Honorary Clerical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, 1872-1880;
Prebendary of St. Paul's; and Minister of St. John's Chapel, Hampstead.
Drowned in Lake Coniston, August 13th, 1880.*

We have turned to the Church Missionary Almanack to see what text stands against this 13th of August, and we find these glorious words, which come as a comforting and animating message from Him who spoke them, "A pillar in the temple of My God—he shall go no more out" (Rev. iii. 12). They were chosen, as will be seen by referring to the Almanack, to mark the date of the death of a faithful missionary who entered into rest two years ago; but if they were suitable to him, as they are (for our Lord used them so) to every one who may be described

by the words "him that overcometh," most emphatically they appropriate to Henry Wright. A pillar!—that is exactly what he was—upright, firm, stable, immovable from the basis of high Christian principle and loyalty to the Lord he loved. A pillar standing alone like an Egyptian obelisk, for its glory, so to speak; but a pillar in the temple of God, the Church on earth, nobly bearing his part in the support of the spiritual structure. The firm support of that pillar, indeed, is lost now. It is "gone out." But it is only transferred to

heavenly temple above, to the place prepared for it there; and thence it shall "go no more out" for ever.

We turned also to the Almanack which at this very time is being prepared for next year, and in which we must now sadly enter the event of this 18th of August. The texts had been completed last week: what text had we then put to that date? and should we have to alter it? The words we had put were these—"My God shall supply all your need" (Phil. iv. 18). No, they shall not be changed. They are exactly what we want, to stand against this mournful anniversary. "All your need."

The need of the bereaved wife and children—God shall supply it. The need of the Church Missionary Society—God shall supply that. To our eyes, indeed, at this moment of sorrow, this seems impossible. What Henry Wright was in his own home, what he really was to the Church Missionary Society, few know fully. We dare not now attempt to estimate it. We must not now dwell upon his affectionate and sympathising disposition, his large-heartedness of spirit, his unbounded generosity, his untiring industry, his complete dedication of time and talent and property to the Master's service, his holy and humble



Henry Wright.

HAVING the everlasting Gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.—Rev. xiv. 6.
ENDUED with power from on high.—Luke xxiv. 49.
NOT slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.—Rom. xii. 11.
REJOICING in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer.—Rom. xii. 12.
YE know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.—1 Cor. xv. 58.

WHEN the fruit is brought forth, immediately He putteth in the sickle.—Mark iv. 28.
REDEEMED . . . with the precious blood of Christ.—1 Pet. i. 18, 19.
IN My Father's house are many mansions.—John xiv. 2.
GLOIOUS things are spoken of thee, O city of God.—Ps. lxxxvii. 3.
HE shall go no more out.—Rev. lii. 12.
THE Lord hath need of him.—Luke xix. 34.

walk with God. But God knows all, and He "shall supply all your need."

The news of Henry Wright's death will fill many hearts with sorrow in every part of the globe. In every land where the Church Missionary Society labours there are missionaries to whom his house at Hampstead is a spot surrounded with happy memories. And who will not miss his letters? There are gifts in which others may have equalled or excelled him. As a letter-writer, always saying the right thing in the right way, always "speaking the truth in love," he was surely unapproached.

It is but two months since we gave on this centre page of

the GLEANER a portrait of the revered Henry Venn. We little thought the occasion would so quickly arise for presenting the likeness of his successor. It was one of the comforts of Henry Venn's declining hours that he left Henry Wright to fill his vacant chair; though he could not know *how* it would be filled. Seven years and a half have passed away, and now the place is once more empty. Thousands of the readers of the GLEANER never saw the kindly face of him who sat there; but they will sympathise with the fellow-workers who mourn their irreparable loss, and will pray the Lord who has called His servant home to sustain the holy cause to which that servant's life was devoted.

AUGUST 13TH, 1880.

"God is the Lord, by Whom we escape death.

"He is a Father of the fatherless, and defendeth the cause of the widows."

Psalm lxxviii. 20, 5 (for the 13th day of the month, Morning Prayer)."He hath done all things well."—*The Gospel for 12th S. aft. Trinity, Aug. 15, 1880.*

IND friend and brother! for thee I am distressed,
Sunk, with green verge so near, below the watery floor,
And hearts will mourn for thee in East and West,
But thou, beyond our sight, hast reached th' eternal shore.

Thou hast "escaped from death" to endless life,
"The God of thy salvation" "hath done well for thee";
But here, still battling in the Church's strife,
Sorely we'll miss thy counsel wise, and readiest sympathy.

Fear not! the fields for which he toiled, God keeps;
"Widow" and "fatherless" are His peculiar care;
Come, let us work while the tired worker sleeps,
And rise from sorrow's wave, in hope, and praise, and prayer.

A. E. M.

THE BARBER OF BATÁLA.



N the 10th March, 1880, a baptism took place in Anarkalli* which excited a great sensation in Batála. The room used as a chapel was fuller than perhaps it had ever been before, some turbaned heads appearing not only within but outside the doors. Amba, our new Christian, is a man very well known and much respected in Batála, his native city. Who did not know the kindly face and grizzled beard of the barber?—an important person in the East, who, in his many-sided profession, had probably helped to make many of the marriages not only of the mothers, but even the grandmothers of the place!

On the morning of the day of his baptism, Amba, as must be expected by those who dare to receive the rite in their birth-place, had to encounter a storm. As he himself described it, "it was as if the Day of Judgment had come." But the baptism itself passed over quietly. Firmly, as one who has no doubt or fear on his mind, Amba went through the solemn service by which he was cutting himself off from old associations, old friends, and—at least for the present—from wife, children, and other relations. The history of the barber's conversion had better be given in his own words* (freely translated). As he describes his own state of mind we are reminded of Bunyan's Pilgrim, with his back to the City of Destruction, the Book in his hand, and the burden on his back:—

NARRATIVE TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CONVERT'S DICTATION.

I was born in Batála, and at the age of seven was sent to a pandit to learn to read, but my progress not being great I was brought back to my father's work, which was that of a barber. One day I saw a boy reading a Gurmukhi book, and I formed a desire to read Gurmukhi also. I took such pains under divers teachers that I read large books, even the *Grandth* [the much revered Scriptures of the Sikhs]. From this time my heart inclined to seek God; I read Hindu books, and studied them constantly with all my heart. But Satan's enmity and the burden of sin were completely upon me.

I married the daughter of a barber. . . . I enjoyed hearing words about God, and served faqirs a great deal. I often made pilgrimages to the Ganges. I accidentally met Karak Singh, who was then a faqir. He was very fond of reading the *Shastras*. After awhile I also acquired this knowledge. After this I followed the disciples of *Brahm Jeuki*, and thought that these were the disciples of the true God. This *slok* (stanza) of theirs was exceedingly pleasant to my heart—

"We are sinners, our work is all sin, our soul too is sinful, we were born in sin, we fear! Oh! lotus-eyed one! forgive us all our sins!"

For some time I remained attached to these people, and at this period my wife died. At first my intention was never to marry again, but after a long time, on account of troubles, I married once more. From remaining in bad company I did wicked things, and also twice drank spirits; this was the consequence of my father's having once given to me spirits

when I was a child, and I was always seeing him drink, so that I did not know this to be an evil thing.

Then that brother, Karak Singh, through whom I had read the *Shastras* said to me, "The Gospel is an exceedingly good book, you should certainly read it." I bought a New Testament from Padri Sadiq [the Rev. Mir Sadiq] for four *annas* [less than sixpence], and began to read it. The teaching in this book astonished me greatly, and this thought began to find a place in my heart of hearts, "How much purer the teaching this book is than that of all former books!" I also read the Old Testament, and the more I perused the Gospel, the more all former things faded out of my heart.

When I could find no way out of my difficulties, then I cried to God, "Do Thou Thyself show me the true path!" I saw the books of other religions. I read those of the *Brahmo-Somaj* and *Arya Somaj*; I went to Dayá Nand Saraswati [a well-known Hindu reformer]; but all appeared insipid, and I felt that the plague of sin will never be healed by these.

I was in this state when, by the help of God, it became clear that the God of the Gospel is indeed the true God. So I associated more with Christians, and from meeting them found that these are the people whom the will of God overcomes the will of man; these are they whose whole hope is not of this world, but whose reward is only with God. Amongst these people are to be found the means of fulfilling God's pleasure, and walking according to His commands. These are the people who, with loins girded, wait prepared for life's journey.

When it was well proved to me that there is only one way of salvation for the whole world, and that this is the atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ, then I fixed my gaze on His cross, and cried out, "Oh! Lord Jesus Christ, take me under Thy protection," and I day and night repeated—

"Jesus Christ has saved my soul!

Those who come to Jesus, to them He giveth salvation."*

When I was in this state the thought of baptism came, but I was so troubled, and my heart feared exceedingly. Sometimes Satan alarmed me by saying, "Now you are old; what will your relations say? What will become of your wife? Why do you not look to your son or daughter? See, what will the world say of you?" I thought much over all these things, but when these two verses came into my mind, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and, "Thou therefore endure hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," then all fear and danger went from my heart, and I became ready to follow Christ. On Tuesday (March 9th) I desired to enter Christ's flock. Rising in the morning I took the road to Anarkalli, and arriving there set to cutting the hair of the Christian brothers. I remained the whole day in the place, and returned to my house in the evening. Sitting outside, I ate my food from a vessel, apart from my wife. She, being surprised, exclaimed, "What has happened to-day that you do thus?" I then told her everything. As soon as she had heard all she began to weep, and many men, taking me into the house, began to argue with me. When assured that I should never turn from my resolve, they put me against my will into a room, and turned the lock on me. There I remained all night praying to God.

In the morning they again lectured me, and sent me, accompanied by a man, to Anarkalli for my barber's utensils. When I arrived there I said to my companion, "Do you depart; to-day I will receive baptism." He went and gave the news in my house. Then my wife, children, and other people coming, it was as if the Day of Judgment had arrived.

Though this went on all day, by God's grace I received baptism at four o'clock. The Lord Jesus Christ's soldiers were victorious, and Satan's army was defeated.

Yes, Christ's soldiers were victorious, and specially this one who had braced himself to endure hardness. Like a song triumph burst the loud chorus most heartily sung at the service, "Crown Him Lord of all." The Urdu version of this familiar hymn sounds more sublime and emphatic than the original, the literal retranslation of the burden being—

"Own Him to be King of kings!"

Many Hindus have come to see Amba since his baptism, and he has availed himself of this opportunity of speaking of Christ crucified to his benighted countrymen. Thus has he described his own state, "I was a wandering sheep, and Jesus Christ found me." To one who suggested his again becoming a Hindu he replied, "That is impossible. I am now safe in the arms of Jesus, and nothing in heaven or earth can take me thence."

A.L.O.E.

* This is the native building occupied by the Boarding School for Christian boys of the Punjab and other parts of India, established near Batála by its Honorary Principal, the Rev. F. H. Baring. A picture of it appeared in the *Gleaner* of April last.

* A favourite *bhajan* (a kind of song) often sang in zenanas and schools. † This was a decisive act. The barber who had cut the hair of Christians became, as it were, polluted in the sight of Hindus. It resembled an officer throwing up his commission.

EPISCOPAL WORK IN NEW ZEALAND.

Letter from Bishop Stuart, of Waiapu.

GISBORNE, 23rd February, 1880.



HAD an interesting day yesterday. At the forenoon service Mr. Goodyear was ordained deacon. The Rev. J. S. Hill, who rode over with me from Wairoa, preached the sermon, a very earnest and impressive one, on the occasion of his friend's ordination. In the evening I held a confirmation service, and introduced the sermon, as an address to the candidates, on "Choose you this day whom ye will serve." There were very large congregations at all the services—the church now seating 500 people. Then in the afternoon I crossed the river, and had a nice gathering of Maoris. Many of them had come to the morning service to see the ordination of their Pakeha (foreign) friend, Goodyear, though unable to understand, so I took occasion to preach to them (the Archdeacon interpreting) on the Pastoral Office, taking for the text "They watch for your souls."

We had a pleasant, though toilsome, ride over from Napier last week, stopping at various Maori *kaingas* by the way and holding services with them, as well as at the settlers' houses where we put up at nights. It is a stiff ride of seventy-five miles, so we spread it over three days. Some of the stages are very hard on the horses, the track leading over very steep ranges by a series of zig-zag paths, quite precipitous in many places. Mr. G. rode over with the Archdeacon by the coast road, which leads through several large native settlements, so that they had been doing a good deal of native work by the way.

My special work on the Sunday was the opening of a new native church, built entirely by themselves, but in English style, a very tasteful and neatly finished little wooden church, with chancel and porch. The church was not nearly large enough for the congregation which had assembled from far and near. So a long *cutch* (temporary) building had been put up—a wooden frame thatched over and spread with mats. In this a congregation of from 400 to 500 were closely packed. But first we had a short dedicatory service in the church, i.e., myself, the Archdeacon, and Mr. Hill, and three Maori clergymen, duly robed, marched up the *lane* between the congregation sitting close together on the floor, repeating the 24th Psalm. Then I read a short address, translated from the usual Consecration service, and offered some special prayers; then we all marched back again, singing a Maori hymn, and so proceeded to the temporary building and had the full morning service there. I preached on Psalm c. 3. The collection was over £8. The Communion was then administered in the church to fifty-two partakers.

On the Monday the meeting came off. This was on an open green adjoining the church. The scene was very picturesque—a background of grand hills, the windings of the noble river, the shady groves of willows and of peach trees laden with fruit, a belt of white tents, and extemporised *marquees* of many-coloured shawls; the preparations for the feast, which, if not of a very refined description, was of rude abundance—whole sheep and oxen and pigs hanging from stages, and mountains of potatoes smoking hot from the earth ovens. Then the motley groups of the people—men, women, and children—sprawling on the green grass, or engaged in the culinary department, some wearing over their English garments Maori adornments, of ornamental mats or *ponchos*, feathers, greenstone clubs, &c., &c.

The usual complimentary speeches of welcome were addressed to me. The first speaker was one of the Native clergymen. He began by laying on the ground before me a handkerchief containing bundles of bank-notes and a quantity of silver, £70 in all. This was the collection of the morning, and is to be devoted to helping in the erection of other churches in the district. The money was given chiefly by those who had come as visitors. The Native member of Parliament, Henare Te Moana, from near Napier, had brought his £10. He also made a capital speech. Of course we had all to reply, and improved the occasion to exhort them on various points of interest.

One of the heterodox Te Kooti party was present and made a speech, but he was very well answered by several of the Maori speakers. He professed to have no wish to give up the Gospel, but he held the new religion along with it. So one of those who answered him said, "We have got the fresh water, we have no wish to mix it with sea water"; an illustration all the more telling, because the river close by is a tidal river with brackish water when the tide is in.

It was Wednesday afternoon when we left Wairoa. We came to a little Maori *kainga* perched above a grand waterfall on the Wairoa river, twenty miles from the township; there we slept in a Maori hut, on a mat, on the earthen floor of course, with the embers of a fire at our feet. Our kind host brought me a new blanket. My saddle valise made a good pillow, and a bag of oats I carried for my good mare's breakfast was a comfortable cushion, better than a chaff bed any day. At break of day I refreshed myself with a swim in the fine wide pool above the Falls, and with some deliciously cool peaches growing in lavish plenty on the river's

bank. After an early service and breakfast we were in our saddles, by seven, and travelled on here, with one hour's halt half-way, till six o'clock, a good fifty miles, crossing one range of over 2,000 feet. Some grand scenery on the road, but a toilsome ride—for nearly forty miles no habitation of any sort, no sheep, no cattle.

OUR PORTFOLIO.

IN a recent speech at Birmingham, Sir Richard Temple, Bart., G.C.S.I., spoke as follows respecting missionaries in India:—

"I have governed 105 millions of the inhabitants of India, and I have been concerned with 85 millions more in my official capacity. I have thus had acquaintance with, or have been authentically informed regarding, nearly all the missionaries of all the societies labouring in India within the last thirty years. And what is my testimony regarding these men? They are most efficient as pastors of their Native flocks, and as evangelists in preaching in cities and villages, from one end of India to the other. In the work of converting the heathen to the knowledge and practice of the Christian religion, they show great learning in all that relates to the Native religions and to the caste system. As schoolmasters in their numerous educational institutions, they are most able and effective. In Oriental literature they are distinguished as scholars and authors and lexicographers, and have done much to spread the fame of British culture among the nations of the East. In all cases of oppression they are found to be the friends of the oppressed; whenever Native rights are infringed or threatened, they always stand forth as vindicators of the injured ones, and as advocates of the voiceless millions; and so they exert a salutary influence on the servants of Government. In my official capacity I always listened with deference to their representations on all matters pertaining to the welfare of the Native. They are, moreover, most useful by their writings, speeches, and preaching, in enlightening and forming public opinion in India.

"They are, too, the active and energetic friends of the Natives in all times of danger and emergency. When pestilence, the unseen enemy, is abroad—when famine has smitten down millions—they have been ever present as ministering angels. They have themselves helped the suffering, and have encouraged those who organised the administration of relief. The excellence and purity of their lives shed a blessed light on the neighbourhood wherever they dwell. Their wives, daughters, and sisters are zealous in co-operation, are foremost in promoting all beneficent works, and are the fair harbingers of enlightenment and of civilisation.

"Although, of the missionaries, many are men of great talent, which would have won them distinction in the walks of secular life, they are nevertheless found living on the barest modicum of salary on which an educated man can subsist, without hope of honour or of further reward. They do this from loyalty to the Master whom they serve, and love for that Society which you support. Often there has been mortality among them, and no men have shown better to the heathen and to their English brethren how a Christian ought to die.

"Such is their conduct. And what is its result? It conduces to our national fame, and adds stability to the British rule in India. The Natives are too apt to think of us as incited by national aggrandisement, by political extension, by diplomatic success, by military ambition. These adverse thoughts of theirs are no doubt mitigated by the justice of our laws, by our State education, by the spread of our medical science, by our sanitary arrangements, and, above all, by our efforts to mitigate or avert famine. But, beyond all these, I am bound to mention the effects of the example of the life and of the conduct of the Christian missionaries."

IN 1857, there were in South India, that is, in the Madras Presidency and neighbouring Native States, 59,613 baptized Protestant Christians and 31,780 unbaptized adherents, together 91,393. In 1878, the corresponding numbers were 163,432 and 127,497, together 295,929, a three-fold increase in twenty-one years. Of this latter total, 140,000 belonged to the Church of England (C.M.S. and S.P.G.); 59,000 to the American Baptists; 49,000 to the London Missionary Society; and the rest, about 46,000 in all, to sixteen other societies, English, American, and German.

ON one occasion I observed a large number of people belonging to a village, which I was passing, engaged in carrying a heavy tree with the branches cut off, which had been felled by themselves or by the winds. They put it down to draw breath for a little. Approaching them, I said, "I see a heavier burden still on your backs, than that which you have now put down." "What!" they said, "you must be speaking parabolically to us." "Well, what is the 'burden'?" "It is the wife and children," cried one, evidently expecting my assent. "Oh no!" I replied, "don't say that. Your wife performs more than half the work of the family, and, as for your children, you may have been asking them for years from the idols who could not give them to you, before you got them from God, in the exercise of His own good pleasure." "It is," cried another, "the Sirkar, or Government, which imposes upon us heavy taxes." "Oh, don't," I said, "complain of the Sirkar. With the taxes it levies from you, it furnishes you with roads and bridges, and such like conveniences; pays for a police and army to protect your property and your lives; and maintains a judicial establishment to settle your quarrels and disputes." "What, then, can you possibly mean?" they asked. "I mean," I said, "the burden of sin." And thus I had at once found my text and an attentive audience.—Dr. John Wilson, of Bombay.

WORK AMONGST WOMEN ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

By MRS. MATER, OF BANNU.



PERHAPS a short account of my personal knowledge of the women of one of the least-known Mission stations in the Punjab may not be wholly uninteresting to the readers of this Magazine, though I take up my pen with the feeling that many will be disappointed with the little it is in my power to tell. Bannu (or "Edwardesabad"), the station to which I refer, was, until within the last six years, merely recognised as an offshoot from Dera Ismail Khan; but my husband was then appointed to take entire charge of the work there. During the past five years we have had manifest tokens of God's blessing and favour, and despite failures and disappointments, which are common to all who labour in the great harvest-field, we are encouraged to look forward hopefully to the future, feeling assured that the Lord, who has helped us hitherto, will most certainly guide and sustain us to the end.

Scarcely any direct evangelising work has as yet been done amongst the women of Bannu for many reasons: first, because the Mohammedans, with but few exceptions, do not like their wives to be visited; secondly, because of the confusion of tongues, Pushtu, Hindustani, Punjabi, and Hindi being all spoken; and thirdly, because of the comparatively lawless state of the natives, principally belonging to neighbouring hill-tribes, who are always to be found about Bannu, which makes it impossible for ladies to attempt house-to-house visiting.

It was my wish, as soon as I felt I knew Hindustani well enough to be understood, to start a girls' school in the city, as a step towards influencing the women; and as two Native Christians (wives of the head master of the Mission-school and catechist) volunteered to give their services as teachers, we made the attempt. A room was hired in a retired part of the city, and a female "chuprassi" engaged, whose work was to consist in collecting the children and bringing them to school daily, her wages to depend on the number she brought regularly. I got some elementary school-books, and then fixed a day for the opening. The first day about ten shy little Hindu girls came, and as we gained their confidence, and did not weary them by exacting more than two hours of their time daily, others were encouraged to come, and the number steadily increased until it reached twenty-five in about a fortnight. Then we found the room we had hired was too small for so many, and not having funds enough in the mission to engage a larger one (besides feeling that the teachers, who had hitherto done their work without remuneration, ought now to have a fixed salary) we applied to the local municipal committee (from which we were getting twenty-five rupees per month towards the expenses of the boys' school) for a little help. However, without replying to my husband's letter, some of the members of the committee (Natives in Government employ) walked into the school the following morning when all the children were assembled, despite the remonstrances of the teachers and the catechist, who happened to be there at the time, and proceeded to

examine the children as to what they had learnt. On their departure they expressed their approval of all that had been done, and promised to help the work on by a monthly grant. However, this inopportune turn-out proved to be the death-blow to our poor little school. We had from the beginning, strictly forbidden any men to be allowed in the school-room, unless accompanied by their wives, knowing the strong feeling that exists amongst Hindus as well as Mohammedans about the necessity for seclusion of their women; indeed, had we not announced our intention of being firm on this point, not a girl could have been induced to attend school at all. The result was what we had feared. The next day the school was empty; the parents of the children refused to allow them to come again, although we promised to guard against further intrusion, so, all arguments being unavailing, we were obliged to let the matter rest, feeling that perhaps in time the panic might pass off, and confidence in us be re-established.

The head master's wife, Elizabeth, made the next effort of her accord, and succeeded in inducing a few children who lived near her house to come to her for a short time daily to learn knitting, but having bad health, had to give her class over to another Christian woman in whose hands, unfortunately, it did not flourish, and very soon dwindled

away altogether. I hope, if God spare our lives, to return to our work in autumn, to renew efforts in this matter, feeling its great importance; and His blessing rest upon it in abundant measure!

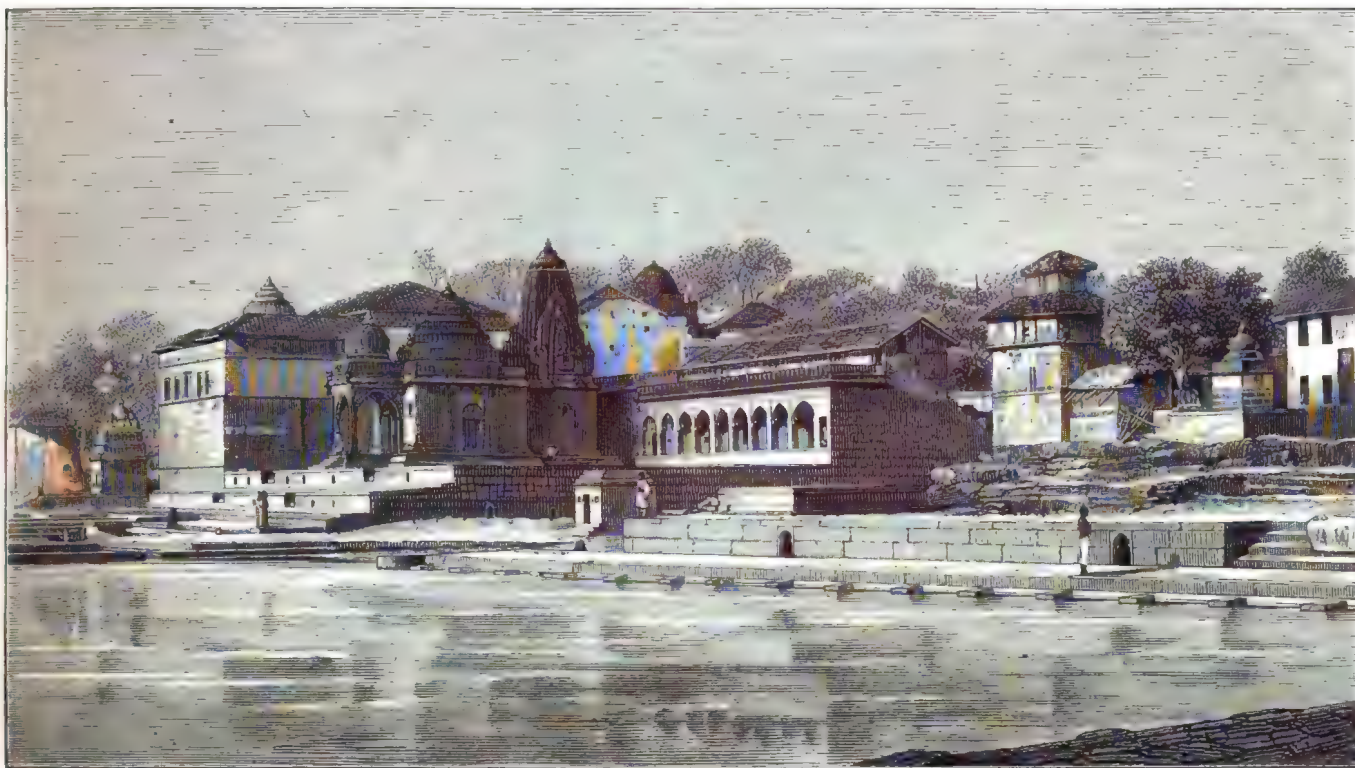
From time to time I have had visits from the mission-house from Native ladies, wives of two of our school-teachers, Mohammedans; they always came at night, escorted by two or three school-boys, such is the peculiar etiquette of the country that, although the husbands occasionally came the same nights to my husband, it



BUILDING USED AS A BOYS' SCHOOL AT BANNU, ON THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.

not considered proper for their wives to accompany them, or even to leave the city by the same gate, lest they should overtake each other on the way. On these occasions, notice of the women's having started en route to our house was sent before them, to warn us to get all the men-servants of the way, and I had to await their arrival alone, until a tap at the door leading out of the verandah announced them. They were always heavily smothered in veils and "bourkás," which were not removed until they ascertained that I was the only occupant of the room. Most unfortunate for me, one of these women neither spoke nor understood any language but Pushtu; the other, however, knowing Hindustani, interpreted for me. I always had tea and cakes to regale them with on arrival, and was much surprised and pleased to find that, although Mohammedans, they never made the slightest objection to eating with me. After this preliminary difficulty used to be how to interest them. The harmonium was of great help; they had never seen or heard such a thing before, and evinced the most childish surprise the first time they heard it.

My husband and I were invited, together with all the Native Christians to a feast given by the husband of one of these women, in honour of the birth of a son, so we accepted and went. Whilst my husband sat in the courtyard of the house talking to the men assembled, I and the Native Christian women were ushered into the ladies' apartment, the door



NASIK: TEMPLES ON THE GODAVERY RIVER.

which was guarded by two elderly female sentries. Such a room it was! About 14 feet square, with one small window high up in the wall, and in this room there were at least thirty women on this occasion. I felt pitifully tongue-tied, there only being about four individuals in the company who could understand Hindustani. However, as soon as a few greetings had been exchanged, and the new-born son sufficiently admired, we were treated to a native concert, anything but a pleasing performance to my ears! By the time this was over, the feast was announced to be ready, whereupon I and the women accompanying me withdrew to the verandah (a great relief after the close atmosphere of the room we had been in), where a truly native repast awaited us, consisting of sweetmeats and various cooked meats swimming in "ghi," all arranged on a table-cloth spread on the floor; of course we had no chairs, so had to adapt ourselves to the Oriental custom of sitting on the floor. Only my husband and I were favoured with a spoon and fork each, instead of being obliged to eat with our fingers as the others did. I must confess that our English ideas of propriety were rather shocked by our host's walking about on the table-cloth with his bare feet to arrange the dishes before us, though he thought, no doubt, he was doing us a great honour.

About two years ago my husband had the pleasure of baptizing a low-caste Hindu woman, the first female convert in Bannu. Her conversion was, humanly speaking, mainly due to Elizabeth, who is an earnest Christian herself, and took a great interest in this woman, reading the Scriptures with her and inducing her to attend church. For many years previously she had been living an immoral life, but we had every reason to believe her repentance sincere, judging from the consistency of her conduct after her conversion.

I must conclude by commending the seed sown in weakness to the prayers of our Christian friends.

May 27th, 1880.

The Rev. T. J. L. Mayer, the husband of the writer of the above, writes about Bannu—"In five years I have seen the greatest change come over the minds of both the people on the frontier and those in the hills beyond—a feeling of well-wishing to our Mission. We are not cursed as infidels, but hailed and even blessed as friends. Our relations with the Ghilzais and Waziris are most cordial. They all know the Mission-house at Bannu, and not a few of them have heard there what they will remember to their dying day."

OUR WORK IN WESTERN INDIA.

VERY little do the readers of the GLEANER hear of the Society's work in the Bombay Presidency, on the western side of India. For sixty years it has been a work most faithfully carried on, but calling for unflinching patience. No part of India has proved harder spiritual soil.

The two principal centres are Bombay and Nasik. At Bombay the Secretary of the Mission, the Rev. H. C. Squires, resides, and ministers to an important English congregation, which renders valuable aid to the Society. Here also is the Robert Money School, which was described by Canon Duckworth in our pages in July, 1876. The Rev. T. Carss, the Principal, had the joy of baptizing a Brahmin student last New Year's Day. One of his assistants is the Rev. Jani Alli, B.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Robert Noble's convert from Mohammedanism, who also has a Home for Christian boys studying at this and other schools. The Rev. Appaji Bapuji is pastor of a small Native congregation.

Nasik is one of the greatest centres of heathen idolatry in India; but for many years the Gospel has been resolutely preached there, often on the very steps of the temples, leading down to the sacred river Godavery, represented in the above picture. Near Nasik is the large Christian village of Sharanpur (fully described in the GLEANER of January to April, 1876), whence came Livingstone's "Nasik boys." The Rev. W. A. Roberts is now in charge there.

The Rev. F. G. Macartney is at Malegam; and the Rev. Ruttonji Nowroji, a convert from the Parsee faith, is doing an admirable work at Aurangabad, in the Nizam's territory.

MISSIONARY LESSONS FROM THE LIFE OF ST. PETER.

VIII.—Power from on High.

"Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you."

Acts i. 8.

See Luke xxiv. 49; Acts i. 5, 14; ii. 1—40.



PICTURE two scenes: (1) Group of men round a fire at night—one of them a disciple of Jesus—afraid to be known—lying, cursing, swearing, to conceal who he is (Matt. xxvi. 69—75); (2) great crowd in broad day, listening to bold preacher telling them of Jesus and of their guilt in killing Him (Acts ii. 6, 15, 23, 36). It is the same man! Peter the preacher was Peter the coward, only seven weeks before! Perhaps some in the crowd who had heard him curse and swear that night.

What has made the difference? How has the coward become so brave?

Think what has happened since that sad night: Jesus killed, risen again, gone up to heaven—and now His promised gift come down upon His servants; “Another Comforter,” to “abide with them for ever” (John xiv. 16), and “endue them with power from on high” (Luke xxiv. 49). See two results:—

1. *The effect on Peter.* (a) Not afraid of enemies now, see chap. iv. 8, 13, 19, 29, 31. (b) Understands now about Christ—about His death, ver. 23, 38 (contrast Matt. xvi. 22)—about His resurrection, ver. 24—32 (contrast Mark ix. 10). This is the Spirit's work, see John xiv. 26; xv. 13.

2. *The effect on the people.* (a) Convinced, ver. 37, “pricked in their heart.” (b) Converted, verse 41—joined these despised followers of the crucified Nazarene. See their steadfastness, ver. 42—unity, ver. 44—self denial, ver. 45—joy, ver. 46, 47. This, too, the Spirit's work, see John xvi. 8; 1 Cor. xii. 3; Gal. v. 22.

So in Missionary Work. Without the Holy Ghost no brave missionaries, no converts, no true helpers at home. Who made Samuel Gobat (see p. 102) so devoted a missionary through his long life? Who enabled the barber of Batála (see p. 104) to leave all and follow Christ? “Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts” (Zech. iv. 6).

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

New Moon, 4d. 4h. 53m. p.m. Full Moon, 1.14d. 8h. 29m. p.m.
First Qr. 1.11d. 8h. 25m. p.m. Last Qr. 26d. 11h. 9m. a.m.

SEPTEMBER.

- 1 W The Lord bless thee and keep thee. Numb. 6. 24.
- 2 T He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him. 2
- 3 F Keep me as the apple of the eye. Ps. 17. 8. [Tim. 1. 12.]
- 4 S 1st Freed Slaves rec. at Frere Town, 1875. Except the Lord keep [the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. Ps. 127. 1.]
- 5 S 15th aft. Trin. Ye shall keep My sabbaths. Lev. 19. 3.
M. 2 Kings 18. 1 Cor. 14. 20. E. 2 Kings 19, or 23. 1—31. Mark 7. 1—24.
- 6 M Bp. Royston at Frere Town, 1878. I, the Lord, do keep it. Is.
- 7 T Keep yourselves from the accursed thing. Josh. 6. 18. [27. 3.]
- 8 W 1st Travancore slaves bapt., 1854. Keep yourselves from idols.
- 9 T If ye love Me, keep My commandments. Jn. 14. 15. [1 Jn. 5. 21.]
- 10 F In keeping of them there is great reward. Ps. 19. 11.
- 11 S French and Stuart sailed for India, 1850. He will keep the feet [of His saints. 1 Sam. 2. 9.]
- 12 S 16th aft. Trin. Emb. Wk. The priest's lips should keep knowledge. M. 2 Chr. 36. 2 Cor. 4. E. Neh. 1. 1 to 2. 9, or 8. Mk. 11. 1—47. [Mal. 2. 7.]
- 13 M Keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Eph. 4. 3.
- 14 T 1st bapt. in N.Z., 1825, and on Niger, 1862. Keeping mercy for
- 15 W Keep yourselves in the love of God. Jude 21. [thousands. Ex. 34. 7.]
- 16 T Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it. Lu. 11. 28.
- 17 F The peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds through
- 18 S Keep thy heart with all diligence. Prov. 4. 23. [Chr. Jesus. Phil. 4. 7.]
[keepeth thee will not slumber. Ps. 121. 3.]
- 19 S 17th aft. Trin. Bp. Crouther captured at Idda, 1867. He that M. Jer. 6. 2 Cor. 11. 1—30. E. Jer. 22 or 35. Mark 14. 28.
- 20 M I keep under my body. 1 Cor. 9. 27. [feet peace. Is. 26. 3.]
- 21 T St. Matthew. Mrs. Sharkey d., 1878. Thou wilt keep him in per-
- 22 W Bps. Stuart & Sargent's 1st ord., 1878. Keep that which is com-
- 23 T Keep thyself pure. 1 Tim. 5. 22. [mitted to thy trust. 1 Tim. 6. 20.]
- 24 F J. T. Tucker died, 1866. I have finished my course, I have kept the
- 25 S Kept by the power of God. 1 Pet. 1. 5. [faith. 2 Tim. 4. 7.]
[Ecc. 5. 1.]
- 26 S 18th aft. Trin. Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God. M. Jer. 36. Gal. 4. 21 to 5. 13. E. Ex. 2, or 13. 1—17. Lu. 2. 21.
- 27 M Keep the door of my lips. Ps. 141. 3.
- 28 T Able to keep you from falling. Jude 24.
- 29 W S. Mich. & All Angels. He shall give His angels charge over thee to
- 30 T O keep my soul! Ps. 25. 20. [keep thee. Ps. 91. 11.]

Topics for Thanksgiving and Prayer.

Thanksgiving for the great services to the missionary cause of the Society's beloved and lamented Honorary Clerical Secretary, the Rev. Henry Wright. Prayer for his bereaved family; and for the other Secretaries and the Committee in the heavy loss that has fallen upon them.

Thanksgiving for the help afforded to the Society to send out more missionaries. Prayer for those going out. (Page 97.)

Prayer for Fuh-Chow (see next column, and our last number).

Prayer for the Afghans (p. 106).

We are requested to state that the “Zenana and Medical Mission Home and Training School for Ladies,” 71, Vincent Square, Westminster, is now open, with Hospital, Maternity Department, and Medical School in working order. It is conducted by Dr. G. de Gorrequer Griffith, with a voluntary staff of lecturers, and a Committee and Ladies' Council.

* * We cannot answer “Mara's” question. He should apply to the clergyman of the parish.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Church Missionary Society has lost two old and zealous missionaries. The Rev. John Bilderbeck, of Madras, died at his post on July 30th. He was a native of India, but of European descent, and of Roman Catholic family. He was brought to the knowledge of a pure faith by the instrumentality of an L.M.S. missionary, whose son, the Rev. T. K. Nicholson, was afterwards a C.M.S. missionary, and whose daughter married another, the Rev. T. Y. Darling. Mr. Bilderbeck was ordained by Bishop Spencer, of Madras, in 1843.

The other old servant of the Society whose loss we are lamenting is the Rev. C. F. Schlenker, who died at Cannstadt, in Germany, on July 19th. He came to the C.M.S. from the Basle Seminary in 1834, was ordained by Bishop Blomfield in the following year, and laboured for fifteen years in West Africa, particularly at Port Lokkoh, in the Timé country. In some years past he has been employed in preparing works in the Timé language.

The deaths of Canon Miller and Prebendary Auriol have also removed two of the Society's most devoted and valued friends at home. Their memory will long be treasured.

The Rev. T. C. Wilson has been appointed to the East Africa Mission, the Rev. A. E. Ball to the Punjab and Sindh Mission; the Rev. C. Thompson, to the new Bheel Mission in Central India; the Revs. G. Fleming and F. Glanvill to Ceylon, the former to Jaffna and the latter the Tamil Cooiy Mission. Mr. Wilson is a brother of the Rev. C. Wilson of the Nyanza Mission, and was one of the men kept back last year. The others were ordained in June last.

The Rev. Samuel Dyson, D.D., late principal of the Cathedral Mission College, Calcutta, has been appointed Senior Tutor of the Church Missionary College.

On July 27th Earl Granville received a deputation from the Church Missionary Society, consisting of the Earl of Chichester, President, the Secretaries, and several members of the Committee, with the Rev. J. Wolfe, and Mr. Oliver, an English merchant from China, on the painful difficulties of the Mission at Fuh-Chow. His lordship promised to telegraph to the Consul at Fuh-Chow for a full explanation.

On Sunday, May 30th, Bishop Burdon, of Victoria, Hong Kong, held an ordination at Ku-cheng, in the interior of the Fuh-Kien Province. The Revs. Ting Sing-Ki and Tang Tang-Pieng, who had been ordained deacons in 1876, were now admitted to priests' orders; and Sia Seu-On, a devoted catechist, to deacon's orders. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Llewellyn Lloyd. Sia Seu-On was the first convert at A-chia, and was baptized in 1866. His story, which is remarkable, is related in *The Story of the Fuh-Kien Mission*, p. 158. His mother, who vehemently persecuted him for many years, was baptized eighteen months ago. Bishop Burdon was a month on this tour in the interior of Fuh-Kien, but had only time to visit a few of the stations, at which he confirmed 136 Chinese Christians.

Five Africans were ordained by Bishop Cheetham at Sierra Leone Trinity Sunday, viz., Messrs. John Asgil, N. H. Boston, N. S. Davies, Felix, and S. Hughes. The four latter were educated at Fourah Bay College; and Mr. Davies is B.A., and Messrs. Boston and Hughes, Licentiates in Theology, of Durham University. Mr. Davies, who has since come to England on a visit, will be a C.M.S. agent as tutor at Fourah Bay; the others hold various posts in connection with the Native Church. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. James Johnson.

Mr. Felkin writes from the s.s. *Australia*, Red Sea, July 13th,—“The Waganda chiefs are feeling the heat, but they are pretty well and quite happy. They understand now that we believe all our good things come from God.” Mr. O'Flaherty adds, “They are great favourites with the passengers.”

Satisfactory letters continue to come from our missionaries at the intermediate stations in Eastern Central Africa, on the road to the Victoria Nyanza. Dr. Baxter, the Rev. J. C. Price, and Mr. Cole, are at Mpwapwa; Mr. J. T. Last at Mamboia, forty miles nearer the coast; and Mr. A. J. Copplestone at Uyui, 300 miles further inland. All seem to be gaining a good influence over the people.

H.M.S. *Iron Duke*, the flag-ship on the China naval station, was late at Nagasaki, in Japan. Admiral Coote manifested much interest in the C.M.S. mission there, and gave Mr. Maundrell \$500 towards his collection for training Native evangelists.

The Rev. T. R. Wade, our missionary in Kashmir, has just completed the translation of the New Testament into the difficult and little known Kashmiri language. He has now begun the Prayer-book; and has already made some progress in a grammar.

The Hon. E. Dewdney, Superintendent of Indian affairs in the North-West Territories of British America under the Canadian Government, wrote to the Rev. J. A. Mackay in September, 1879, after a journey through the Saskatchewan districts, “I am glad to be able to tell you that I have found the Indians connected with your Missions much more reasonable, talk more sensibly, and are much more civilised, than others I have met with.”

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

OCTOBER, 1880.

SPECIAL JAPAN NUMBER.

NOTE.

Our usual Annual Special Number is this year devoted to Japan. We have already in the present volume had a good deal about Japan, and it may be convenient that the following brief account of the country and its history, and of the Roman Catholic and Protestant Missions, should appear just now. The greater part of this account is abridged from a book lately published by the Society, JAPAN AND THE JAPAN MISSION, price 1s. 6d.

NOTES ON JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

The Land of the Rising Sun.



JAPAN is the Great Britain of Asia. The British Isles are the western outpost of Europe in the Atlantic. The Japanese Isles are the eastern outpost of Asia in the Pacific. Instead of two large islands, however, like Great Britain and Ireland, there are four, viz., Hondo,* Kiushiu, Shikoku, and Yezo, with innumerable smaller islets. The total area of the British archipelago is 122,550 square miles; of the Japanese, about 148,000. The British population in 1871 was 29,307,699; the Japanese, by the census of 1878, was 34,388,404.

Japan is the crest of a submarine mountain-chain. From its shores the land plunges down abruptly into deep water. A solid backbone of mountain runs from end to end of the main island, its highest point being the snow-capped Fuji-yama (Mount Fuji), which is a beautiful cone rising 12,000 feet above the sea, and has been unanimously designated the Matchless Mountain. The successive peaks of the chain are a series of volcanoes mostly extinct; but as late as 1874, the volcano of Taromai, in Yezo, whose crater had long since congealed, exploded, blowing its rocky cap far up into the air, and scattering a rain of ashes as far as the sea-shore, many miles distant.

The scenery is fine everywhere, and highly diversified. The very broken coast line gives a continual succession of beautiful bays and gulfs; and the far-famed Inland Sea, between the main island and its two southern satellites, presents some of the loveliest views in the world. (See pictures on p. 119.)

The cities and towns are numerous, and have large populations. Tokio (Yedo), Kioto, and Osaka, are *fu* or first-class cities. The treaty-ports are Tokio, Yokohama, Osaka, Hiogo (Kobe), and Nūgata, in the main island; Nagasaki, in Kiushiu; Hakodate, in Yezo.

Yokohama, which twenty-five years ago was a miserable fishing village, is now a city of 60,000 souls, the largest port in Japan, and the principal head-quarters of foreigners of all nations. The regular foreign residents in 1876 exceeded 1,200, besides visitors and the sailors in the harbour; exclusive also of 1,000 Chinese, who are the brokers, money-changers, and clerks. It has handsome public buildings in European style, and rows of pleasant villas. The streets are lighted with gas; a railway runs to Tokio, eighteen miles distant; and there are three English newspapers.

Tokio ("Eastern capital") was formerly called Yedo, but received its new name in 1868, when the Mikado took up his

* The name Nippōn, or Nihon, by which the largest island is known to English geographers, is not applied to it by the Japanese. They had no name for it apart from its satellite islands until lately. Their modern maps call it Hondo. Nippōn, or Dai Nippōn (Great Japan), is the name of the whole empire. Nippōn is the colloquial and Nihon the classical form. "Japan" is our foreign corruption of the Chinese form of Nippōn, *Ji-pun*.

residence there. Its population, ascertained by the census of 1878 to be 1,086,771, makes it one of the greatest cities in the world. Through it flows the River Ogawa, over which is built the famous Nihon Bashi or Bridge of Japan, from which all distances in the empire are reckoned.* The C.M.S. missionary at Tokio, the Rev. J. Piper, says, "As compared with the great cities of China, Tokio exceeds them as much as the Strand does Lower Thames Street, or as the western half of London does the eastern." The city has suffered from many great fires,† which have swept away whole districts of native houses, and improved dwellings in foreign or semi-foreign style have risen on the vacant sites. Large portions of Tokio are now wholly modernised.

Kioto is the old sacred capital, where the Mikados resided for a thousand years, down to 1868. It is situated in the heart of Japan, near the beautiful Lake Biwa. In 1872 there were 2,418 Shinto and 3,514 Buddhist temples in and around Kioto.

Osaka is the chief commercial city in Japan, with over half a million inhabitants in 1872. The several streams into which the river divides itself, and the numerous canals, all spanned by handsome bridges, have given Osaka the name of the Venice of the East. A railway now runs from Osaka to Kioto, twenty-seven miles inland, and another to Kobe, twenty miles round the coast.

Hiogo (the native town) and Kobe (the foreign settlement) are on the Bay of Osaka, opposite that city. Kobe ("Gate of God") is steadily rising in commercial importance.

Nūgata, at the mouth of the largest river in Japan, the Shinanogawa, is the only treaty port on the western coast. It is the capital of one of the richest provinces of the empire, but the port has not been a success commercially.

Nagasaki is the treaty port of the southern island of Kiushiu. Here, at the little islet of Deshima, was the only door of communication between Japan and the outer world for 230 years prior to 1853. Here the first C.M.S. missionary in Japan, Mr. Ensor, landed on January 23rd, 1869. Pappenberg, a rocky islet at the entrance to the harbour, is the spot where some thousands of Japanese Romanists were put to death in 1687.

Hakodate, or Hakodadi, is the treaty port of the northern island of Yezo, which is larger than Scotland, but is very sparsely populated, consisting chiefly of wild mountain country.

The Japanese delight to designate their country the Land of the Rising Sun. They sail out into the east, but find nothing save the broad expanse of the Pacific—a stretch of four thousand miles to the opposite coast of North America; and their national flag represents the morning sun rising out of the sea.

The People of Japan.

"Two distinctly marked types of feature are found among the people of Japan. Among the upper classes, the fine, long, oval face, with prominent, well-chiselled features, deep-sunken eye-sockets, oblique eyes, long drooping eyelids, elevated and arched eyebrows, high and narrow forehead, rounded nose, bud-like mouth, pointed chin, small hands and feet, contrast strikingly with the round, flattened face, less oblique eyes almost level with the face, and straight noses, expanded and upturned at the roots. The one type prevails among the higher classes, the nobility and gentry; the other among the agricultural and labouring classes. The former is the southern, or Yamato type, the latter the Aino, or northern type" (Griffis).

These two types of face represent probably two distinct

* A picture of the Nihon Bashi appeared in the *C.M. Gleaner* of Feb., 1876.

† An account of one of these great fires, by Mrs. Piper, appeared in the *C.M. Gleaner* of April, 1877.

immigrations, one from the north, the other from the south. Gradually the southern immigrants conquered the northern, and in the course of ages the races were fused together, and formed the present Japanese people; the original distinction, however, being still visible in the two types of countenance. In the island of Yezo, however, the Ainos long maintained their independence, and their purity of race; and a remnant of them, some 25,000 in number, still survive, though subject for centuries past to the Japanese. The Aino is of low stature, thick-set, full-bearded, with bushy hair, and big hands and feet.*

The Japanese also are small in stature, the average height of the men being not much over five feet; but they are not lacking in endurance and activity. They cannot be called a moral people, if we judge them by our Christian standard; but they are not worse than other heathen nations. It is to be feared that they are not without excuse when they say that foreigners are worse than themselves. Certainly vice is most rampant in the treaty ports. Mr. Griffis, an American professor of physical science, says, "I met in Japan scores of white men, from Old and New England, who had long since forgotten the difference between right and wrong."

The position of woman in Japan is much better than it is in most other Asiatic countries. In the history and literature of the country women occupy an honourable place. Nine of its 123 sovereigns, and those not the least famous, have been women; and many of the best writings of the best age of Japanese literature were the work of women. Mr. Griffis speaks highly of the Japanese ladies. "No ladies excel them in innate love of beauty, order, neatness, household adornment, and management." "In maternal affection and tenderness, the mothers need fear no comparison with those of other climes."

The people of Japan are (or rather were, for since 1868 a levelling process has been going on) divided into four principal classes:—(1) the Samurai, or military and literary class—the sword and the pen being united as in no other country; (2) the farmers and agriculturists; (3) the artisan class; (4) the merchants and shop-keepers, who have always been regarded as the lowest in social rank in Japan. Below these again, outside the pale of humanity, were the pariahs of Japan, the *eta*, skinnners, tanners, leather-dressers, grave-diggers, &c.—and the *hinin*, beggars. These were enfranchised in 1871. The Samurai were the well-known "two-sworded men," having the right (before the recent changes) to wear two swords. At their head were the Daimios, the great feudal chiefs, 268 in number.

The Two Religions of Japan.

The ancient religion of the Japanese is called *Kami no michi*, way of the gods. The Chinese form of the name, *Shin-to*

(= path or way of the gods), is the one commonly used; and this religion is called by English writers SHINTOISM.

To describe Shintoism accurately, or even to master its principles, seems to have baffled the most acute and industrious students. Dr. Hepburn, the eminent American missionary, says, "I have long endeavoured to find out what there is in Shinto, but have given it up." Implicit obedience to the *kado*, as the descendant and representative of the gods, is the most characteristic feature. Its deities are the heroes of the past. It has no idols or images. Its symbols are the *torii* and the *gohei*—"strips of notched white paper depending from a wand of wood." But it has temples, priests, services, purifications, and offerings of fruit, meat, and living birds, but no sacrifices. Nor does it teach morals. "Morals," says the chief authority, "were invented by the Chinese because they were an immoral people; but in Japan there was no need for any system of morals, as every Japanese acted aright."

he only consulted his heart."

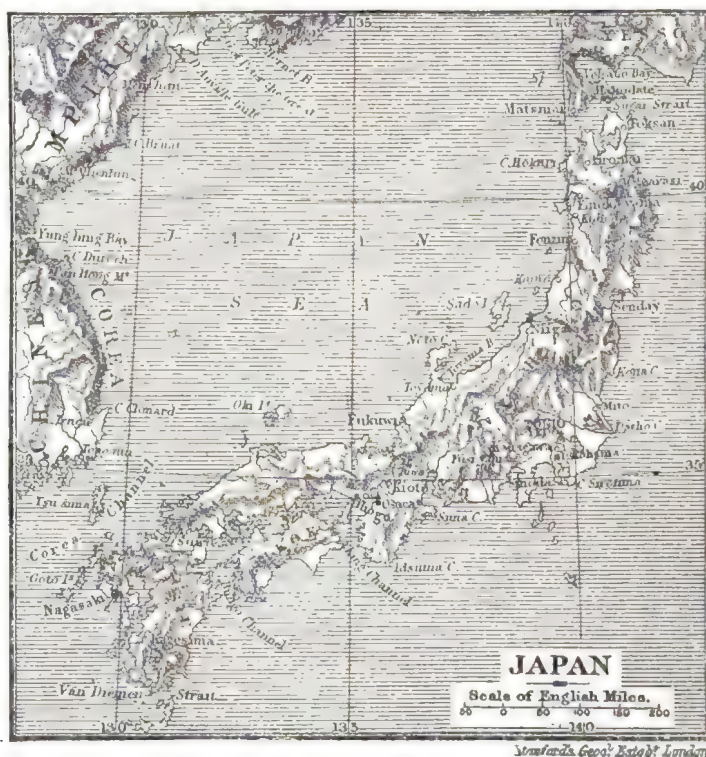
But if Shinto is (or was) the religion of the government, the religion of the people is BUDDHISM, which Japan is no cold athlete in philosophy, but has developed into a popular ritualism, with an elaborate array of monial and priestly monks and nuns, shrine relics, images and altars, incense and candles, fasts and indulgences, pilgrimages and hermits. The census of Japan in 1875 returned 207,669 priests, monks, &c., of all grades. The Rev. C. F. Warren, C.M.S. missionary at Osaka, wrote in January, 1879:—"Buddhism, at least in one of its branches—the Monto or sect—shows remarkable vigour. It has recently established a mission in China, which is reported to be flourishing; and it has completed a large collection of funds for the accommodation of 600 students. There is a rumour that some of the students educated may eventually be sent to Europe and America for proselytising purposes."*

Both Buddhism and Shintoism have lately been disestablished and disendowed by the Government. In 1877, the "Department of Religion" was abolished as a separate office, and a branch of the Home Office. "Although," writes the Rev. Piper, "this gradual withdrawal of State aid will not dry up the torrent of heathenism in the country, yet it must necessarily reduce the stream to such a moderate depth that Christianity will be able more easily to stop its course. May God bless such a happy result!"

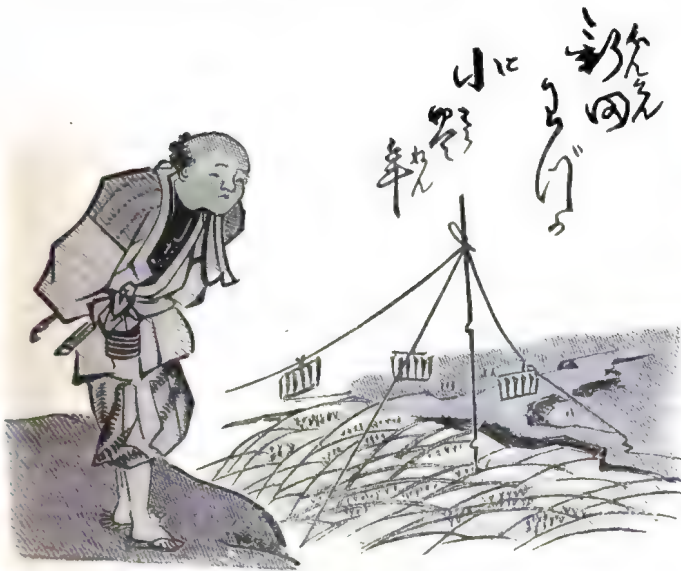
Japanese History.

The present Mikado or Emperor of Japan, Mutsuhito, is to be the 123rd sovereign in direct succession. Remember

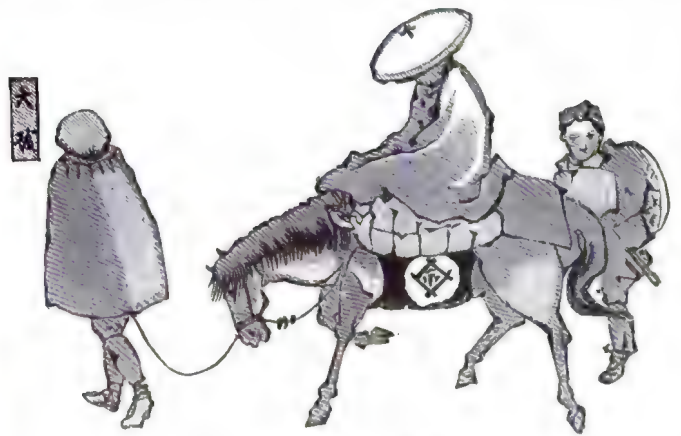
* Descriptions of Japanese worship have occurred in the Rev. A. B. Hudson's articles in this year's *Gleaner*. Pictures of both Shinto and Buddhist temples and worship will be found in the *Gleaner* of Aug., 1874; Feb., 1875; Sept., 1876; Nov., 1878.



* An account of the Ainos, with fac-similes of Japanese pictures of them, appeared in the *C.M. Gleaner* of May, 1877.



A FARMER PROTECTING HIS LAND FROM BIRDS.



A POOR FAMILY ON A JOURNEY.



CAUGHT IN THE RAIN.



IN A SNOW STORM.



MERCHANDISE IN A TOKIO STREET.



MENDICANT SINGERS.



ON A LOW PATH.

that Queen Victoria is only the thirtieth from William the Conqueror, we can form an idea of the antiquity of Japanese annals. The first Mikado, Jimmu Tenno, whose date corresponds with 660 B.C., and who would be contemporary with Manasseh, King of Judah, is said to have had a goddess for his mother, and to have come from heaven in a boat. He is worshipped as a god at thousands of shrines; and on the 7th of April, the traditional day of his accession, salutes are fired in his honour by the Krupp and Armstrong guns of modern Japanese ironclads.

The chief authority for Japanese history is the *Dai Nihon Shi*, or History of Great Japan, a really great work, published in 1715. It is written in pure Chinese, which is to Japanese what Latin is to the languages of modern Europe, and fills 243 volumes. The people are enthusiastically fond of the history of their country; and local records (like our county histories), diaries, official guide-books, &c., abound. There are hundreds of child's histories; and the national annals hold a prominent place in the education of the young.

From the earliest times down to the twelfth century A.D., the government of Japan was imperialism. The Mikado not only reigned, but ruled. Gradually, however, the feudal system arose. The great nobles, or Daimios, in their fortified castles, became more and more powerful and independent. Their armed retainers formed the military caste of Samurai, or "two-sworded men" already noticed. For many centuries, coming down to our own day, Japan was in much the same condition as Scotland is pictured to us in the pages of Sir Walter Scott, parcelled out among great clans, the chiefs of which professed unbounded loyalty to the king while keeping much of the real power in their own hands. The Daimios were the Macduffs and the Macdonalds, the Campbells and the Douglasses of Japan.

About A.D. 1143, Yoritomo, one of the Daimios, having been employed by the Mikado to subdue some of his fellow-nobles who were refractory, ended by himself usurping all the executive authority of the state, while still acknowledging the Mikado as his liege lord. He received the title of Shogun (general), and laid the foundation of the dual form of government which lasted till 1868, more than 700 years. The Mikado held his court at the sacred capital Kioto, rarely appearing before his subjects, but worshipped by them almost as a god; while the Shogun resided at Yedo, and virtually governed the country.*

The greatest of the Shoguns was Hideyoshi, better known as Taiko Sama (Taiko being a title he assumed, and Sama, "honourable," answering to "his highness") who was contemporary with our Queen Elizabeth. His name is still a household word among the people.

One of the most characteristic institutions of Japanese "chivalry" was the *hara-kiri*, or suicide by ripping up the body. A defeated warrior or a deposed official who had any regard for his own honour destroyed himself in this horrible manner. Hence arose, about the fifteenth century, the fashion of wearing two swords, the shorter one being reserved for the wearer's own body.

The Jesuit Missions.

It was the old Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, who first revealed to Europe the existence of Japan six centuries ago. But not until 1542 did any European actually reach it; when a Portuguese trading vessel was driven thither by stress of weather. Japanese historians note that year as the date of the first appearance of "foreigners, Christianity, and fire-arms."

Seven years after came Francis Xavier, the great Jesuit missionary. "There is something heroic," says the present Bishop of Ossory, in his *Heroes of the Mission Field*, "in the

* The Shogun has generally been called Tycoon, or Taikun, by Europeans, (e.g., Sir R. Alcock's book, *The Capital of the Tycoon*); but this name is not known to the Japanese people. It was invented for the American treaty of 1854.

simple story of Xavier's privations and difficulties, as in depth of winter, thinly clad and barefoot, he made his months' journey to the capital, through snow drifts and mountain torrents." His reception, however, was not encouraging; after about two years' labour he left the country. But his successors reaped an extraordinary harvest. Within thirty years the converts numbered 150,000, and the churches 200.

To what is this great success to be attributed? The answer is not far to seek. The Jesuit priests gave the Japanese all that the Buddhist priests had given them—gorgeous altars, impetuous processions, dazzling vestments, and all the scenic display of sensuous worship—but added to these a freshness and fervour that quickly captivated the imaginative and impressionable people. The Buddhist preacher promised heavenly rest—as it was—only after many transmigrations involving many weary lives. The Jesuit preacher promised immediate entrance into paradise after death to all who received baptism. And there was little in the Buddhistic paraphernalia that needed to be changed, much less abandoned. The images of Buddha, with slight application of the chisel, served for images of Christ. Each Buddhist saint found his counterpart in Romish Christianity; and the roadside shrines of Kuanon (or Kwanyin), goddess of mercy, became centres of Mariolatry. Temples, altars, bells, holy-water vessels, censers, rosaries, all were retained and were merely transferred from one religion to the other.

There was also a political cause for the success of the Jesuits. Some of the Daimios hated the Buddhists, and openly favoured the missionaries, thinking to make them a tool for their own ends; and the subjects of these Daimios were ordered to embrace Christianity or go into exile. The decree was carried out with great cruelty. The spirit of the Inquisition was introduced into Japan. Buddhist priests were put to death, and their monasteries burnt to the ground. The details are given, with approval, by the Jesuit Charlevoix in his *Histoire du Christianisme au Japon*.

Rome in Japan took the sword—and perished with the sword. The famous Shogun, Taiko Sama, found the Jesuits, true to their traditions, plotting against his throne; and in 1587 issued a decree of expulsion against them. Under him and his immediate successors fire and sword were freely used to exterminate Christianity. The unhappy victims met torture and death with a fortitude that compels our admiration; and it is impossible to doubt that, little as they knew of the pure Gospel of Christ, there were true martyrs for His name among the thousands who perished. They were crucified, burnt at the stake, buried alive, a torn limb put to unspeakable torments; and historians on both sides agree that but few apostatised. One Jesuit priest, Christopher Ferreyra, after enduring horrible tortures, was at last hung by his feet in such a way that his head was in a hole in the ground from which light and air were excluded. His right hand was left loose, that with it he might make the prescribed sign of recantation. He hung for four hours, and then made the sign. He was at once released, and compelled to become a Japanese inquisitor, and to consign Christians to torture and death.

At length, in 1637, the Christians struck a last desperate blow for freedom. They rose in Kiushiu, fortified an old castle at Shimabara, and raised the flag of revolt; but after a two months' siege they were compelled to surrender, and thirty-seven thousand were massacred, great numbers being hurled from the rocks of Pappenberg, near the harbour of Nagasaki.

This was their expiring effort. The Christianity which had been presented to the Japanese was finally banished. What it left behind?

It did not leave the Bible behind. If it had, Japan might perhaps have been another Madagascar. But it left a name of infamy, a memory of horror. The name of Christ, writes

Griffis, was regarded as "the synonym of sorcery, sedition, and all that was hostile to the purity of the home and the peace of society. Christianity was remembered only as an awful scar on the national annals." Suspected persons were compelled to trample on pictures or images of Christ; and sometimes the whole population of a town would be tried by this test. Now and then a stray Christian would be detected; and as late as 1829, six men and an old woman are said to have been crucified at Osaka.

For two hundred and thirty years this inscription appeared on the public notice-boards along with prohibitions against crimes and breaches of the law, at every roadside, at every city gate, in every village, throughout the empire:—

"So long as the sun shall warm the earth, let no Christian be so bold as to come to Japan; and let all know that the King of Spain himself, or the Christians' God, or the Great God of all, if he violate this command, shall pay for it with his head."

Japan Re-opened—The Revolution.

For two hundred and thirty years Japan was closed to the outer world. In 1624 all foreigners except Dutch and Chinese were banished from Japan. At the same time, the Japanese were forbidden to leave the country, and all vessels above a very small size were ordered to be destroyed. Even the Dutch had to submit to very humiliating terms. They were entirely confined to a little artificial islet, 600 feet by 200, in Nagasaki harbour, called Deshima; and a strong Japanese guard always held the small bridge connecting it with the mainland. The Chinese were allowed to live in Nagasaki itself, but at no other port.

Why were the Dutch exempted? In the first place, to them the Government owed the discovery of the Jesuit plots. One of their vessels intercepted a letter to the King of Portugal, asking for troops to overthrow the Mikado; and they eagerly seized the opportunity to discredit their Portuguese rivals. In the second place, they carefully abstained from all profession of Christianity. One of them being taxed with his belief, replied, "No, I am not a Christian, I am a Dutchman."

At intervals efforts were made to push open the closed door, but in vain. Charles II. sent a vessel to Japan, but it was not allowed to trade because the Dutch had informed the Japanese authorities that Charles had married the daughter of the King of Portugal. In 1695, a Chinese junk was sent away from Nagasaki because a Chinese book on board was found to contain a description of the Romish cathedral at Peking. In 1709 an Italian priest, the Abbé Sidotti, persuaded the captain of a ship to put him on shore. He was seized, and kept a prisoner for several years until his death. A Japanese book has been found by the American missionaries which gives a full account of him. Russia made efforts to get into Japan at the beginning of this century, but without success.

The opening of Japan in modern times is due to the United States. On July 8th, 1853, an American squadron, commanded by Commodore Perry, entered the Gulf of Yedo; and on March 31st in the following year a treaty was signed, opening two ports to American trade.

Other nations were not slow to claim similar advantages; but it was only under much pressure that the Japanese granted them. At length, on August 12th, 1858, Lord Elgin, fresh from his triumphs in China, where the Treaty of Tientsin had been signed six weeks before, entered the Gulf of Yedo, and sailed right up to the capital, to the consternation of the authorities. The Japanese were shrewd enough, however, to see that their old policy of isolation could no longer be maintained; and they gave the British ambassador very little trouble. Within a fortnight, on the 26th of August, Prince Albert's birthday, the Treaty of Yedo was signed, by which several ports were opened, and other important concessions granted. This Treaty has been

more than once revised and extended; but it is still the basis of our relations with Japan.

Thus a bloodless victory seemed to have been gained; but not without bloodshed were the fruits reaped. Sir Rutherford (then Mr.) Alcock took up his abode at Yedo as the first British Minister to Japan; merchants hastened to establish themselves at the open ports; and the Japanese, both rulers and people, appeared eager for friendly and mutually profitable intercourse. But the turbulent Samurai resented the admission of strangers on to their sacred soil, and a succession of outrages kept the foreign communities in a state of alarm for several years. In particular, the American Secretary of Legation was assassinated in 1861; in the same year a desperate assault was made on the house occupied by the British Legation, some members of which were badly wounded; in 1862 an English gentleman, Mr. Richardson, was murdered on the high-road; in 1863 some new buildings for the British Minister were blown up; and in 1864 two English officers were assassinated at Kamakura. The parties concerned in these outrages were in some cases punished by the government, and indemnities paid; but on two occasions ports were bombarded by the British fleet.

In the meanwhile, a great crisis in the national history was approaching. The year 1868 in Japan was the era of one of the most astonishing revolutions in the history of the world.

What was this Revolution? It was (1) the abolition of the Shogun's rule after it had lasted 700 years; (2) the resumption by the Mikado of the reins of government; (3) the voluntary surrender by the Daimios of their feudal powers and privileges into the hands of the central government; (4) the adoption of the European system of departments of State with a responsible Minister at the head of each. In addition the Revolution (5) was meant to effect the suppression of Buddhism—but it failed in that; and (6) it actually resulted in that which it was designed to prevent, the adoption by Japan of Western civilisation.

The history of the Revolution itself cannot of course be given here. The foreign treaties were undoubtedly the immediate occasion of it. The Shogun who signed them died shortly after under suspicious circumstances. The heir being a minor, a regent was appointed, who was soon assassinated, and his head exhibited with a placard inscribed with these words—"This is the head of a traitor who has violated the most sacred law of Japan." But the ablest nobles were beginning to see that Japan would gain and not lose by foreign intercourse, and some of the most promising of the younger men visited Europe and America, whence they returned, with open eyes and high hopes, just in time to guide the empire at the crisis of its change. One, Fukugawa, wrote a book on "Western Manners and Customs," which had an enormous circulation. Another, a schoolmaster named Nakamura, translated English books like Smiles' *Self-Help*, &c.

On February 3rd, 1867, the present Mikado, Mutsuhito, succeeded to the throne. The party of progress seized the opportunity to push their designs. On January 3rd, 1868, they seized the palace at Kioto, and proceeded to administer the government in the name of the Mikado. Civil war ensued; but in a desperate battle fought at Fushimi, a place between Kioto and Osaka, which lasted three days, January 27th to 30th, the Shogun's army was totally defeated; and within a few months Mutsuhito was the undisputed ruler of all Japan.

The young Mikado now came forth from behind the screen of ages, and took his place as head of the state. In the eye of the people the outward and visible sign of the change was the transfer of the capital from Kioto to Yedo. For centuries Yedo had been the seat of the executive government, but Kioto was the sacred imperial city. For the Mikado, after 700 years' seclusion at Kioto, to come forth and set up his throne at Yedo before the world, was a token indeed that a new era had begun. To

emphasise the change, the name of the new capital was changed to Tokio; and Mutsuhito entered it in state on November 26th, 1868, being then eighteen years of age. Six months afterwards he entered it a second time with a young empress at his side.*

New Japan.

The new government now began to invite foreigners to Japan to fill high administrative offices. Englishmen and Americans were appointed Comptrollers of the Navy and Public Works, Inspectors of Mines, &c., &c.; and most comprehensive educational machinery was set on foot, with foreign professors of languages and science at all the great cities.† The year 1872 is especially memorable in the annals of New Japan as a year of extraordinary progress. The Army, Navy, and Civil Service were entirely reconstructed; the Imperial Mint at Osaka was opened, and a new coinage introduced; the Educational Department largely extended its operations under an enlightened minister of state, and a University was established at Tokio; the Post Office was organised, runners being employed who could cover 125 miles a day; an Industrial Exhibition was held at the sacred city of Kioto; on June 12th, the first railway in Japan was opened, from Tokio to Yokohama; and on June 28th, the young Mikado set out on a tour of inspection through his dominions.

Nor were the changes all material in character. Many moral reforms were carried out. The *eta* (skinner, tanners, grave-diggers), the pariahs of Japan, were admitted to citizenship; the "two-sworded men" lost their exclusive privileges, and the

* Portraits of the young emperor and empress appeared in the *GLEANER* of July, 1878.

† The *Times* of Sept. 16th, 1879, gives the number of foreigners now employed by the Japanese Government as follows:—"80 Englishmen, 81 Americans, 50 Frenchmen, 18 Germans, 7 Dutchmen, 4 Italians, 8 Swiss, 8 Chinese, 2 Austrians, 2 Portuguese, and 1 Russian;" 181 in all.



IWAKURA, THE VICE PRIME MINISTER OF JAPAN; AMBASSADOR T



N AND THE UNITED STATES IN 1872; WITH THE LADIES OF THE EMBASSY.

two swords were soon laid aside; important regulations were framed to promote the sacredness of marriage and to raise the condition of women; and above all, a move was made towards the toleration of Christianity.

In the meanwhile, Japan ratified her entrance into the comity of nations by sending an embassy of nobles and ministers of high rank, headed by Iwakura, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and one of the most enlightened men of the progressive party, to the courts of America and Europe. (See the picture on this page.) On the 4th of December, 1872, the ambassadors were received by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle.

The last eight years have been a period of great and continuous progress. A dozen daily newspapers are now published in Tokio, and hundreds in the provinces; in 1877 twenty-two millions of letters, six millions of post-cards, and seven millions of newspapers, passed through the 8,700 post-offices of the empire. Light-houses stand on all the promontories; manufactories of all kinds are at work; the telegraph runs from end to end of the empire; the little railway between Tokio and Yokohama carried a million and a half of passengers as far back as 1874; and other lines have since been opened; Japanese packet and war steamers are to be met with thousands of miles from Dai Nippon; and two millions of children are at school.

Yet with all this wonderful progress, the old Pagan spirit is not yet dead in Japan, although the Pagan religions have received a severe blow. In England, the Revolution of the seventeenth century followed on the Reformation of the sixteenth, and was, in a sense, its crown and completion. Japan has now had its Revolution: Will that Revolution have its crown and completion in a true Reformation—in the adoption of the *Yesu-no-michi*, the Way of Jesus?

PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN JAPAN.



ENGLAND opened the door for the Gospel to enter Japan, and America carried it in. Under Commodore Perry's limited Treaty nothing could be done, and it was Lord Elgin's Treaty in 1858 that secured liberty for foreigners to reside on the "concessions" at the specified ports. But American societies led the way in planting Missions there. As early as 1859—60, the Protestant Episcopal Church, the Presbyterian Board, and the "Dutch Reformed Church," were at work, with seven ordained men. But the missionaries could do little. Their very presence caused suspicion. Spies were sent by the government to call upon them, ostensibly to make friends with the foreign visitors, but really to discover what object these non-trading people had in coming to Japan at all. To preach or teach publicly would have been to bring upon themselves instant expulsion. They could but cautiously speak to such as came to them, and with equal caution sell such tracts and Scripture portions as had hastily been produced in Japanese. Some young men who came to one missionary to learn a little English were handed for that purpose copies of a book called *The Christian Reader*; when they at once erased the word "Christian" from the title-page and cover, for fear it should be noticed by others.

In 1865, the first Christian convert, who had been a teacher of the language to the missionaries, was baptized,—on his death-bed, but at his own house, in the presence of his family, and with their full consent.

In June, 1869, the experienced C.M.S. missionary in China, the Rev. W. A. (afterwards Bishop) Russell, visited Japan, and in his report to the Society laid especial stress upon the fact that while "against Christianity in a Roman Catholic garb, from what took place in the past, there no doubt existed a very bitter feeling," no hostility was manifested against Protestant Christianity, "which the Japanese were already beginning to discern to be a very different thing." He found visitors to the missionaries speaking with reserve about religion till they ascertained them to be Protestants, "and then religious conversation was prosecuted without hesitation."

But in official circles no readiness was exhibited to draw such distinctions. Immediately after the Revolution of 1868, the Mikado's government had put up notice-boards all over the empire bearing imperial edicts, supplementary to the now venerable notice of 290 years before, which still faced the missionary wherever he turned. One of the new proclamations was as follows:—

BOARD NO. I.—LAW.

The evil sect called Christian is strictly prohibited. Suspicious persons should be reported to the proper officers, and rewards will be given.

DAI JO KUAN.

Fourth Year *Kei-o*, Third Month.

In 1878 all these public notices were withdrawn. Not, indeed, those against Christianity only; and just as the laws respecting "murder, arson, and robbery," remained in force notwithstanding the removal of particular proclamations respecting them, so was it with the prohibition of the "evil sect." Still it cannot be doubted that in course of time the result was favourable to missionary effort. The authorities were better able to ignore breaches of the law when its existence was less conspicuous; and toleration has gradually become, in practice, virtually complete.

In addition to the admirable work of the American missionaries, much good was done in the early days of cautious and tentative effort by the influence of the able and devoted Christian laymen, mostly also from the United States, who engaged in educational work under the Japanese Government. Unquestionably the toleration that now obtains is largely due to the spread, by their instrumentality, among the governing and literary class—the very class they came in contact with at the colleges and schools,

—of correct views at least of the high character of the Christian religion.

One of these gentlemen, Mr. E. Warren Clark, in his pleasant little book, *Life and Adventure in Japan* (published in England by Nisbet & Co.), gives incidentally some interesting glimpses of the exercise of this kind of Christian influence. He was engaged as a teacher of science at the city of Shidzuoka. He began the very first Sunday, and conducted a Bible-class the whole time he was there; and when he was transferred to the Imperial College at Tokio, he resolved to hold three every Sunday, for the convenience of different classes of students. Unusual difficulties arose here, but he persevered. "I confess," he wrote, "that when the feeling floods upon me, that *these* are souls for whom Christ died, and *mine* is the privilege to make the fact known unto them, it breaks through all bounds of mere expediency, and forces me to speak the truth at all risks. There is a solemnity beyond expression in the attempt to bring before these young men the words of eternal life."

It was in 1872 that the first Native Japanese Christian Church was organised. It is now called the Union Church, and is connected with two American Presbyterian Societies and the Scottish "U. P. Church." Next in importance are the Missions of the American Board (Congregationalist). Other American denominations are actively at work, including the Protestant Episcopal Church under Bishop Williams. Of English societies, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society have had Missions in Japan for some years; and the Baptists have lately sent an agent there. The Scottish United Presbyterians are represented, and the Edinburgh Medical Mission. Out of sixty ordained missionaries of all denominations in the country, three-fourths are from the United States. Five belong to the S.P.G. and nine to the C.M.S. At the end of 1879 there were 8,000 baptized Christians in Japan, and probably an equal number of adherents not yet baptized. The S.P.G. and C.M.S. had about 200 each.

The American missionaries, in addition to their directly evangelistic efforts, have done a noble work by their educational and literary labours. In female education especially, American ladies have rendered most valuable service. Dr. Hepburn's Japanese-English and English-Japanese dictionary, the fruit of thirteen years' toil, the standard work on the language, must be specially mentioned. To him and his brethren is mainly due the progress already made in the translation of the Bible. The New Testament has lately been completed.

Besides the Protestant Missions, the Church of Rome and the Russo-Greek Church maintain a large staff in Japan. The Romanists, expelled in the seventeenth century, have taken advantage of the toleration obtained by Protestant England and Protestant America, and their zeal is represented by three bishops, more than thirty priests, and a large number of nuns.

THE C.M.S. MISSION IN JAPAN.



THE publication, in the *Church Missionary Intelligencer* of June, 1866, of an appeal for prayer issued by the American Missionaries in Japan, may be regarded as the starting-point of the Society's Japan Mission. A spirit of prayer was evoked by it in C.M.S. circles;

and within twelve months one answer to the supplications offered came in the shape of an anonymous donation of £4,000 as a nucleus for a special Japan Fund. In yet another twelve months the man also was given; and in the very year of the great Revolution, 1868, the Rev. George Ensor, B.A., of Queen's College, Cambridge, was designated as the first missionary from Christian England to the newly opened empire.

On the 28rd of January, 1869, eighteen days after the young

Mikado gave his first state reception at Tokio to the ministers of foreign nations (see page 114), Mr. Ensor landed at Nagasaki. One of the first things to catch his eye was the ominous notice posted up—"The laws hitherto in force forbidding Christianity are to be strictly observed." What was he to do? He could not stand and preach in the streets. He could only receive the visits of any inquirers who chose to come to his house; and would a Japanese venture? They did venture. Ere a month had passed, his house was thronged with visitors, all curious to know something about England and her science and art and progress, but, most of all, about her religion. More serious inquirers would wait till the darkness of night, when the doors were closed and the windows barred. "When they left," says Mr. Ensor, "I scarce ever expected to see them again—for I was informed that an officer had been specially appointed to keep watch at my gate."

Some nine months after his arrival, when he had "dropped into an almost despairing frame of mind," a token for good was given to him:—

I was sitting by myself in my study, and heard, in the darkness, a knock at the door. I went myself to answer it, and, standing between the palm-trees of my gate, I saw the dark figure of an armed Japanese. He paused a moment, and I beckoned to him to enter; and he came in and sat down, and I asked him what his business was. He replied, "A few days ago I had a copy of the Bible in my hands, and I wish to be a Christian." I warned him of his danger. "Yes," he said, "I know. Last night I came to your gate, and as I stood there, thinking of the terrible step I was about to take, fear overpowered me, and I returned. But there stood by me in the night one who came to me in my dreams, and said I was to go to the house of the missionary and nothing would happen to me, and I have come." And drawing his long sword, he held it up to me in a form signifying the Japanese oath, and promised that he would ever keep true to me, and I received him.

This man was afterwards baptized by the name of Titus; "for God," says Mr. Ensor, "who comforteth those who are cast down, comforted me by the coming of Titus." About a year after this, a man named Futagawa was baptized; but he was arrested and thrown into prison, where he suffered grievous hardships for two years, yet lost no opportunity of making known the Saviour for whose sake he was suffering.

Mr. Ensor was joined in 1871 by the Rev. H. Burnside; but both these brethren have been obliged by the failure of their health to retire from the field. It was in 1873, when toleration seemed likely to be established, that the Society's enlarged plans for missionary operations in Japan were formed; and in the next two years six new men were designated for the work. The Rev. C. F. Warren, formerly of Hong Kong, arrived at Osaka on the last day of 1873; the Rev. J. Piper, also formerly of Hong Kong, took up his residence at Tokio, as Secretary of the Mission, in February, 1874; the Rev. W. Denning, transferred from Madagascar, proceeded to Hakodate in May of that year; the Rev. P. K. Fyson and the Rev. H. Evington (both University men who offered specially for Japan, Mr. Fyson from Cambridge, Mr. Evington from Oxford) joined the Mission later in the same year, 1874, the former being associated with Mr. Piper and the latter with Mr. Warren—but Mr. Fyson subsequently occupied Niigata; and the Rev. H. Maundrell, who had laboured ten years in Madagascar, took charge of Nagasaki in 1875. All these, by God's mercy, have continued at their posts, in addition to three others who have since joined the Mission, viz., the Rev. J. Williams, first at Hakodate and since at Tokio; Mr. Batchelor, at Hakodate; and the Rev. Walter Andrews, at Nagasaki. An English gentleman formerly in the employ of the Japanese Government, and who has since taken his degree at Cambridge, and been ordained, the Rev. G. H. Pole, also joins the Mission this autumn.

Nagasaki, which was the first station, is also the most advanced. In 1875, a mission church was opened, by the efforts of Mr. Burnside, on the little islet of Deshima (the old Dutch settle-

ment), close to the bridge leading to the native town, within a few minutes' walk of any part of it, and in full view of the harbour.* Bishop Burdon says of this church: "Its turret, surmounted by a cross, is quite a prominent object at the head of the beautiful bay. You will remember that Deshima is the very spot where the cross was laid down to be trampled on as a test of any natives suspected of Christianity. The raising of the cross on high at Deshima has, therefore, a significance it has not elsewhere." In November, 1877, a little college was established for training candidates for missionary work among their own countrymen, in the first place as evangelists, and then, if it please God to call them, as ordained ministers of the Church. Some of these students are from other cities in the interior, and their influence has spread thither the knowledge of the Gospel. At Kagoshima, in particular, the spot where Xavier landed in Japan, Mr. Maundrell, in April, 1879, found several earnest and well-instructed candidates for baptism; one of whom, a medical man, was admitted into the visible Church on April 26th; five other adults and a child on May 1st; and six adults and six children on May 5th. The whole number of Christian adherents at Nagasaki and its out-stations at the end of 1879 was 110. At Osaka there are 35; at Tokio, 94; at Niigata, 6; at Hakodate, 12; 197 in all.

In past numbers of the GLEANER a good deal of information has been given concerning these different stations. The following list will be useful for reference:—

General Accounts of the Mission:—Dec., 1874; Feb., 1879.

Nagasaki:—"My First Year at Nagasaki," by the Rev. G. Ensor, Jan., Feb., Mar., Apr., May, 1875. Letters from Rev. H. Maundrell, Sept., 1876; Mar., 1877; Dec., 1878.

Osaka:—Letters from Rev. C. F. Warren, Nov., 1875; June and Dec., 1877; Aug., 1878.

Tokio:—"Great Fire," by Mrs. Piper, Apr., 1877. Letters from Rev. J. Piper, Feb., 1879, and Oct., 1880.

Hakodate:—About the Ainos, Oct., 1875, and May, 1877. Other Letters, May, 1876, and Apr., 1878. The Great Fire, Mar., 1880.

Also, at different times, Notes on the Country and People, accompanying the pictures; in 1874, a series of Articles, by the Rev. G. Ensor; in 1880, a series of Articles by the Rev. A. B. Hutchinson.

STORY OF A JAPANESE POLICEMAN.

From the Rev. J. Piper's Report for 1878.

[The convert whose history is here related is No. 5 in the picture on the next page, and in Mr. Piper's accompanying letter.]

HE was a policeman in this city, with a very slight knowledge of English. He was led to think and inquire about Christianity by a few sentences in (I think) Peter Parley's book. He came to see me first at the close of 1876, and, as usual with inquirers, I proposed that we should read a Gospel together. He expressed his willingness to do so, and we commenced reading that of St. Matthew in the Japanese language, as his knowledge of English was very limited indeed. He came very regularly, as his duties would permit him. We read as far as the twelfth chapter in the course of a few months, during which time he manifested a thoughtful and anxious interest. In March, 1877, soon after the Satsuma Rebellion broke out, he suddenly disappeared. Of course I felt anxious to know what had become of him. I had become very much drawn towards him, and looked upon him as one "not far from the kingdom of God." About two months passed away without our hearing a word from or of him, when, to my thankful surprise, a short letter came from him, written amidst the scenes of the civil war. He therein told me that he had been suddenly ordered to the south, and had no time to come and tell me. He further said he had not forgotten the truths he had learned with me—indeed, they had comforted him amidst the dreadful scenes through which he was passing.

Three months more passed over, and further tidings came from him. Again, at the end of that time, I received a few lines from him, informing me that he would like to come and see us, but was unable, because he was suffering from a bullet-wound received in the war, and had been brought back to Tokio, and was in a hospital some two miles from our house. One of our Christians and I took an early opportunity of finding him out at the hospital where he was lying. We found him cheerful, and with

* See the pictures in the C.M. GLEANER of March, 1877, and Dec., 1878.



MISSIONARIES AND CONVERTS AT TOKIO, JAPAN.

the Gospel by his bedside, not afraid of speaking of Christianity in the presence of his fellow-sufferers. We visited him several times, and he seemed to be gradually improving, when, to our sorrow, at our next visit, we saw him in a separate room, in a state of madness! His wife and child were there, but he did not know her or us. The dreadful sights at the seat of war had so told upon him, and the wound was so severe, that madness ensued. The next time we went to see him he was still raving, and even worse than before.

We came away feeling certain that he would soon die, and our hearts were very sad. You can imagine the feelings of gratitude and utter astonishment which came over us one morning at breakfast, when the servant came and announced the presence of this very man, restored, and "in his right mind"! He had come as soon as he could to thank us for all our kindness, and to ask that he might soon be baptized. His lameness, and the strange, somewhat wild look on his face, excited in our hearts mingled feelings of sorrow and praise to God. After a short time I baptized him in our new church on Sunday, May 26th, rejoicing with all our Christians that this our brother, whom we had two or three times given up as "dead," "was alive again," and the more than once seemingly "lost" "found." It was meet that we should be "merry" in the highest sense. In our estimation his case is a deeply interesting episode connected with the great Satsuma Rebellion.

THE C.M.S. CONVERTS AT TOKIO.

LETTER FROM THE REV. JOHN PIPER.

TOKIO, February 21st, 1880.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I forward to you by this mail a photograph, taken by a Japanese, of some of our Christians, and the C.M.S. labourers in Tokio.

Several of the adults were absent at the time, and the children of the congregation could not be kept quiet enough to be taken in the group.

No. 1 is a rice merchant, who, with his wife (No. 13), were baptized last July (1879). They are the first fruits of our preaching place in the city. No. 15 is their adopted daughter. She was baptized last December. She is a bright girl, twelve years of age.

No. 2 is a policeman. He also was baptized in July of last year.

No. 3, formerly a Buddhist priest, was baptized in Osaka by Mr. Warren but left that city a year ago. We are glad that he came to anchor in our harbour in this city.

No. 4 is a builder and contractor; he and his wife (No. 16), after attending our services and Bible-classes at our old house, were admitted to the Church in December, 1877.

No. 5 is the policeman who was wounded in the Satsuma Rebellion, and of whose conversion I gave an account in my report for 1878 [see preceding article]; he is now the teacher in our day school.

No. 17 is his wife, who was baptized last December (1879).

No. 6 is a servant in our employment, who was baptized in December, 1877. His wife (No. 19) was the first who received that sacrament in our new church, in April, 1878.

No. 7 is another policeman, whom I baptized the first Sunday in 1877.

No. 8 is also a policeman. He has been a soldier and a jinrikisha man. A short account of him is given in the *C.M. Intelligencer* of April, 1877.

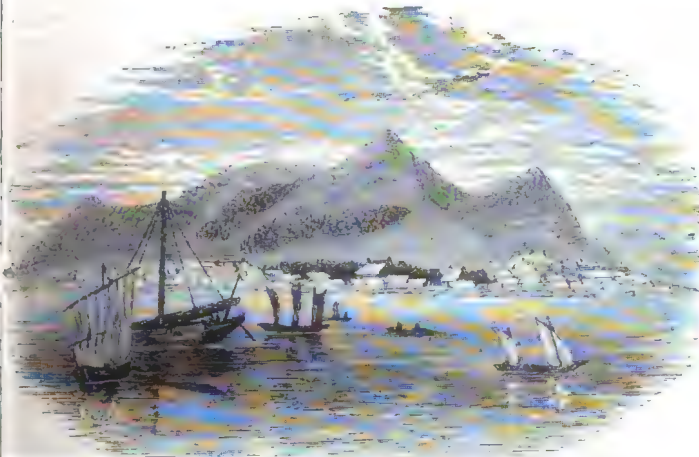
No. 20 is his wife, who was admitted to the Church in December, 1877. No. 14 is a tatami (Japanese floor matting) maker. He and his wife (No. 18), with their child, were baptized in October, 1876. He is the tradesman spoken of in my report of 1876 (*C.M. Intell.*, April, 1877).

No. 9, Rev. J. Williams. No. 10, Mrs. Williams. No. 11, myself. No. 12, my wife.

The photographs of the Japanese are very good indeed, and we think the group is a remarkably good picture.

Asking the readers of the *GLEANER* to pray for these and our other Christians "that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things," and for us, that we may be privileged to win more souls for Jesus, I remain yours sincerely,

JOHN PIPER.



HAKODATE, TREATY PORT IN THE ISLAND OF YEZO.



WESTERN ENTRANCE TO THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.



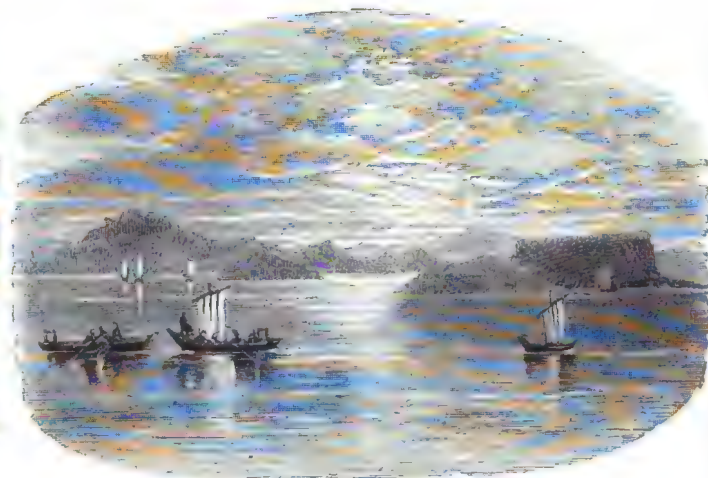
BAY OF YEDO (TOKIO).



IN THE INLAND SEA OF JAPAN.



NAGASAKI HARBOUR, FROM THE ISLET OF DESHIMA.



THE INLAND SEA, NEAR KOBE.

JAPAN consists of four large and many small islands. On this page we have views of three open ports in the three large islands of Yezo, Hondo (or Nippon), and Kiushiu, and three views of the far-famed Suwoda, or Inland Sea, which divides Hondo from Kiushiu and Shikoku (see map on p. 110). The picture of Nagasaki harbour is taken from the little arti-

ficial islet of Deshima formerly occupied by the Dutch traders (see p. 113), and one of the Dutchmen is represented looking down the harbour. The little islet in the distance is Pappenberg, whence the Roman Catholic converts were thrown into the sea in 1637 (see p. 112). Hakodate, which is now a larger place than the picture represents, was burnt down in December

last. At the western entrance of the Inland Sea (shown above) stand the forts of Shimono-seki, which were bombarded by the English and French fleets in 1863.

These cuts, and those on p. 111, are taken from Sir Rutherford Alcock's *Capital of the Tycoon*, by permission of the publishers, Messrs. Longman & Co.

"ARISE, SHINE!"

"The mighty God, even the Lord, hath spoken, and called the earth from the rising the sun unto the going down thereof."—Ps. l. 1.

"AND of the Rising Sun!"
Vanguard of Earth's great fleet,
Thine islands eastward run
The dawn's first glow to meet.
Why broke Heaven's day for thee so late?
Why did the wheels of glory wait?

Green brow of wave-whelmed chain,
Bright shine the suns o'er thee!
Storms sweep the outward main,
Smiles thy fair Inland Sea!
Rise from the gloom of pagan shame,
And praise and love thy Maker's name.

Rise in pure faith and prayer,
Like Fusiana's cone,
Whose snows through radiant air
Soar upward to the Throne;
Rise, wakened from thy dream of pride,
And yield thee to the Crucified!

God comes in power ere long
Far on His eastward way,
His voice like waters' throng,
Earth shining with His ray:
E'en now the glory gilds thy strand,
Thy isles like waiting virgins stand.

Isle of the setting sun!
Less bright thy skies may shine;
But thou the Light hast won;
The Gospel day is thine!
Come, let its beams through earth be poured
To welcome our returning Lord!

A. E. MOULE.

GLIMPSES OF THE WORK AT OSAKA.

From the Rev. C. F. Warren's Journal.

A Doubter's Question.

SEPT. 9th, 1875.—Attended in the chapel for conversation. A man who remained yesterday to ask questions was now accompanied by a friend. He had evidently read our little tract with great care. He asked, among other things, for explanations as to the person of Jesus, &c. Was He a man? If God, how did He become man? Why was He crucified? Was He not a criminal? How did He rise from the dead? How could He ascend to heaven in a cloud? He seems to be in that sceptical frame of mind which characterises so many of the thinking men of this country at this time. How could we know that there is such a place as heaven or hell? Had any one been to either to ascertain? I did my best to answer by reading passages from the Gospels, and told him that our belief in the Unseen is not based on the reasoning or word of man, but on the testimony of God in the revelation He has given in His Word and by His Son.

Mrs. Kume's Meeting.

October 12th, 1877.—In the evening went to Mrs. Kume's for a meeting for the first time. She has recently taken quite a large house, and has asked me to hold a meeting there once a fortnight. There were fifteen of Mrs. K.'s neighbours present, and five of our Native Christians and inquirers. I spoke for about an hour on the one living and true God, and of His love to man. Our good friend Takasu Jinnemon, who was present, followed me in an admirable address just suited to the occasion. This meeting, whatever may be its result, shows that at least one of our Christians is letting her light shine—not a solitary instance, I hope. Mrs. K. does not, I feel sure, hide her candle under a bushel. She must speak to many, as she frequently purchases portions of the Scriptures and other books for those who have been led to desire them through her conversations with them. The meeting to-night is the result of her personal efforts. Her house does not stand on a thoroughfare, but behind. All, therefore, who were present were invited by her. May God own and bless her efforts!

Prayer for the Mikado.

November 3rd, 1877.—To-day being the Mikado's birthday, I invited our people to unite in prayer for God's blessing on the Emperor and the nation. We met at ten o'clock. After a hymn Mr. Evington read the

Litany. Another hymn was then sung, and, after a special prayer for the occasion, I read a portion of Romans xiii. and expounded a few verses setting forth the Christian's duty to submit to the powers that be for conscience sake—the powers that be being ordained by God. I asked one of the Christians to offer prayer, which he did in a very appropriate manner.

A Native Prayer Meeting.

In the evening, went to Mr. Nakanishi's house. Most of the Christians and inquirers meet there once a week and unite in singing, reading, conversation, and prayer. I purpose attending only occasionally, as I want our Christians to feel that they are to stand alone, and not to look upon us for everything. The meeting was pleasant and profitable. I gave out a hymn and offered prayer, and, after reading a few verses and saying a few words, I threw the meeting open. Nakanishi offered prayer. A—proposed that we should sing "Jesus loves me, this I know," a translation of which was in the book we were singing from, and then prayed. Jinnemon followed with a few appropriate remarks, and concluded with prayer. I thank God that this step has been taken, indicating, as it does, further progress in the development of our work. The Lord add His blessing!

A Confirmation.

June, 1878.—The Confirmation took place on Thursday, June 20. Seventeen Japanese and one European were presented to the Bishop, who renewed their baptismal vows. I arranged to let them pass up as much as possible in family groups—husbands and wives, parents and children together—which, to my own mind, increased the interest of the service. The Bishop read the service in English, and I followed at each stage. Japanese, as interpreter. At the Bishop's request, each one replied to questions when called upon by name. The Bishop made a very suitable address, which I interpreted. The Holy Communion was subsequently administered, when, including the newly-confirmed, twenty-one of our own people, three Native Christians connected with the American Episcopal Mission, and nine Europeans, knelt at the Lord's Table. It was a time of rejoicing and thanksgiving to God, and a season of refreshment and grace.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

New Moon... 4d. 4h. 43m. a.m.
First Qr. 11d. 12h. 35m. a.m.

OCTOBER.

Full Moon... 18d. 4h. 16m. a.m.
Last Qr. 26d. 7h. 4m. a.m.

- 1 F Duncan landed, B. Columbia, 1857. I bring you good tidings. Lu. 10. 1.
- 2 S The grace of God that bringeth salvation. Tit. 2. 11. [2 P. 1]
- 3 S 18th aft. Trin. Bring an offering, and come into His courts. Ps. 100. 1. [96]
- 4 M M. Ezek. 14. Eph. 4. 1-25. E. Ezek. 18, or 34. Luke 9. 1-10.
- 5 T Rebmanna d., 1876. 1st bapt. at Chuki, 1877. Them will I bring.
- 6 T Bring him unto Me. Matt. 17. 17. [My holy mountain. Is. 56. 7.]
- 7 W Christ suffered ... that He might bring us to God. 1 Pet. 3. 18.
- 8 T I will bring forth My servant the Branch. Zec. 3. 8.
- 9 F He shall bring forth judgment to the Gentiles. Is. 42. 1.
- 10 S Bp. Hadfield cons., 1870. To bring up the ark of God. 2 S. 6. [prisoners from the prison. Is. 42. 7.]
- 11 S 20th aft. Trin. Price sailed for E. Africa, 1874. To bring out the ark. M. Dan. 3. 1 Thess. 2. E. Dan. 4 or 5. Luke 13. 1-18.
- 12 M Bring the poor that are cast out to thy house. Is. 58. 7.
- 13 T Bring me unto Thy holy hill. Ps. 43. 3. [the heathen thought. Ps. 33. 3.]
- 14 W Miss. expelled fr. Abokuta, 1867. The Lord bringeth the counsel.
- 15 T West reached Red River, 1820. The Lord shall bring thee. Ex. 13. 18.
- 16 F D. Fenn d., 1878. Them who sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.
- 17 S If it die, it bringeth forth much fruit. Jo. 12. 24. [1 Th. 4. 8.]
- 18 S 21st aft. Trin. Noble died, 1865. Bringing his sheaves with him. M. Dan. 3. 1 Thess. 2. E. Dan. 4 or 5. Luke 13. 1-18.
- 19 M st. Luke. I will bring it health and cure. Jer. 33. 6.
- 20 T He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit. Jo. 15. 5.
- 21 W Loose them and bring them to Me. Matt. 21. 2. [fruit. Jo. 15. 5.]
- 22 T Mine angel shall bring thee in. Exod. 23. 23.
- 23 F Ragland d., 1856. Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Matt. 3. 8. [Prov. 27. 18.]
- 24 S 22nd aft. Trin. Peck reached Whale River, 1877. Them also. M. Dan. 3. 1 Tim. 1. 1-18. E. Dan. 7. 9, or 12. Luke 17. 20. [1 Cor. 1. 1.]
- 25 M Yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are.
- 26 T He shall bring all things to your remembrance. Jo. 14. 26.
- 27 W Bringing many sons unto glory. Heb. 2. 10. [shouting. Zec. 4. 1.]
- 28 T St. Simon & St. Jude. Thou shalt bring forth the headstone of the temple. Ps. 118. 22.
- 29 F 1st Sikh clergyman ord., 1854. I bring near My righteousness. Is. 54. 17.
- 30 S The mountains shall bring peace. Ps. 72. 3. [back? 2 Sam. 19. 42.]
- 31 S 23rd aft. Trin. Why speak ye not a word of bringing the kingdom? M. Hos. 14. 2 Tim. 2. E. Joel 2. 1, or 3. 9. Luke 21. 5.

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

BIBLE THOUGHTS ABOUT MISSIONARY WORK.

BY THE BISHOP OF SODOR AND MAN.

VIII.

"The woman then left her waterpot."—*St. John* iv. 28.



UT the waterpot was the very thing which had brought her to the well. Perhaps at that very moment the household was waiting for the midday meal. The waterpot, too, was the very thing which she had been so reluctant to part with for the stranger's use.

Yet now in one moment, the first object of her care is forgotten, and cast aside, and full of missionary ardour she is hurrying off into the city; and there, in the very place where she was known as a bad character, she seeks to bring the people to the Saviour.

Now, why was this? How shall we account for this sudden interest in missionary work? Some would say the woman was crazed. At all events some great change must have been wrought in her to make her act in the way she did. And a mighty change indeed had taken place in her. She had been led to know her Saviour and her God. This was now the one absorbing thought upon her heart. Every minor consideration had passed away before the wondrous utterance she had heard from Christ Himself, "I that speak unto thee am He."

For there are two ways in which you may seek to displace an affection from the human heart. Either by showing the folly and worthlessness of the present possession, or by holding up some object of such infinitely greater worth, that all is parted with for its attainment. And experience shows us that the latter is the only way to ensure success. It is little use to be continually dwelling on the vanity of the world, its riches, its pleasures, its pursuits. The people of the world will only cling to them the more tenaciously. But let God's people show them that they have something better, that their happiness is a real happiness, and soon will spring up the desire to have at any cost the more substantial blessing which is thus enjoyed.

Now it was in this manner that our Lord had dealt with the woman at the well. He had shown her how unsatisfying was Jacob's gift, but at the same time He had revealed to her the gift of God. He had shown her the vanity of her religion, but at the same time He had revealed to her what true religion is. He had shown her the sinfulness of her life, but at the same time He had revealed to her Himself. And it was *then* that the woman left her waterpot.

There are many ways in which we may account for her leaving her waterpot. It may have been kindness to Jesus and His disciples, who were in need of water from the well. She would do anything for One who had done so much for her. It may have been indifference. She thought so little now of what had been her care. Her heart was full of heavenly concerns. Or, it may have been that the vessel was a hindrance. She now saw that she had a work to do, a mission to perform. She had to let others know of the Saviour she had found—no time was to be lost—there must be no hindrance to her zeal—"The woman then left her waterpot."

Waste not your time, then, in arguing about religion by the well-side—there are souls in darkness in the city close at hand. Realise that you have been brought face to face with the Saviour of the world, though a stranger He appeared to you at first. Your crotchets and your prejudices, your engagements and your hindrances, and all the many trifling concerns that occupied your time and thoughts, will be cast away; and full of zeal in the missionary cause, you will find yourself only anxious to let others know of Jesus whom you love. "Come, see a man that told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?"

HENRY WRIGHT.

ANOTHER WORD "IN MEMORIAM."



UT scant justice has yet been done to the memory of the beloved Honorary Clerical Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in the pages of the *GLEANER*. There was just time to get in the few hurried lines which appeared with his portrait in the September number. The October number was specially devoted to Japan, and had in fact been prepared some time before. It is late now to revive the sad recollections of August; yet it would ill become the *GLEANER* to say no more about HENRY WRIGHT. It was he who, seven years ago, saw the need of such a paper. It was he who invited the Editor to Salisbury Square, planned with him the form and fashion of the new magazine, gave the Society £500 to defray the heavy expenses of its first year, and himself wrote the introductory address which opened the first number in January, 1874. Many thousands of our readers, too,—some of them in far-off places who never see any other paper of the kind,—will be looking for something more than the meagre notice two months ago. A few lines, therefore, may even now be permitted.

Henry Wright was the son of a Christian layman in Derbyshire, well-known for his unbounded liberality and deep interest in the missionary cause, Francis Wright of Osmaston. He was born in 1833. In very early life he gave his heart to the Lord. A schoolfellow of his writes, "How his death wakes up old memories—his first coming to W——, his helpful boyhood, when he did so much to counteract the bad ——— set, and to give a good tone to us all." At the age of sixteen he was one of a small party that made a lengthened tour in the Holy Land; whence the deep interest he always felt in missionary work in Palestine. Of his college life at Oxford, the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle writes:—

"He came up to Balliol when I had been sometime at the College, and we lived together there on terms of true Christian friendship. We had a little society for reading the Scriptures, to which Lord Radstock and one or two others belonged; and the Sunday evenings we spent thus together greatly tended to strengthen our faith. We joined also in the missionary society of the University, and collected for the C.M.S. in the College.

"He was from the first the most simple, straightforward Christian I have ever known. He won the respect of every one in our college life; and I remember Professor Jowett, who was tutor to us both, speaking of him as one whose simplicity of character, in seizing upon the right and doing it, amounted to a kind of genius."

Mr. Wright was ordained on December 20th, 1857, and preached his first sermon in Osmaston church on the following Sunday, upon our Lord's words in John i. 38—"What seek ye?" After fifteen years of quiet but devoted ministry in Derbyshire and at Nottingham, he became Honorary Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in 1872. He at one time earnestly desired to be a missionary; but the Great Master had other work for him, and instead of going to the heathen himself, he was to be the guide and director and supporter of those who went. All parts of the mission field had a share in his sympathies and prayers: but the division of labour at Salisbury Square led to his being more closely associated with China and Japan, Palestine, North America, and Africa, East, West, and Central. The development of the Japan Mission, and of the remote dioceses of the Far West and North of British America, were the chief work of his first year or two as Secretary; and afterwards came the revival of the work in East Africa, the establishment of Frere Town, and the great Nyanza enterprise, in all which he took a leading part. His eight years of office were a time of unprecedented progress and extension. The missionaries (clerical and lay) increased

from 280 to 277; the Native clergy from 126 to 208; the Native Christian adherents from just 100,000 to 157,854; the Society's income from (say) £150,000 to (say) £200,000.

In this progress Henry Wright rejoiced with all his heart; and when, last winter, it became clear that the work was growing much faster than even the increasing income, and that retrenchments were inevitable, his distress was very great; and this, together with the exhaustion of a heavy year's labour, predisposed (as we cannot but think) his naturally strong frame to succumb to the sudden shock that took him from amongst us. A friend who saw him at Keswick three days before the end, writes, "He looked so tired."

Let us conclude, not with our own words, but with those of one of his most intimate friends, the Rev. E. H. Bickersteth of Hampstead:—

"Perhaps no one seemed to us more indispensable; but we must not suffer a thought to cloud our mind that he was taken prematurely. Abel soon died in faith, but he being dead, yet speaketh. John Baptist sealed his witness for Christ with his blood at thirty-two years of age, but St. Paul says of him that he fulfilled his course.

The proto-martyr Stephen was sorely lamented by the Church, but his work was done on earth. Nor do we know the exigencies of the temple which is being built on the heavenly Mount Zion. The Divine Architect sends for each choice and costly stone, as it is needed there. And I believe, could our beloved friend speak to us amid our tears, from his calm home of rest, he would encourage us to raise again the hymn he so delighted to sing on earth:—

Hark, 'tis the watchman's cry,
Wake, brethren, wake!"

The following letter was written by Mr. Wright, when an undergraduate at Balliol College, Oxford, to the Sunday scholars he taught when at home at Osmaston. What touching evidence it gives of the early development in him of his special gifts as a letter-writer! And what a lesson it suggests to Sunday-school teachers! It is interesting to know that the writer of this letter to a Sunday-school became in after years a warm friend and liberal supporter of the Church of England Sunday School Institute. He was, indeed, one of its three Trustees.

BALLIOL COLLEGE, OXFORD, February 19, 1856.

MY DEAR CHILDREN,—I have heard this morning from our dear pastor that to-morrow, if the Lord will, is to be kept as the anniversary of your Sunday-school. Now you all know how much I should like to be with you; and if I had the wings of a fast-flying little bird I suspect you would see me to-morrow morning perched somewhere very near Osmaston School, and all ready and rested by the time you all began to flock there. Well! but as I have not the wings at present, I must content myself with sitting in my room here and send you a few winged words, and I am very glad that I can do this. And you know, my dear children, that a person need not be with us to speak with us, and we often value their words all the more because they are not with us, especially if they are the words of a person we love very much.

Now I am not afraid that when you see this letter directed to you, that you will not care for it, but perhaps let it fall on the ground, and let one another tread upon it and tear it; but I know you will first like to hear all that there is in it, because you know that I love you all, and take an interest in you. And so I cannot believe you can ever have really thought that your Bibles and Testaments are the words of One who loves you, or else I do not think

there would be so many Bibles and Testaments in the school with letters torn out and lost, and most of them so worn and soiled. Is it, my children, because they are such common-looking books, and do many of you think that you would take much better care of them if they had gilt edges and were bound with gold ornaments in the most beautiful way they could? The book is worthy indeed of such a binding, nor could a casnet too costly be found in which to keep it. "It is more precious than rubies, and all the things that can be desired are not to be compared to it." What was David's opinion about it you all know in Ps. xix. 10: "More to be desired than gold, than fine gold." Why, then, are not our Bibles always bound more costily and would it not be better? you will say. No, I do not think it would so well. I would rather have a Bible plainly bound than covered with worldly splendour, and I will tell you why. Because it is more like Him whom the Bible is sent to tell us. Jesus Christ came into the world not as a monarch's son, not born in a palace, not dressed in gold and purple; He came as the son of Joseph the carpenter, born in a manger, and having not where to lay His head; and because He came so, man saw no beauty that they should desire Him. He came to His own, and His own received Him not. And was all this? Because men only saw the outside; they did not know Jesus, and so they crucified the Lord of Glory. And oh! my dearest children, if you do not love the words of Jesus because there is nothing attractive about them, outside of the book they are in, do you think that if you had been living at that time when Jesus was living in the world, that you would have loved the words of the poor Mary? Oh, I am very afraid you would not have cared for them, and that is why you care so little about His words now. Don't let it be any more: love your Bibles because they are the words of Him who loves you so much. You have never seen Him yet, but you can love Him, and you can see Him some time. I saw Him when He spoke to me, but he did not turn away, but "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth." prayer for every one of you is that God will give you a hearing ear, a believing heart, and you may always listen to your pastor and your teachers, and more to the words of the Bibles, as bringing messages to you from Jesus. Then there will be no more of any of you misusing your Bibles when you say from your hearts what David did, "Oh, how I Thy word."

Good-bye now. I have said makes and you think of loving Jesus more, it is well worth a little time I've spent writing it.

Believe me ever
Your very affectionate
friend,
HENRY WRIGHT



CONISTON LAKE.

(The place where the Rev. H. Wright was drowned is on the extreme left.)

A WORD ABOUT LUCKNOW.



SOME of the newspapers have copied paragraphs from our newspapers published in India, reflecting upon the Church Missionary Society for some recent steps taken in connection with its Lucknow Mission. It may be well for the readers of the GLEANER to know what these steps were.

We have again and again explained the absolute necessity for reductions in the Society's Missionary expenditure. It is not that the income does not grow. It does grow. But it does not grow so fast as the various Missions expand. And some time ago it became apparent that if nineteen out of twenty of the Missions were to be carried on effectively, twentieth must be given up. In looking round India to see where the pruning-knife there could be applied with the least injury to the missionary cause, the Committee felt that it was a less evil to lop off a branch from the tree altogether than to spoil several by weakening them; and if the branch so selected were in a locality where other missionary agencies were at work, the cutting off would be a less serious matter. It might be a withdrawal of the C.M.S., but it would not necessarily be a withdrawal of the Gospel. After anxious consideration of the claims of the various Missions, the Province of Oudh seemed to be a field where



THE ZAHUR BAKHSH, CHURCH MISSION HOUSE, LUCKNOW.

the Society might leave, if necessary. In fixing upon it, provision was made at the same time for the care of the Native Christians at Lucknow: it being arranged that one missionary should remain for awhile there, until the congregation should be strong enough to stand alone, with its own Native pastor and Church fund. It is hoped further that the Society may be able to keep possession for a time of the "Zahur Bakhsh," which might otherwise fall into Mohammedan hands. This is an old palace which was "going begging" after the British conquest of Oudh, and was handed by the Government to the C.M.S. on easy terms. Above is a picture of this interesting building, in which all our missionaries have lived, and the schools, &c., been carried on, for the last twenty-two years.

This case will show our friends one of the practical results of English towns and parishes being content with sending the Society each year "as much" as the preceding year!

"CHINESE STORIES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS."

THIS is a book by the Rev. Arthur E. Moule, our missionary at Ningpo and Hang-chow, lately published by Seeley & Co. It contains thirty-one capital little stories, translated from a veritable Chinese story-book, and all illustrating filial and fraternal duties; also two chapters about Chinese children; also some Chinese proverbs; also a missionary story ("Ruth") to finish with; also several engravings, fac-similes from the original Chinese illustration. It is a most pleasant and attractive book for young people.

CONVERTS FROM CABUL.

FIFTEEN years ago, June 11th, 1865, Yahiyah (John), a native of Kohistan, in Afghanistan, was baptized by the Rev. T. R. Wade, at Peshawar. He came to Peshawar, having received his first impressions of Christianity from the Armenians of Cabul.

Yesterday, Sunday, May 30th, his wife and two daughters were baptized in the Peshawar Mission temporary church by the Rev. Imām Shah. The wife's name is *Misri Begam* (the sweet lady), and the daughters, *Mariam* (Mary) and *Hawwa* (Eve).

Yahiyah's case is highly illustrative of a special phase of missionary work—the *effort of faith*—the "sowing beside all waters." When he visited Peshawar in 1865, and applied for baptism, the missionary hesitated to baptize him, for his knowledge of Christianity was so imperfect. But the man *insisted* upon receiving baptism, and returned at once to his own country. For fifteen years scarcely anything was heard of him, but now we find that he has not only learnt to read and write, but has, entirely through his own efforts, under God's grace and guidance, obtained an increased knowledge of Christ. It is through the kind assistance of the Rev. J. W. Adams, Chaplain to the Forces at Cabul, that Yahiyah and his family have been able to visit Peshawar. We are indebted to Mrs. Fletcher, wife of Captain Fletcher, R.A., for Yahiyah's portrait.

T. P. HUGHES.

PESHAWAR, AFGHANISTAN,
May 31st, 1880.



YAHYAH, A CHRISTIAN CONVERT FROM CABUL.

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

X.

Uyeno—Temple of Asakusa—Stage Coach—Utsunomiya—Large Hotel—Avenue thirty miles long—Nikko—Tomb of Iyeyasu.



VERY long jinrikisha ride enabled us to visit the Uyeno woods and glades, which, although within the city, present all the lovely features of an old English park. As we wandered on over the green-sward, beneath the shade of mighty trees whose foliage in places swept the ground, we recalled the fierce and final conflict which had raged here some ten or eleven years before, and which resulted in the re-establishment of the supreme power in the hands of the real Emperor, the Mikado. It was the death-knell of Japanese feudalism, the daybreak of nineteenth century civilisation.

We passed on to visit the far-famed Temple of Asakusa, dedicated to the Goddess of Mercy.* The approach is like a fair. Shops overfull of toys for the little ones line both sides of the granite causeway. Beautiful toys of soft white wood, models of houses, carts, and implements; ingenious moving toys, worked by a tiny stream of water carried by bamboo syphons, and made to play upon wheels of thin wood; masks, birds, musical instruments productive of hideous sounds; toys, too, for children of a larger growth; head adornments, all sorts of glittering articles, seem to find ready customers. It is a hot day, so we enter a stall where all sorts of bottled beer and wine are advertised, exact imitations of the foreign article; but we ask for a purer beverage, and at once ice is grated in feathery flakes into a glass of refreshing lemonade. We license beershops in England, but in Japan it is the sale of ice which is licensed.

We climbed the temple pagoda, an ancient rickety structure, up which one had to wriggle from one floor to another between the massive beams. A sea of houses stretched out on all sides into the emerald plains at the foot of the distant hills. Grand trees stood out in the foreground, and rivers flashed silver in the bright sunlight. The murmur of crowds ever thronging the temple precincts aroused our curiosity, and we entered the great hall to witness just the same scenes we had before beheld at Kioto. The blazing lights, the smoking incense, the earnest crowds, the constant tinkle of the cash falling before the altar or into the great alms-box, the boom of the gong as each worshipper strikes it to call the attention of deity, the muttered liturgy of the gorgeously robed priest, the hum of conversation, all made up a picture full of melancholy interest to the Christian spectator. Votive pictures abounded. Several represented the suppliant kneeling in prayer, whilst the thing asked for is seen coming down from the goddess in glory on a beam of light. When results so similar are seen in Buddhist temples and Romish churches, what wonder if men assign a common origin to these widely popular systems?

One fine morning, about six A.M., I mounted the box-seat of a wretched little omnibus for a drive of sixty miles. The horses were thin and ill-cared for, the driver was tattooed in brilliant colours. Eight natives, two or three of whom were married women, occupied the interior. A married lady is recognised the moment she opens her mouth by the black cavern revealed within. A mixture is made of iron oxide, spirit, flour, and water. This is warmed, and then a white powder made from the westeria bark is added, and it requires applying to the teeth every ten days. A small brush made of feathers is used for the purpose. When the eyebrows are shaved in addition, the result is repellent. But the horses are impatient to be off, and we are soon in the suburbs. The country is very pretty and highly

cultivated. The thatched barns and whitewashed farmhouses have quite an English appearance. Bamboo groves overshadow the road from time to time; now we clatter through the main street of a country town, now past a straggling village; last we reach a ferry, called Kuribass, and the first thirty miles is accomplished. On the other side of the wide river, lunch in native style, awaits the hungry travellers, and a fresh coat for the attendant. During the heat of the afternoon we see people stretched out in their shops and houses asleep on mats in all sorts of attitudes, graceful and the reverse. As the day declines we get glimpses of whole families enjoying an *al fresco* bath together in the courtyards of the farm-houses.

At last we draw up in front of the hotel at Utsunomiya. It is nearly six P.M. and the day's journey is over. This is a regular native posting-house. There are often 900 guests under the roof. It presents a scene of extraordinary activity as we enter. The kitchen on the left is a blaze of light as the cooks busily about providing the great meal of the day. The central courtyard is full of bathers who have just emerged from the open bath-room, and are cooling down after the boiling they have been enjoying; as they flourish their towels about, acquaintances are exchanging greetings and asking the news; the little waiting maids are conducting new-comers to their rooms, or carrying trays of food and spotless buckets of rice to the apartments of those who have finished their toilet after bathing. In honour of my peculiarities as a foreigner I have a pretty little apartment of my own, and the bath-room will be prepared for me alone; but I am requested to be quick, so as not to delay the waiting crowd of fresh arrivals. All are respectful, and everything is as nice as one could wish, and yet next morning, after a good breakfast, my bill is only two shillings. Had I been content to share a room with four or five others it would have been much less.

I have thirty miles yet to travel to reach Nikko, so the coolies draw lots with cards, and the winner trots off with me in his jinrikisha, after many *sayonaras* from the landlord and his smiling handmaidens. Hardly have we got outside the town than my runner doffs his jacket and warms to his work. It is a slight ascent the whole way, and I am to pay him five shillings for pulling me and my luggage. We enter at once a singular avenue of gigantic pines (*cryptomeria*) from 150 to 200 feet high. It is as if one were entering the aisles of some vast cathedral. Outside the sun is shining in his strength, but so closely do the branches interlock overhead, that we are in a cool atmosphere of shade. Between the massive trunks we get brilliant glimpses of snow-topped peaks in the distance, of forest-clad hills, well-watered plains, across which the herons slowly wing their way. We pass many travellers, singly, or in groups. Sometimes two occupy a jinrikisha. Nearly every one wears some article of European attire. These melancholy men, who once white coats are stamped all over with cheese-plate patterns, are pilgrims who have ascended Fujiyama. The patterns are the proof that they duly visited each shrine on the road. Now the avenue turns off to the left, and we see a lovely landscape as a dark frame as it were; now a village interrupts its course, but as soon as we reach the last house on either side the solemn archway yawns to receive us again. I get out and walk on, weary of the loneliness, and then ride again. Still the long arch overhead until in the early afternoon range after range of hills bars our way and we are at Nikko.

The village itself has quite the aspect of a rising watering-place, nearly every house having apartments to let. Here is the gorgeous shrine of the Shogun Iyeyasu, the great head of the Tokugawa family, and founder of Yedo (Tokio). It is a fitting resting-place amid grand mountain scenery, and the shrine is worthy of the man. Though 270 years have passed since these halls were built, the lacquer is as rich and the colours as

* A picture of the interior of this great temple appeared in the GLEANER of February, 1875.

bright as when the artist put the finishing touch. All is sumptuous, yet in perfect taste. In the granite-paved courtyards are magnificent bronze lanterns, some of which are said to have come from Holland. The workmanship is excellent. The very roofs of the pagodas and shrines are richly gilt.

When, after leaving the grandest shrine, where worship is offered to the golden tablets containing the names and titles of the departed ("Noble of the first degree of the first rank, Great light of the East, Great Incarnation of Buddha"), we entered an enclosure, where, amidst lofty cryptomerias, stood a simple granite pillar, surmounted by a plain weather-beaten urn containing the ashes of Iyeyasu, the contrast recalled the words of earth's wisest monarch, "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." Better to rest in the remotest corner of the most obscure country graveyard, having "fallen asleep in Jesus," in "sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection," than to depart this life with no prospect but annihilation or Nirvana. Surely a glorious privilege is ours to set before the highest equally with the humblest in this great Empire the life and immortality which are brought to light in the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMPSON.

CHAPTER X.



HAT SHALL WE DO? This was the question asked by the warm-hearted Mr. Welton, as recorded in our last chapter. A very important question truly.

He had scarcely ceased speaking when a knock was heard at the door, and in stepped Mr. Verity.

"I am glad," he said, "my engagement has not kept me so long as I had anticipated, and that I am able to come in among you and take part in your interesting discussion."

"And I am glad too," said the host, our hospitable friend Mr. Harper, "for we have just reached a point in our Talks in which we require your kind advice. The point we have reached is this—what shall we do? We wish to do all in harmony, as you know, dear sir, with the will of God, and we feel that we cannot more effectually do that than by subordinating ourselves to yourself. Will you kindly tell us how you would like us to work?"

"Most gladly. I am sure work which springs from a desire on your part in the first instance, and not from a system imposed upon you on my part, must result in good. Since you began these meetings, Mr. Harper, it has been much upon my heart, but I have waited for a suggestion from yourselves. And now that the time appears to have come for action, I will tell you what my plan is. But, first, I hope you all understand that it means what it says—*work*."

"I am sure," said Mr. Harper, "we desire to consider ourselves *labourers* in the vineyard."

"Well, then," said the Vicar, "we have ten thousand souls in this parish. That means about two thousand four hundred families. Every one of these must be visited and invited to subscribe."

"Do you think, Mr. Verity," asked Mrs. Grange, who was a district visitor, "that it would be well to do this through the district visitors?"

"Most decidedly not. We should have a perfectly distinct organisation. The district visitors are most useful and invaluable in their special work, but it would be a hindrance to that work if they went among their people in the character of collectors. I should divide the entire parish into districts, distinct and different from the tract districts. It should be worked as if we had no such districts. If, indeed, a district visitor has time enough, and heart to engage in this work, I should assign to her a missionary district other than her tract district."

"I am glad to hear you say this, dear sir," said young Welton, "because I don't think I could manage a tract district, but I should like to work a missionary district."

"I would have every district contain about one hundred families. That would require about twenty-four collectors. Do you think there are so many among us who would willingly offer themselves for this work?"

It was thought there would be. If not, there were two or three who could take more than one district. The Vicar then drew from his pocket a paper he had prepared, containing the boundaries of twenty-three clearly defined districts. Nineteen of these were at once taken. "I think," said he, "I shall not have any difficulty about the others."

"You do not wish that the collectors should be ladies?" asked Mr. Treddel.

"Christian ladies are often very excellent collectors," the Vicar said; "and I would by no means supersede their kind and zealous assistance; but I am anxious that this should be a field of labour for our young men, and for Christian working men also."

"I'm not very fond of *begging*," said a voice from the corner of the room.

"Begging!" exclaimed Mr. Harper. "Pray do not call this begging. It is putting before the people a great privilege, and affording them an opportunity of taking part in it."

"I'm afraid the people won't think so," said the voice.

"That does not affect our work," said Mr. Harper. "If we go in the spirit of a disheartened beggar, we shall get what a beggar often gets—nothing. But if we go as the King's messengers, the King's servants will recognise our office. Others we may leave for the King Himself to deal with."

"What would you like us to do in our districts?" said Mr. Welton, who had at once volunteered to take one.

"I will take Mr. Harper's illustration," Mr. Verity said. "Do not think of yourself as a beggar, a sort of suspected and unwelcome person in your district. Go there as the King's servant. Not as a bare, cold collector of subscriptions. Not as a mere official. Not simply from myself as the clergyman, though that will, I think, be helpful, but from the Lord. The work is ours, but it is more His. It is my planning, but it is God's directing. 'A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps.' I am most anxious that you should guard against the spirit of a mere collector of money. Try to become familiar with every home in your district; if you can, with every heart. Pray for them. Have a day in the week in which you especially bring your book with all its names, your street or lane with all its houses, before the throne of grace. This will keep the attitude of your heart right."

"Do you mean that you would have us do what is called *mission work* among them, as we did when there was a mission in the parish?" Mr. Treddel asked.

"No: *then* that was your special work; *now* to awaken an interest in missions to the heathen is your special work. You go among the people in that character. Practically your chief work is to get subscriptions. Only this much depends upon the spirit in which you do the work."

"How shall we introduce ourselves?" asked Mr. Welton.

"I propose printing a canvass paper to be left at every door. This will be a short address from myself, saying I conceive it to be the duty of every one to make known the Gospel of Christ, as He has commanded us, to every creature, and asking every one to take part in this good work. This canvass paper will state that such and such a person has undertaken to collect in that district, and will call again the following week. If you are punctual they will be ready for your call."

"The people in my district are very poor," remarked Miss Wing. "I shall almost be afraid of asking them for anything."

"My dear friend, 'bath not God chosen the poor in this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which He hath promised to them that love Him?' The poor are often the most really rich. Those who know that they have a kingdom before them can afford to give."

"How small a subscription should we take?"

"Perhaps a guinea," said the Vicar, seriously.

"A guinea, sir!" said more than one.

"Oh, you mistake me," the Vicar said. "You know we must not measure gifts by the world's measurement. God uses the balances of the sanctuary; and for ought we know, a penny may weigh more than a hundred guineas in those scales. Never say—*only a penny*. You never know what it is. I have often welcomed a penny as if it had been a guinea; you remember that the Lord counted once one half-farthing as being more than all the rest of the large collection made that day. Take anything. Suggest a penny a month. I shall not reckon success by the sum total. I shall count heads. Not so much *How much* as *How many*. In this work never think anything little. You know not what is behind it."

"I shall be very much disappointed if Mr. Spruce does not give me more than a penny," said Mr. Treddel, smiling. "Mr. Spruce, I should say, was a wealthy parishioner, not noted for his liberality."

"Do not say so, Mr. Treddel," said Mr. Verity, sharply. "Never say what people ought and what they ought not to give. That is no business of yours. Never discuss such things among yourselves. Take what is given, and thank the donors, and thank God for it. If you have such things to say about any of your people, say it not to one another, but to God in prayer for them. Very much harm is done by ill-natured remarks about givers. Be very careful about this. It is a thing that has hindered many a good work. Whatever a man does, to his own Master he standeth or falleth. I hear no complaint from the lips of Jesus when He had said in vain, 'Give Me to drink.' I would ask our lady helpers to remember this in their sewing meetings. Beware of talking about the delinquencies of others. It is a habit which grows, and soon degenerates into gossip. 'Speak not evil one of another, brethren.' We are not in harshness to judge one another, but by love to serve one another."

THE LATE REV. G. M. GORDON.



ANY precious lives have fallen in the service of Queen and country among the mountains and defiles of Afghanistan. George Maxwell Gordon fell with others in the sortie from Kandahar on August 16th; but he was there on a yet nobler service—the service of the King of kings. He had indeed become temporary “acting-chaplain” in order to be able to accompany the troops; but he was a C.M.S. missionary still; and while the English soldiers benefited by his faithful ministrations, it was with an eye to the future planting among the Afghans of Kandahar of the standard of the Cross that George Gordon marched in with the army, and it was among Mohammedan priests and any others who would speak with him on religion that he spent all his available time. A letter from him describing his intercourse with them appeared in the *GLEANER* of July last year.

George Maxwell Gordon was the son of a late well-known Christian layman, Captain J. E. Gordon, R.N., sometime M.P. for Dundalk. He was one of the goodly succession of devoted men whom the University of Cambridge has given to the C.M.S.; and when he offered himself to the Society in 1866, he had had some ministerial experience in two curacies. He went first to Madras, but after more than one failure of health he was enabled to join the Punjab Mission in 1871, and laboured there for nearly ten years—having declined an Australian bishopric in order to be still a missionary in India. He was for some time associated with Mr. (now Bishop) French at the Lahore Divinity College, and he appears in the picture of the missionaries and students connected with that college in the *GLEANER* of August, 1875. It was desired to train the students for future evangelistic work among their countrymen by taking them out preaching in the remotest rural districts of the Punjab



GEORGE MAXWELL GORDON, M.A.,
C.M.S. Missionary in the Punjab; Killed at Kandahar,
August 16th, 1880.

during the vacations; and the part Mr. Gordon took in this led to his afterwards giving himself wholly up to the laborious life of an itinerant missionary.

Riding continually about on his camel, Mr. Gordon covered a wide field, over which he, in season and out of season, sowed the good seed of the Kingdom. This is not a kind of work in which much visible fruit can be expected. The missionary is simply a sower. He cannot even stay to water the ground, much less to watch for the first blades to appear. He must be always moving on. But Mr. Gordon was quite content to sow. His motto was, “Show Thy servants Thy work, and their children Thy glory” (Ps. xc. 16). If God would show him what work he was satisfied: glory to the Master would certainly follow; but if only the next generation was to see it—well, that was enough for him.

He was a missionary at his own charges, and laid out much money on the work; and by his efforts he has left more than £6,000 to the C.M.S. for its Missions on the Indian Frontier.

His fellow-labourer, the Rev. C. P. C. Nugent, in the last *C. M. S. Intelligencer*, speaks of Mr. Gordon's self-denying life, giving every comfort in order to gain more influence over Hindus and Mohammedans; and of the bright cheerfulness and quiet humour for he was no gloomy asceticism which made him so welcome a companion to British officers on weary marches. Also of his firm filial of the apostolic command, “Continuing instant in prayer.” On the wall of his room at Peshawar was a scroll, “*Ora et labora*” (Pray and work). That was his motto of his life.

He died as he had lived, thinking only of others. When our troops retreated into the citadel of Kandahar after the sortie, a few of the wounded were left behind, 400 yards outside the gate. Under a heavy cross fire Gordon heroically went forth to bring them in. He reached them safely, but as he came back a ball passed through his wrist and lodged

IN MEMORY OF GEORGE MAXWELL GORDON.

THE rolling thunder, and the west wind's sigh,
Music of sliding stream, or raging seas,
All are great Nature's voices, all are good,
And God's high plans are manifold as these.

One sinks to sleep below the placid breast
Of English lake, under still summer skies;
One, rudely rocked to rest amidst the roar
Of Afghan battle, in fair slumber lies.

Brave heart! so fearless in thy Maker's work,
Keen eyes, that never from the goal did
swerve!

Dimmed are those eyes, and still that heart in
death;

But there for ever shalt thou see and serve.

Our Dorset school times are long vanished now,*
Beckenham's green fields† are gone, and
flowery lanes;

The holy Pastor of the silver hair,
Thou hast rejoined on Eden's upper plains.

The flaming suns of India burn no more;
Nor smiles for thee the garden of Cashmere;
Far Jhelum's banks, and Delhi's royal streets,
No more thy foot and herald voice may hear.

It was thy loving hope—like April showers
On deep ploughed fields in fertile bounty
falling,—

To preach thy Master's name where war had been,
The Afghan tribes to peace and pardon calling.

Beyond the peaks of Sulimani's chain,

Where noblest duty called, in peace or war,
There trod thy willing feet, past Bolan's gorge,
And reached through sandy wastes green
girdled Candahar.

Then when the trumpet called, and England's
Beleaguered sore, the valiant sortie tried,
He followed with best cheer for life's last hour,
The soldier of the Cross a soldier's death
died!

O empty chair in council rooms at home!
O vacant post in the high battle-field!
Who comes instead with love and mind and so
To Him who gave Himself a sacrifice to yield

A. E. MOULE

* Mr. Gordon was a pupil of the late Rev. H. Moule at Fordington Vicarage, Dorset, for three or four years.

† Before proceeding to India as a C.M.S. missionary, he was one of Dr. Marsh's curates at Beckenham.

his side. He was carried into the citadel, and, in a few hours, passed away quietly into the presence of the Great Commander.

The call to go up higher came to him only three days after it had come, even yet more suddenly, to Henry Wright (his cousin by marriage). Kindred spirits they were in burning zeal, in patient faith, in loving liberality, and emphatically as men of prayer. These are the men we need, both at home and abroad. Let us thank God for giving many such to the Society during the past eighty years, and ask Him to raise up many more in the time to come.

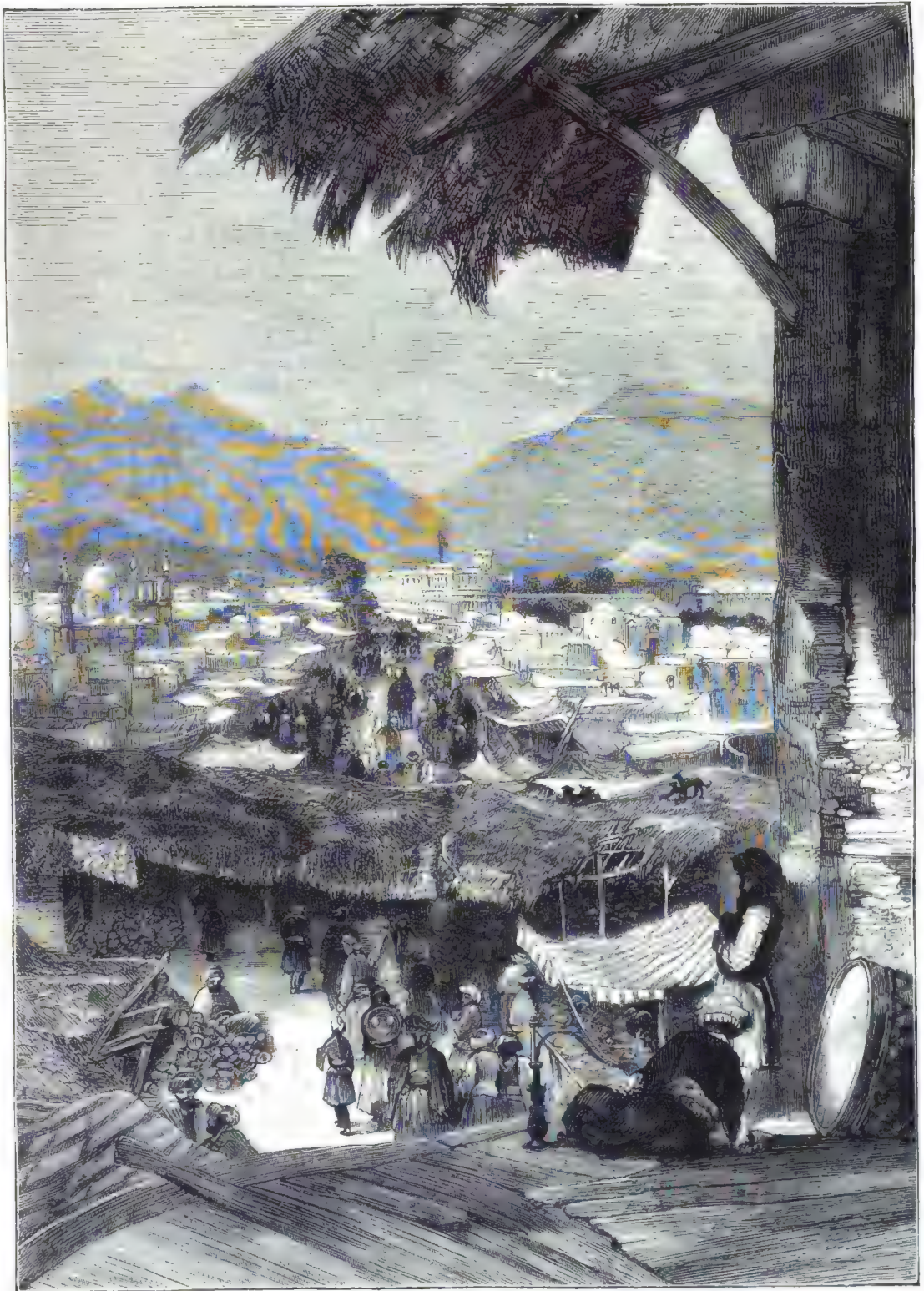
BISHOP RIDLEY IN THE FAR WEST.

[This letter is sent to the GLEANER by the Bishop of Caledonia, the diocese which comprises Metlakahla and our other Missions on the North Pacific Coast. (See our number for September last year.) It is dated "In Camp, on the Skeena River, British Columbia," June, 1880.]

IT is refreshing to think of the many well-wishers at home whose prayers are now helping me. The least return I can make them is to tell them what I am doing out here. The following extract from my journal shall be the preface :—

"Trinity Sunday.—
A glad, a joyous day. These stately and lovely works of Thy hands praise Thee, O God. We, Thy people, have worshipped Thee.

Our prayers Thou hast heard. The morning sacrifice has been offered. Yet the service lingers. My crew of faithful Indians from Metlakahla are without a care. Beside me the fine fellows are stretched at full length with their hands under their heads and eyes almost closed—for the light is strong. So they bask



KANDAHAR.—THE PRINCIPAL BAZAAR AND THE CITADEL.

and softly chant over again, in parts, the Venite, re-echoing the harmony that lately rang along this fringe of the forest and rose above the swish of the broad river that stealthily sweeps past our feet. They will be still praising Thee. My heart is thrilled by the harmony of this celebration. All Thy works in

grace and Nature praise Thee, O God: we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord."

This extract brings vividly before my mind the varied succession of Sundays I have lately been enjoying.

I am writing this in a canoe (haven't funds enough for the steamer yet) on a quiet reach of the Skeena River, twelve days distant from my lodging (not having yet found a home), and last Sunday the tenth since March I have spent on the sea or river, or in the forest. My hearers have been people of all sorts and conditions. There have been the downright sort, some heathen, some Christian; and Christians who are heathen at heart, and heathen who are all but Christians. The first were so ignorant of Jesus Christ that the one who asked whether He was a man or a woman was not behind the rest, but only more inquisitive. The downright Christian often, or as often as I met with such, made me value the communion of saints. The other sort of Christians, for the greater number white men, moved my heart towards them, for they care as little for their own souls as they were cared for, and truly they were as sheep without a shepherd. No wonder if they sometimes outshined the worst of the Indian heathen, and placed a stumbling-block in the Native Christian's way. The heathen who are almost Christians are those unbaptized Indians who have learnt so much of Christianity that they have renounced the ancient devilry and learnt to pray to God through Jesus. Intercourse with the Native Christians is working this beneficial change among them.

My hearers have been sailors, traders, loafers, miners, Greeks, Germans, and Norwegians; French, Maltese, and Britons; Russians, Kanakers, and Yankees; Chinese and Canadians; Jews and Gentiles; whites and greys, browns and blacks, Caucasians, Semites and Mongolians; Indians of the salt water and fresh water Indians; hunters, fishers, packers, and non-descripts; round heads, flat heads, and peaked heads, all beautifully supplied with hair as black as jet, sometimes short and clean, sometimes foul, greased, and matted.

I have preached on the beach and on shipboard, in the miner's cabin and trader's log hut, in the Indian branch-built hunting lodge, and his larger but less agreeable village home, where the smoke fails to subdue the pervading ill odour; also amid the tangled forest on the coast, and clouds of mosquitoes on the prairie. My churches have been decorated in season and out of season, but have had neither pulpit nor prayer-desk, belfry nor organ. The care of Nature called for no help or scrutiny from Archdeacon or Rural Dean, Churchwarden or Verger. And oh the joy of it! There have been no church expenses, no collections or painful pleading for subscriptions, and no newspaper reporters present to make a hash of the proceedings. Of most of my churches the builder and maker is God. He raised the lofty pillars of cedar and spread out the branches, and Himself formed the arches, grained, fretted, foliated, and coloured the whole in befitting tints. His, too, was the music, or rather, He used His winds and waters as ministers in His beautiful temple. At His command the waves of the sea, the roaring cascades and splashing waterfalls, lifted up their voices. His fingers touched the clattering torrents, and evolved music from the big river where it rushed down between the granite rocks that force the angry rapid foaming through their narrow throat. The high wind at sea somewhat risked the harmony when it made the steamer's funnel howl and her rigging shriek, but never marred it really; while nothing could be softer or more sustained than its notes ashore as it played on the top of the forest trees. Unwearied the orchestra poured forth the music that Divine skill alone can discourse to the listening heart.

But it has been a far higher pleasure to see proofs of God's Spirit awakening dead souls through the power of Jesus' name. I must defer them, however, until my next leisure hour comes round.

W. CALEDONIA.

A SCHOOL EXAMINATION AT FRERE TOWN.



It is but four years since Mr. Handford established the school at Frere Town which he has worked so admirably, and which has again and again been referred to by the other missionaries, and by every visitor, as the brightest spot in the Mission. And now we have received from him a report of his last examination, which is perfectly astonishing as a result of labour among negro children who, when they came under his charge, were ignorant and degraded in a degree which we in England can hardly understand at all. He has sent us the actual papers written by some of the boys including dictation in both English and Swahili, translation from Swahili into English, answers to questions in grammar, geography, arithmetic (with sums fully worked out in compound fractions), Scripture (Life of David, and Parable of the Tares), and the Church Catechism, and an autobiography of the candidate. Mr. Handford writes: "The examination was conducted on the strictest principles. Each set of questions was set before them without giving them any idea of what would be asked; and when answering, not a word was allowed, nor any help given." He further says:—

"Every child in the first class passed in reading, both English and Swahili, and in reading the English Bible they can very readily translate the passage read into Swahili, which, in the Scripture lesson, I frequently make them do, so as to ensure their getting a thorough understanding of what they read. Of the singing I need not say much, for their praise has been sung by others. I can assure you that it is most refreshing and heart-stirring to hear their voices blended in sweetest harmony; and on Sundays they form a choir which many of our country churches at home would be proud of.

"The chants are changed every first Sunday in the month, and there are very few of the general tunes and hymns in Bickersteth which they do not know. No matter how many transitions there may be in the hymns or piece, their knowledge of Tonic Sol-Fa makes them perfectly master of it at once; so that all the trouble I now have in teaching them a tune &c., is in transposing it from the old notation, and then writing it on the blackboard. At the sound of the tuning-fork they strike the key, the harmony, and then they sing straight through without any hesitation, and it is very seldom that I am compelled to make a part sing by themselves. My next step in this branch of education will be to teach them so much of the old notation as will enable them to transpose the same in Tonic Sol-Fa. The first boy in the school, viz., James Deimler Roseingrey, is taking lessons on the harmonium, and bids fair to be able to play simple tunes and chants in a very short time."

The papers sent all show unmistakably that the children have been thoroughly well taught. The Scripture and Catechism answers manifest both a good memory and ability to think. But what would interest the readers of the GLEANER most are the autobiographies; and of these we give two. They are not translations, it must be remembered, but were written in English, exactly as they are here printed:—

Autobiography of James Deimler Roseingrey.

"I came from Makua country, and my native place is Mkwaya. My father was fighting with the men of that place, and he was killed. My mother died from sickness. I had three sisters and one big brother. Another brother made counsel with the elders of that town, and sold me to another country named Mkoro. I lived there a few months and we took a journey. In the way we slept near the town, the men of that town came out against us with their guns. Our men were very strong and drove them away to their town. No one was killed. The reason why we fought is because we did not give them anything when we were passing through the town. And we went on our journey and came to Mfusi. I lived there about four days, and then came to Barawa, and went into the dhow, many people were there in the dhow. We slept three days in the dhow, and we saw the man-of-war coming, *Thetis* by name. Arabs put us down in the hold, and they took up the stones looking up and praying; and man-of-war fired one gun and rent the Arab's sail. They lowered down the boats. One Arab man wanted to jump into the water, and Englishman cut him with his sword. They took us all to their own ship, and they gave us biscuits and water, but we didn't eat them so much because Arabs said we were going to be eaten by Europeans. We saw the Englishmen treating us very well, so we didn't believe about being eaten, we saw they were lying only. On board the *Thetis* there were two Makua boys who were able to speak with us. Arabs were left in Zanzibar, and we came to Frere Town where we were learning about God and Jesus Christ how He died for us."

Autobiography of Paul Deimler.

"I came from Mozambique, and I had my three big brothers and two sisters; and I was very careless boy, and I went to the shore to play, and

the robbers caught me on the shore when I was playing on the shore, and I cry very much indeed, and they put sand in my mouth, and I want to run away to my father's house, and they would not let me go, so they brought me to Ululi and sold me to Banyan, and I became his slave, so that Banyan loved me very much indeed. As I grew very careless boy one day I went to play with other boys, and my master put chain on my one foot, and I ran away to my master's dau, and they gave me food and I eat it, and gave thanks unto them. I want go to Mozambique very much, but they don't worship God. And we came on the shore, and we saw the dau on shore, many grown-up men, big boys, and small boys and girls, and we entered, and my master which stole gave me place to sleep there, and we slept in the dau three days, and I saw the man-of-war named *T'hetis*, and they rush out the gun, and the lead cut the mass, and the mass fell down, and the Arabs took stones and worship, and said 'Lahilala Mohamud,' they said three or four times, and they put us in, for we commanded by the Arabs saying, 'Go down, go down,' and I saw the boat coming near and catch the dau, and I want to go in the boat to the English, so I went to go in the boat, and I fell in the sea, and the English caught me up, and I was in the ship, and they gave me bread and I eat it, and then we were brought here to be taught to read and write, and to sing. At first I was not known of this at all, and God send teacher to teach me about Him. I thank God that He has brought me here and taught me to this place, and to send our teacher, I thank very much. I forget one thing to tell you that they deceived me. I am going to catch fowls, and he said, 'Come, let us go to catch fowls,' and the man said, 'I am to bring them,' but he said to man of the house, 'Shut him, lest he will run away.' I am very glad to see this that I am always my teacher teaches me about Jesus, that He died for my sins, and that He was nailed on a tree. At first I did not believe in Him, but now I believe in Him, and I am His sheep, but now I know much of Him than at first."

OUR PORTFOLIO.

"BEFORE" AND "NOW."—A Chinese convert in Australia, named Paul Ah Fat, thus replied to an inquiry as to what good had been done by missionary work in seven years among his countrymen at New Bendigo:—

Before, no one understand God's Word. Good many work Sunday all same as week-day. *Now*, no work done on Sunday at New Bendigo by my countrymen. Perhaps chop little wood for house, or wash him clothes; but no go work. No matter poor, every one no work on Sunday. *Before*, all worship idols. *Now*, many come to Church; he no worship idols. When Lee Wah begin to read, good many had idols in house—30 more. Myself had one. *Now*, only ten houses and stores at New Bendigo with idols in them. *Before*, at old township, good many Chinese steal fowls, everything. *Now*, no more steal; every one work; go get job. *Before*, every night, Chinamen learn to practise fight. I tell him too stupid fellow. You learn God's Word, you no want to fight. *Now*, no more learn fight. Learn God's Word. *Before*, people no care for God's Word; he no know our care. *Now*, good many people like read God's Word. *Before*, too much time; nothing to do. *Now*, many say I learn to read God's Word. *Now*, no more waste time. I like to read. *Before*, good many make fun God's Word; laugh. Papers were put up on outside of store; make laugh at Christian. Papers were put up on door of baptized men's house. *Now*, heathen man no more make fun; strong man's hands tied up. Himself like it now. Very quiet now. *Before*, Ung Bak, old man at store, too angry at people go to Mission house. He say no matter who go to Mission house, no more give trust to him. What for, I ask? Oh, he go to Mission house; no more good luck. *Now*, he every day go himself learn to read. He once angry to you when you go his store. *Now*, he very glad see you. When you come, he come see you.

SOME troops were being moved from Benares to Agra. At Cawnpore, where they halted, the officers were being entertained by the Commander of the garrison, and a lady present asked a young officer how the missionaries at Benares were getting on. He assured her there were no missionaries at Benares. Surprised at this, the lady asked after the Benares Orphanage—to which she had for some time subscribed. He assured her there was not such an institution in the city, with which he was well acquainted. The host then put questions to this young officer, who was obliged to confess he had regularly for two years every Sunday with his men attended Divine Service, conducted by two missionaries (the Government Chaplain was absent), but never inquired who the clergy were, and that he had himself hunted on the ground where the Orphanage was situated, and knew the building very well, but had never asked what it was. This officer had the coolness to go away and declare he was sure there were neither missionaries nor Orphanage in the whole city. This incident, related by an old missionary of thirty years' work, was repeated in London, denied as utterly false by an old Indian, inquired into, and documents proved it was perfectly correct.

A GOOD man in Berkshire had a cherry orchard. He bethought himself what he could do for the missionary cause, and at length selected two cherry-trees, the fruit of which he would devote most

sacredly to the cause of missions. When his friends occasionally visited him, he allowed them the full range of his orchard. "Of every tree of the garden you may freely eat," said he, "but of these two trees ye shall not eat—they belong to God." The fruit was carefully kept separate, was brought to market, and the proceeds remitted to the Society.

ONE day a Kaffir girl in South Africa went to a missionary and dropped four sixpences into his hand, saying, "That is your money."

"You don't owe me anything," replied the teacher.

"I do," she answered; "and I will tell you how. At the public examination you promised a sixpence to any one in the class I was in who would write the best specimen on a slate. I gave in my slate and got the sixpence; but you did not know then that another person wrote that specimen for me. Yesterday you were reading in the church about Zaccheus, who said, 'If I have taken anything from any man by false accusation, I restore him fourfold.' I took from you one sixpence, and I bring you back four."

PRAYERS is so mighty an instrument that no one ever thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and of God's goodness.—*Hugh Miller.*

THE TWELFTH CHINESE CLERGYMAN.



ES, the twelfth Chinaman ordained to the ministry of the Church of England is the Rev. SIA SEU-ONG, who was admitted to deacon's orders by Bishop Burdon on Sunday, May 30th. The first was Dzaw Tsang-lae, ordained at Shanghai by Bishop Smith in 1863; the second, Lo Sam Yuen, by the same Bishop, in the same year, at Hong Kong; the third, Wong Kiu-taik, by Bishop Alford, in 1868, at Fuh-chow. Then, after an interval of seven years, the fourth, Sing Eng-teh, was ordained at Ningpo, in 1875, by Bishop Russell. In the following year, 1876, no less than seven were admitted to the sacred ministry, viz., three at Ningpo by Bishop Russell, Wong Yiu-kwóng, O Kwóng-yiao, and Dzing Ts-sing; and four at Fuh-chow by Bishop Burdon, Tang Tang-pieng, Ting Sing-ki, Su Chong-ing, and Ling Sieng-sing. These made eleven; now we have the twelfth.

But there are not twelve at work now. Dzaw, of Shanghai, and Su and Ling, of Fuh-chow, have gone to their rest; so that Sia Seu-ong is the ninth on the roll of living men.

Sia's history is an interesting one. He was a young paper-maker in the remote mountain village of A-chia fourteen years ago, when a catechist named Ching-mi visited the place for the first time. We may truly apply to him the words, "whose heart the Lord opened," for the single address he listened to on this occasion was blessed to his conversion. When the catechist came to A-chia the second time, Sia avowed himself a follower of Jesus, took a copy of the Gospels, and went round the valley inviting his friends to come and read them; and, on a third visit, Ching-mi found that seven other young men had joined him in meeting together to pray to the true God, and in keeping holy the Lord's day. Persecution now began, and the seven gave way and deserted Sia; but he stood firm, bearing patiently the taunts heaped upon him for "turning foreigner," the bitter reproaches of his wife, and the violence of his mother, who actually, finding him on his knees, dragged him bodily out of the house, and vowed she would kill the foreigner who had sent the new doctrine to A-chia if ever he ventured to come there himself. One night Sia had a remarkable dream:—

He dreamed that he was in deadly conflict with the devil, who was pressing him closely and gaining the victory. Suddenly, as he was about to give up in despair, he heard in the distance the shouts of an immense army, and perceiving that his enemy was alarmed and relaxed his grasp, he took fresh courage; and presently the devil fled in dismay. The army came up shouting, tore down the village temple and destroyed all the idols; and the leader, approaching him, smiled and said, "Be of courage; fear not, but believe," and passed away.

He was baptized by Mr. Wolfe in December, 1866. He afterwards came down to Fuh-chow, and was in the students' class

for three years; since which he has laboured most earnestly and faithfully as a catechist. For several years he was in charge of the Ang Iong district, in which there are now some hundreds of Christians; and when the Rev. Ling Sieng-sing died, two years ago, he succeeded him at the important city of Lo-Nguong, where he has suffered much for the Gospel's sake. For many years he bore his mother's opposition; but she at last embraced the true faith, and was baptized in 1878.

The ordination took place in another large city, Ku-Cheng, and was the first ever held in the interior of China. The Rev. Llewellyn Lloyd preached the sermon; and seventy-seven Chinese Christians joined in the Holy Communion.

At the same time, the two surviving deacons of the four ordained in 1876 were admitted to priest's orders. One, Ting Sing-ki, is the best educated and ablest of the Fuh-Kien clergy. He was a convert from the village of Ming-ang-teng, and was baptized in 1867. The other, Tang Tang-pi-ngo, was a convert of the American Methodists in the city of Fuh-chow twenty-three years ago, but subsequently joined the C.M.S. Mission. It was he who was so barbarously treated by the mandarins at Kiong Ning-fu a few years ago, being hung to a tree and severely flogged, and then dragged naked through the streets with a rope



REV. SIA SEU-ONG.

REV. TANG TANG-PI-NGO.

REV. TING SING-KI.

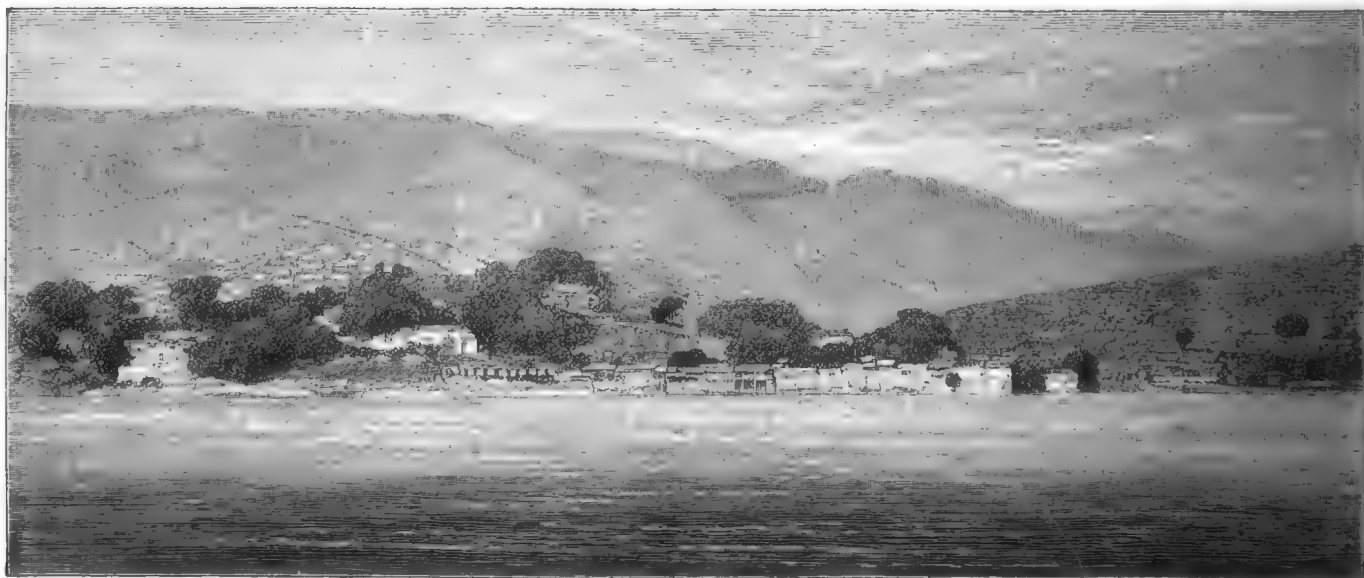
A GROUP AT THE KU-CHENG ORDINATION, MAY, 1880.

round his neck and turned out of the city. This is the kind of earthly advantage which a Chinaman gets by becoming a missionary to his countrymen in the Province of Fuh-Kien.

We asked Mr. Wolfe what is the meaning of the articles which the three clergymen hold in their hands in the picture. His answer is very interesting:—

Tang holds a tobacco pipe in his right arm, and a small weighing scale in his left hands. The scale is used by the Chinese for weighing silver, gold, &c., and symbolizes with the

justice and uprightness. The tobacco pipe is the symbol of hospitality and courtesy. The Chinese offer the pipe to guests as we would offer wine, and not to do this would be considered very rude and inhospitable. Sia has a cup of tea standing by his side. This symbolizes hospitality and friendship, and takes the same place as the pipe. Ting exhibits a watch. So also does Sia on his left side, who also holds a fan in his hands. The watch symbolizes time, i.e. time rapidly passing away, to remind us that our time is short and that we should use every opportunity for saving souls and working for Christ. The fan represents calmness and serenity of mind, "a cool head." The New Testament in Ting's hand of course represents truth, light, and the Christian soldier's weapon, the sword of the Spirit. The books on the table near the cup of tea represent study, learning, &c. The whole sets forth that the minister of Christ should take the Word of God for his guide and his weapon of warfare with the enemy; that the time is short, and that he should be always ready in season and out of season to save souls who are rapidly passing away without Christ; that he should in fact buy up the



MING-ANG-TENG, ON THE RIVER MIN, BELOW FUH-CHOW. THE VILLAGE OF THE REV. TING SING-KI.

time; that in his daily life and walk he should be upright and just in all his dealings with others; and that he should use hospitality and be courteous to all men. That in the various duties, oftentimes perplexing duties, he should have a cool head, a serene mind, and a calm heart and demeanour, and that he should give attention to reading and study, and do what he can to prepare himself for the holy office which he has been called to fill. This is what the symbols of the open Bible in Ting's hand, the timepiece exhibited by Ting and Sia, the scales in Tang's hand, the tobacco pipe and cup of tea exhibited by Tang and Sia, and the fan and the books by Sia represent. This is the sort of symbolism which the Chinese are so fond of. I should like to show you a piece of cloth in gold which they presented to me on my departure, which symbolizes all the virtues almost under the sun.

AN AFTERNOON RIDE TO MEJEDEL.



It was a brilliant afternoon towards the end of February last when we (ladies at the Orphanage) were invited to accompany the two European Missionaries of the C.M.S. in a ride of six miles over the hills to the little mountain village of Mejedel. This is an out-station of the C.M.S. Palestine Mission, and under the superintendence of the Nazareth missionary, the Rev. J. Huber, who once a month goes there to give the small congregation a Sunday service. At other times they are ministered to by the Rev. Jerius Nassar, the Native pastor, commonly called the *Khouri Jerius*, for he had been a priest twenty-five years, of the Greek Church, in the north of Syria. The good man and his family—for the Greek Church allow their clergy to marry (except bishops)—had lately been moving into a new parsonage house, built for them by the C.M.S. with money collected for Mission purposes by the Rev. F. Bellamy when last in England. The object of our visit was to pay them our salaams on the occasion of their entering on their new residence.

We had apprised them of our intended visit, weather permitting (for the rainy season had not yet passed), and the little son of the family was on the look-out for us at the top of the threshing floor, which is a kind of small common attached to every town and village in Palestine. There was no difficulty in seeing at a glance which was the parsonage, small and humble as it is (it only cost sixty pounds), but it is a mansion compared to the dirty little square windowless huts around it. Our parsonage has a *déwan* into which the door opens, and a room right and left of it. That on the right is the guest chamber, where we were entertained, and that on the left the family room, and each of these has windows and green shutters, which gives it a very distinguished air in the middle of an Arab village.

We were welcomed with great cordiality by the pastor and his wife, and after sitting a little while, and partaking of black coffee out of dolls' cups, we went to see the school. This is held in what was the former residence of the missionary, and it is the church on Sundays. It is a high large room, very roughly built, more like a barn or stable than a dwelling-house. In one corner is a small loft, which is reached by a ladder, and this was the pastor's only private apartment. We found the schoolmaster with thirteen scholars, some of them almost grown-up lads. I believe this was a small attendance.

On our return to the house we were entertained with *afternoon tea*. It was set on a low round table about eight inches high, and we all sat



BUILDING USED AS A CHAPEL AND SCHOOL AT MEJEDEL.
(The Loft is the Pastor's Study.)

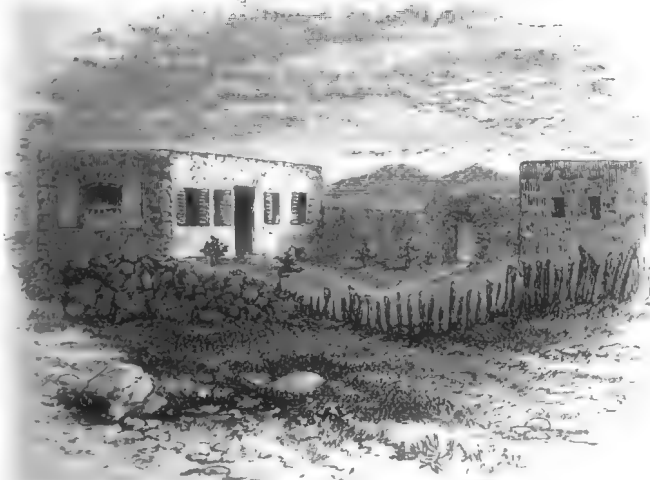
Arab fashion on the floor round it. We had some real *tea*, not too strong, served in a coffee-beggin, some very nice new native bread (baked flat like pancakes), some new cheese, and butter of goat's milk, "Turkish delight," and pestaccio nuts, all of which we enjoyed. The congregation of this small C.M.S. station consists of twenty families, originally of the Greek Church, and these are the only Christians in the village. There are forty Moslem families. The Mission was begun here in 1871.

We left early, being anxious to reach home before sundown, and as we only walked our horses, the journey took us nearly an hour and a half each way. It was a charming ride. The bare, rocky, treeless hills over which our path lay were richly studded with wild flowers; the gorgeous scarlet anemone, and the elegant cyclamen being the prevailing flowers of the season. We skirted the plain of Esdraelon, now so rich in cultivation, the very garden of the land. We left Carmel behind us, while facing us were the soft hills of Little Hermon and Gilboa, with dark old Tabor closing in the plain on the south-east; the purple hills of Moab on the other side of Jordan giving a lovely background to the whole scene. Only one spot of cultivated land did we pass on these Galilean hills in that six miles' ride, so truly do they fulfil at this day the prophecy of more than 3,000 years ago, "I will bring the land into desolation." (Lev. xvi. 30—35.) But that one spot, a very oasis in the desert, is a proof of what the land can produce; for there were orange trees with golden fruit upon them, pomegranates and almonds in blossom, palm trees and mulberry, all growing above a carpet of living green. A small water-course, dug from a neighbouring spring, trickled through this cared-for spot, the secret of its freshness, and verdure, and gladness. All this in the rich glow of the setting sun made it a beautiful type of what the whole land will be when the "chosen" people (not cast away, for God says they are "the seed of Abraham My friend") shall be brought back to dwell in it for ever. Then (God has said) "I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys; I will make the wilderness a pool of water, and the dry land springs of water. I will plant in the wilderness the cedar, the shittah tree, and the myrtle and the oil tree; I will set in the desert the fir tree, and the pine, and the box tree together, that they may see, and know and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it." (Isa. xli. 8—20.)

And was not the little Mission station we had just left suggestive too? Are not such spots under the moral and spiritual culture of God's dear servants beautiful to the eye of God? Ours is for "a little while" the privilege to multiply such spots, to give our best and dearest to work in the Mission field; ours, if we have earthly treasure to count it not ours but His, and for His work; ours is the joy of angels, as each soul won by a preached gospel is an earnest of the glad time when "all shall know Him from the least even to the greatest." More than 1800 years ago the Saviour carried this gospel of the kingdom over these very hills and to the villages which stood where probably these stand to-day. He was heard gladly by some, but despised and rejected by the many, so let us not be discouraged, but be brave followers of the Captain of our Salvation until He comes to claim His inheritance (Ps. ii.), and to give to every man not according to his success, but according as his work shall be.

Nazareth Orphanage, March 22nd, 1880.

E. E. G.



PARSONAGE AT MEJEDEL. (MOUNT CARMEL IN THE DISTANCE.)

THE GLEANER LOCALISED.



It may not be known to all the clergy who know the GLEANER that it affords a good and solid foundation for a Parish Magazine. By thus adopting the GLEANER a great impulse may be given to Church Missionary interest in any parish.

The plan adopted in my own parish was as follows:—500 copies of the GLEANER, with the outside sheet all blank, were ordered. A good wood engraving of my church was then obtained, which, with metal cast, cost £9. This nearly fills the outside page, but leaves space for tablet for Church services, officers, &c., &c. A sufficient number of advertisements were then procured, and an extra half-sheet being supplied by the printer, there are three pages for advertisements (these being the backbone of the undertaking), two pages of local matter; and the frontispiece. The advertisements, twelve on a page, pay 2s. a month each, or 10s. 6d. per half-year.

Nearly 400 of the first issue were sold; after that there was no difficulty in procuring advertisements, and now all, except four, are half-yearly, which saves a great deal of trouble. The price of the paper is one penny; a large circulation is thus secured, and the circulation brings the advertisements. Many of my seat-holders, however, became subscribers to the magazine at the rate of half-a-crown a year. These form a considerable source of income. I have now 116, and the number grows. The district visitors are also good enough to take the magazine round, and thus more are sold to the poor than to the richer class. Depôts are established in likely places. The sale is about 450 a month. The cost and receipts per month are—

500 Gleaners	£1 10 2	Advertisements.....	£3 3 0
Printing and portage..	2 10 8	Half-crown subscriptions	1 4 2
Postage	0 3 8	Penny subscriptions.....	0 19 0
	£4 4 6		£5 6 2

This reckoning is taken from one of the later months of the year. It was to be expected that in the first month or two a few mistakes would be made. The printing was heavier, and I had fewer advertisements, but altogether the year's account is—

Magazines, printing, &c.	£60 17 8
Advertisements and subscriptions	68 12 3
Net profit for C.M.S.	7 14 7

I shall be happy to send a copy of my magazine to any clergyman who wishes it.

T. S. SCOTT,
Vicar of Holy Trinity, Penge.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

A Valedictory Dismissal of C.M.S. Missionaries was held at the Bishop Wilson Memorial Hall on Oct. 5th, when fourteen received the instructions of the Committee, viz., the Revs. E. Champion, J. Harrison, and J. H. Bishop returning to India, and the Rev. C. F. Warren to Japan; and the following who go out for the first time:—Revs. T. C. Wilson to East Africa, C. S. Thompson to the new Bheel Mission in India, J. Redman and A. E. Ball to Sindh, C. Mountfort to Bombay, W. G. Peel to Madras, J. G. Garrett and G. T. Fleming to Ceylon, W. Banister to Fuh-chow, and G. H. Pole to Japan. They were addressed by Canon Money and by Dr. G. E. Moule (Bishop-designate for Mid-China).

The following missionaries have arrived in England during the last two or three months:—the Rev. J. P. Ellwood, of Lucknow; the Rev. A. R. Cavalier, of Ceylon; the Rev. G. H. Weber, of Allahabad; the Rev. A. W. Poole, of the Telugu Mission; the Rev. W. D. Reeve, of Athabasca; the Rev. R. Tomlinson, of British Columbia; the Rev. A. H. Lash, of Tinnevely; and Mr. J. H. Ashcroft, of the Niger Mission.

The Rev. R. Clark, the much valued Senior Missionary and Secretary of the Punjab Mission, who has been so seriously ill, and was obliged to reside during last winter and spring in Algiers and the South of Europe, has so far recovered (though still very weak) as to feel able to return to India. He was to sail from Genoa on October 23rd.

The Wazanda Envoys, with the Rev. P. O'Flaherty and Mr. Felkin, reached Zanzibar on July 25th; and on August 9th, their caravan, with Mr. O'Flaherty and Mr. Stokes, started for the interior. On August

19th Mr. Stokes writes from Kidudwe, "The chiefs are well, and lead to rough it."

On April 2nd, the Rev. G. Litchfield, having been ill, left Uganda. Mr. Mackay, came across the Lake southwards, and marched to Uyo intermediate station occupied by Mr. Copplestone, which they reached June 5th. Being much better, Mr. Litchfield decided to remain. Mr. Mackay returning to Uganda, where Mr. Pearson had been alone. Prospects in Uganda were more favourable, and the resolution of the court in December last to return to heathenism does not seem to much altered the position of the Mission. If only full liberty to the people could be secured, there would be a most inviting field of labour. "I have invariably found," writes Mr. Litchfield, "the poor people anxious and eager to listen to the story of the cross."

Bishop Horden of Moosonee will, we hope, arrive in England by these lines appear, by the annual ship from York Factory, Hudson's Bay. In June last he visited the remote stations of Severn and Trout Rivers, where he confirmed 157 Indians and baptized 203.

Bishop Speechly has been visiting the various pastorate stations in Travancore, and confirming large numbers (609 are reported up to certain date in July) of Malayalam Christians. He has been received most warmly everywhere, both by the C.M.S. congregations and the Syrian Church.

Archdeacon D. C. Crowther writes to correct the statement in the GLEANER that King Ockiya of Brass had not been baptized. We are now to hear that he did receive baptism (which he had desired some time) at Mr. Crowther's hands shortly before his death.

* * We have received a large number of poems from various contributors "in memoriam" of the late Mr. Wright, which it has been impossible to insert. We may here add that no notice can be taken of any contribution with which the writer does not send his name and address.

GLEANER EXAMINATION.—We shall be glad of the names of clergymen and other friends who will arrange for the local centres, that the GLEANER may be published in our December number. They must be sent in not later than November 10th.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

NOVEMBER.

New Moon ... 2d. 3h. 55m. p.m.
First Qr. 9d. 8h. 30m. a.m.

Full Moon ... 16d. 8h. 39m.
Last Qr. 25d. 2h. 5m.

- 1 M All Saints. C.M.S. Jubilee, 1848. They cast their crowns before [Throne. Rev. 4.]
- 2 T 1,149 worshippers at Brass, 1878. A man shall cast his idol [the bats. Is. 2.]
- 3 W Casting down imaginations. 2 Cor. 10. 5.
- 4 T Osborne Memorial School op., 1878. Cast them down at Jesus' [Matt. 15.]
- 5 F I will not cast them away. Lev. 26. 44.
- 6 S Josh. Hart. mart. at Bonny, 1875. Cast into the midst of a burn [fiery furnaces. Dan. 3.]
- 7 S 24th aft. Trin. 1st Tamil clergyman ord., 1830. Elijah passed [him, and cast his mantle upon him. 1 K. 19.]
- 8 M Amos 3. Philimon. E. Amos 5 or 9. Luke 12. 50 to 24. 13.
- 9 T Cast the net on the right side of the ship, and ye shall find. J. [21.]
- 10 W Hang-Chow occupied, 1865. Why art thou cast down, O my so [Ps. 42.]
- 11 T Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back. Is. 38. 17.
- 12 F Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea. Mic. 7.
- 13 S H. Baker d., 1878. In My name shall they cast out devils. Mk. 16 [all them that sold and bought. Matt. 21.]
- 14 S 25th aft. Trin. Jesus went into the temple of God, and cast [M. Mic. 4. 1 to 5. 8. Heb. 8. E. Mic. 6 or 7. John 4. 1-31.]
- 15 M Price landed at Mombasa, 1874. Cast thy burden upon the Lo [Ps. 55.]
- 16 T Casting all your care upon Him. 1 Pet. 5. 7.
- 17 W He saw also a poor widow casting in two mites. Lu. 21. 2.
- 18 T Elmslie died, 1872. Perfect love casteth out fear. 1 John 4.
- 19 F Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down. Ps. 37. 24.
- 20 S Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. John 6. 37 [roots as Lebanon. Hos 14.]
- 21 S 26th aft. Trin. Lahore Coll. opened, 1870. He shall cast forth [M. Eccl. 11 & 12. Heb. 12. E. Hag. 2. 1-10, or Mal. 2. 4. Jo. 7. 1-24. (Lentos) [Sunday before Adv.]
- 22 M If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. Matt. 5.
- 23 T Nyanza Mission resolved on, 1876. Cast thy bread upon the wat [Ecc. 11.]
- 24 W Cast me not away from Thy presence. Ps. 51. 11.
- 25 T 1st C.M.S. Miss. landed in China, 1844. The great dragon was c [Dan. 7. 9. [out. Rev. 12.]
- 26 F I beheld till the thrones were cast down. Dan. 7. 9.
- 27 S Death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. Rev. 20. 14.
- 28 S Advent Sunday. Let us cast off the works of darkness. Rom. 13. [M. Is. 1. 1 Pet. 1. 23 to 2. 11. E. Is. 2. or 4. 2. John 11. 1-17.]
- 29 M Gaza Mission begun, 1878. Cast ye up, prepare the way. Is. 57. [sea. Mark 1. 1.]
- 30 T St. Andrew. 1st Santal clergy ord., 1878. Casting a net into t

THE CHURCH MISSIONARY GLEANER.

DECEMBER, 1880.

A VISIT TO JAPAN.

BY THE REV. A. B. HUTCHINSON, C.M.S. Missionary at Hong Kong.

XI.

Nikko—Ascent of Nantaizan—A Model Temple—Chuzendji—Festivals—Kiritakke Fall—Processional Cars—Change—Christianity—Conclusion.



NIKKO means "splendour of the sun," and there is a Japanese saying that "he who has not seen Nikko cannot say Kikko (beautiful)." Certainly he who can look unmoved upon the treasures of natural beauty with which nature has so richly dowered this lovely spot must be sadly deficient in artistic perception. Waterfalls abound; every glen we penetrate opens out fresh scenes of loveliness; every summit gained reveals inviting landscapes, tempting us ever onward, whilst the clear, crisp mountain air exhilarates the frame, and makes action enjoyment.

One bright morning we started along the valley to ascend Nantaizan. We passed a very curious garden, where, many years before, a hermit resided. He spent his time in reproducing in miniature the temples and grounds of the distant monastery from which he came. The effect is very striking, everything being about one-fourth the size of the original. After winding over hill and dale, we find ourselves at last under the almost perpendicular sides of the mountain which towers above us. The river is now a series of cascades, whose roar is redoubled by the echoes. We cross and re-cross these some twelve or fourteen times on frail bridges made of two or three pine trunks laid side by side, across which are tied smaller branches. Our mules wore large straw sandals to give added security to their footing. Our path was now over, now around massy rocks; often it was a series of rude steps up which we had to climb, whilst the mules went round. Advantage had been taken of every opening commanding a fine prospect to erect tea houses to accommodate the pilgrims who, at certain times, throng to the shrine above. At one such spot we stood on the brink of a precipice looking across to two falls. One of these, a grand foaming, roaring mass of water, lost in the foliage beneath us; the other, a sheet of water, broken by rocks at its edge into a series of festoons which give it the appearance of a curtain of delicate lace trembling in the air. The Japanese keenly appreciate such scenes of beauty.

Still upward we plod, until at last the table-land is reached, some 3,500 feet above the sea, where Lake Chuzendji opens on the view—a clear blue expanse, in which the surrounding hill-tops are mirrored. Happily it is not festival time, so the long rows of wooden barn-like buildings are empty. A Sabbath-like stillness pervades the air. By the lake side is an ancient temple; below, at the landing-place, a grand bronze torii; a little boat glides peacefully across, and so clear is the water, we can see the pebbles at the bottom far away from the rapidly shelving shore. Grandly rises Nantaizan on the opposite side, clad in verdure to the very summit. Sad scenes of riot and revelry mark the annual festivals which are celebrated amid these beauties; thousands of pilgrims, of both sexes and of all ages, then throng to the Shinto shrine, and, crowded together at night in the temporary lodging-houses by the lake side, repeat the scandals which seem inseparable from such assemblies, whatever the age or clime.

The lake, ever fed by the rills from the mountain sides, finds its outlet at one end in a fall of great beauty. From under overhanging woods the Kiritakke, or falling mist, plunges down a clear descent of seven hundred feet into a rocky basin below; the roar is deafening. As the mist rises and drifts away in the sunlight, prismatic hues delight the spectator.

Time forbade our visiting other spots in this enchanted ground, but we had seen enough to enable us to endorse the glowing language in which the poets of Japan picture forth the glories of Nikko. On the homeward journey I met several cars being prepared for an approaching festival. These are cumbrous canopied vehicles of richly carved wood, surmounted by a phoenix or other fabulous animal, richly gilt. They are supported on four clumsy wheels, and inside have seats for the musicians, for whom it seems they are intended, and not for idols. The motive power is supplied by the villagers, who draw them along by means of ropes. These superstitious observances will, no doubt, linger in the out-of-the-way places long after they have ceased in the cities, but signs of change are to be noted everywhere. A travelling peep-show was exciting the curiosity of a group of children just out of the village school; on examination, the showman's stock consisted of six lithographic views of European capitals. European goods, paraffin lamps, india-rubber coats and cushions, hats and boots, wines and beer, were exhibited for sale in every place of importance, whilst every armourer displayed hundreds of old swords, once the cherished mark of the Samurai, now seeking a customer in vain. Of the greatest change of all, the renewal of national life by the national recognition of Christianity, there are as yet no signs. Although Sunday is observed as a holiday at the government offices, there is no sign of its observance outside of official and foreign circles. The edicts against Christianity still stand unrepealed upon the statute books of the empire, and missionaries, as such, cannot travel on evangelistic tours beyond the limited circle marked out around the treaty ports. Yet we must remember that it is only twenty years since good Bishop Williams, of the Episcopal Church of America, landed at Nagasaki, the first Protestant missionary to Japan. It is but fifteen years since the first Protestant convert was baptized, and yet, in spite of all obstacles there are now, in 1880, over 5,000 Christians connected with the various Protestant denominations at present working in this interesting land.

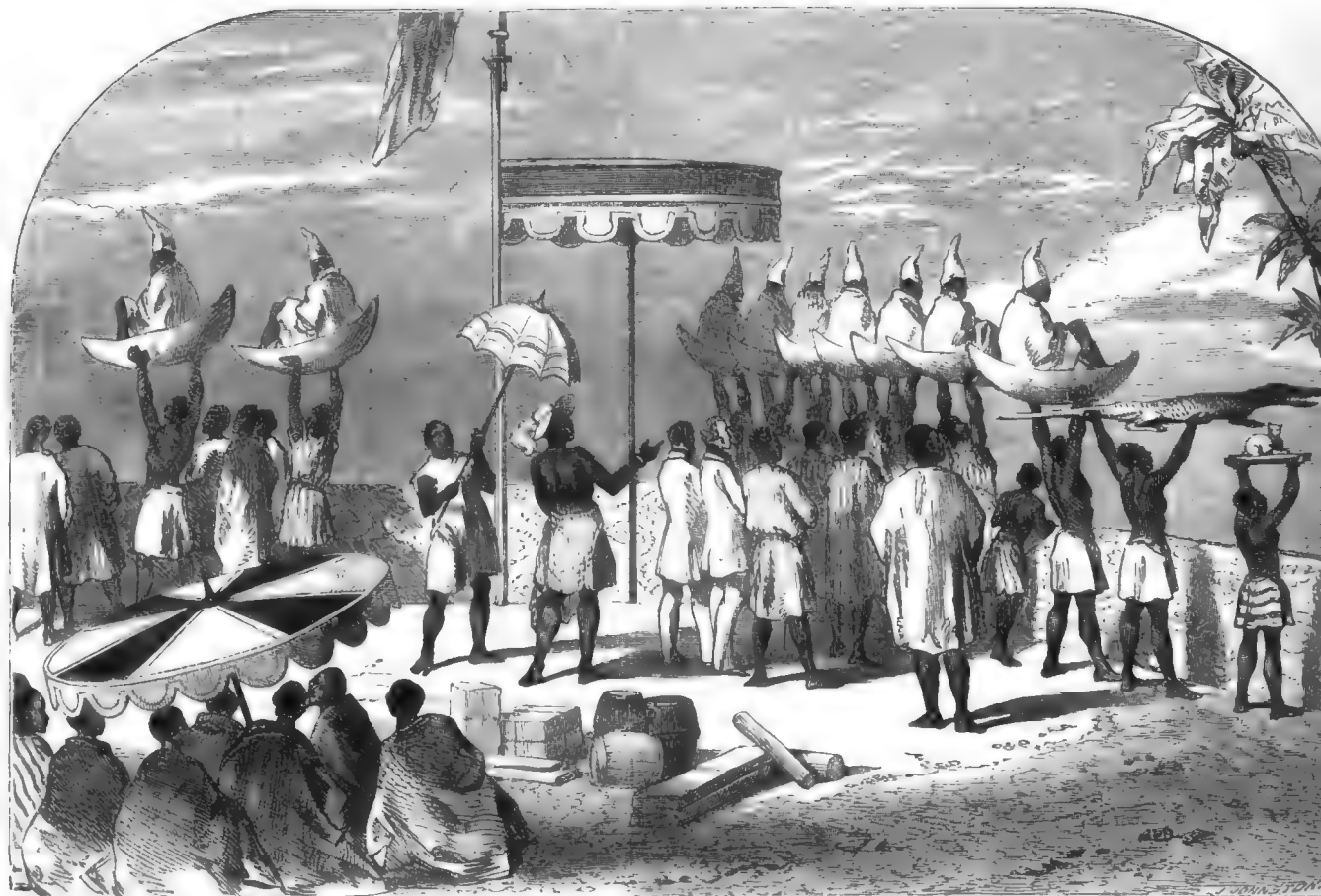
As we weigh anchor in the early dawn, and bid adieu to Japan, the rosy light touches the peak of Fujiyama, and spreads slowly downward over the slopes of snow, till the lovely cone glows like a jewel against the grey background, bright pledge of the coming day. So is not the little Church of true believers already gathered, a pledge and earnest of the coming day when over all these lovely hills and dales shall glow the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness? Will not our readers plead most earnestly that these interesting people, who have so keen a taste for and love of the beautiful in nature and in art, may learn to desire more earnestly, and love more ardently, the beauty of holiness in the face of Jesus Christ?

"ONE SOWETH AND ANOTHER REAPETH."

A TRUE STORY FROM FUH-CHOW.



OME time ago an elderly man was imprisoned in the city of Fuh-Chow. His family were living in one of the outlying villages, and one day two of his sons went to see him; the eldest had business matters to talk over with his father, so sent his brother off to amuse himself. "There is a foreign place of worship open, go and play there," he said. The "foreign place of worship," where service was then being conducted, belongs to the C.M.S. The boy went in and listened, became interested, and as soon as the service was over, had some talk with the preacher. When it was time for him to go, he went to the prison, and told his father what he had heard, and the father said, "There is one of the same doctrine in our village: find out more from him, and if the news is good believe it." A very different answer from what one would have expected; but God is supreme ruler even in despotic China, and can turn the hearts of men whithersoever



THE EK-QUE-NOO-AH-TOH-MEH (HUMAN SACRIFICES) OF THE HWAE-NOOEE-WHA (ANNUAL FESTIVAL) IN DAHOMEY.

He will; and He alone can have prepared that father's answer. The lad went home and soon found out the preacher, and attended the chapel services belonging to the American Mission. One Sunday while at service, some people came and arrested him for his father's debts, but the catechist, who is a well-known man, got him soon released, and stood surety for him, at the same time telling the people that it would not do for them to come and arrest people on Sunday; they would certainly get into trouble if they tried it on again. Then they promised not to interfere with the young fellow on Sunday; but if they saw him worshipping at the chapel on any other day, they would take him.

Time went on: the young man attended the services as usual; when one day a mob came and took him a second time, and one of the men stole his money, saying that it was to pay the father's debt; instead of that, he took the money to the Opium Hospital, and with it paid the necessary fee for admittance, as he wished to be cured of the pernicious habit of opium smoking. While he was there he heard the truth, and as soon as he got well enough, returned home, and heard more from the same preacher who had taught the lad. In the meantime the young man had been liberated, and they were both under instruction together. But the best news is that they believed the Word, and were baptized.

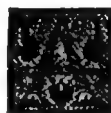
The young man had very much persecution to bear from his betrothed and her heathen relatives, she threatening to hang herself rather than be married to a Christian. However they were married. He tried to be joined in wedlock according to the rites of the Church, while her parents brought in the heathen worship, and made so much ado that it was almost impossible for the clergyman to perform the ceremony. After they were married the wife was a bitter persecutor to her husband, until lately, and we are hoping that she will soon be a true helpmeet to him, and join him in serving the one true God.

I have told you this little incident to show you how unconsciously one person may be led to teach another the way of salvation.

The C.M.S. preacher has probably forgotten the young man, who some years ago inquired further into the truth. But in that day when the Saviour will make up His jewels, those who have sown the seed, and those who have reaped the harvest, "shall rejoice together."

M. A. FOSTER.

THE STORY OF KING GEZO'S GIFT TO QUEEN VICTORIA.



FEW days ago the newspapers announced that King of Dahomey (West Africa) was about to donate what is called in that country "the custom" and had invited the English and French traders to the coast to come and see it. No wonder we that they had declined the honour; for this "custom" is the barous sacrifice of a number of unoffending human victims is called the *Ek-que-noo-ah-toh-meh* (human sacrifices) of *Hwae-noo-ee-wha* (annual festival); and the picture of it appeared in the *C.M. Intelligencer* thirty years ago from a sketch made on the spot by Commander Forbes, who visited Dahomey in 1850.

Almost at the same time we hear of the death of an African lady who, when a little girl, narrowly escaped being sacrificed at this annual feast, and who was afterwards an especial protectress of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the mother of the Queen's Negro god-child. Let us take this opportunity to tell her story and present her portrait.

It was in May, 1850, that Commander Forbes of H.M.S. *Bonetta*, was sent by the British Government to visit King of Dahomey, in order to persuade him if possible to give up the slave-trade. Of course he was unsuccessful; and he has a frightful glimpse of what Dahomian warfare and slave-catching means.

He found human skulls by thousands, used in decorating doorways, built into walls, surmounting standards, ornamenting

drums and umbrellas, and hanging from ladies' girdles as drink-cups! And he saw the Ek-que-noo-ah-toh-meh. Fourteen prisoners, dressed in white, with high red caps, were lashed hand and foot, tied in small canoes and baskets, lifted on the heads of attendants, tilted by the king's own hand over the wall into a pit beneath, and there decapitated—except three, whose lives Commander Forbes succeeded in saving. An alligator and a cat were sacrificed at the same time.

Two years before, King Gezo's army had utterly destroyed the town of Okeodan, in the Yoruba country, and carried away twenty thousand captives. One of these, a little girl of about nine years of age, whose parents had been beheaded, and who had been reserved for sacrifice, was handed by the king to Commander Forbes as a present to the Queen of England. It is this little girl whose death has lately occurred, and whose portrait accompanies these lines. By Her Majesty's command, the child, having been baptized by the name of Sarah Forbes Bonetta, was sent out to Sierra Leone, where she was placed in the C.M.S. Female Institution, then under the care of Miss Sass. Afterwards she was some time at a good school at Brighton, and ultimately was married there to an African merchant. The Rev. J. A. Lamb writes to us :—

She was married in 1862 at Brighton to Mr. J. P. L. Davies, a leading native merchant at Lagos. The Rev. Prebendary Venn, the revered Honorary Secretary of our Society, the Bishop of Sierra Leone, and other clergy officiated on the occasion. I remember how much interest was felt on her arrival at Lagos in 1862 as a bride and the Queen's protégée; and also in 1863, when her first child was baptized, being named Victoria, and the Governor of Lagos, Sir John Glover, representing the Queen at the font, Her Majesty having very graciously consented to be a sponsor. A pretty silver cup was sent by the Queen as a present to her godchild.

Mrs. Davies had a very buoyant spirit, and was always ready to do a kind act. On one occasion, when it was apprehended that our Society's Female Institution at Lagos would have to be closed on account of the failure of Mrs. Roper's health, and her sudden departure for England, Mrs. Davies undertook to carry it on until a successor could be sent from England, and attended it regularly herself.

Some months since she was seized with consumption, and was ordered to Madeira for a change, where she died on the 15th August last, leaving her husband and three children to deplore her loss. Mrs. Burton, the lady in charge of our Society's Female Institution in Sierra Leone, who was herself obliged to seek change of air in Madeira the early part of this year, in a letter dated from Sierra Leone, 13th September, says: "Mrs. Davies is now free from all her sufferings. She was prepared, and looking forward to being with her Saviour. At times she wished to remain for the sake of the family, but she had faith even then to commit them all to her God." We trust that our most gracious Queen's eternal crown will be adorned with a jewel from Africa, who will rise up and call her blessed, as having been instrumental in leading her to that Saviour whom to know is life eternal.

Mrs. Nicholson, wife of the Rev. L. Nicholson, writes :

I can never forget the warm and sisterly welcome given me by Mrs. Davies on my first arrival in Lagos in December, 1869. She at once made me feel I was not regarded as a stranger in a strange land. She was then attending daily at the Female Institution, filling the place of the Lady Superintendent, who had to return to England from ill health. And when, soon after, the building of the new church commenced, both in the work of collecting funds and in the bazaars in aid of the same, we always found her willing and ready to do her part, taking a deep interest in all the work of the Church, teaching in the Sunday-school, until her

health failing, she was compelled to give it up. Her influence with her own people was very weighty, especially with the young women, who felt they could always go in their difficulties to Mrs. Davies, and be sure of her kind and judicious counsel and help.

In August last Mr. and Mrs. Nicholson were staying at Sandown in the Isle of Wight, and Mrs. Davies's daughter Victoria (the Queen's god-child), who was in England for her education, was with them. While there, the news arrived from Madeira that Mrs. Davies was seriously ill, and that she wished the Queen to be informed. This was done, and the following day Her Majesty sent for Victoria to come to Osborne. Just as she was starting thither with Mrs. Nicholson, the news came that her mother was dead. Mrs. Nicholson writes :—"I never shall forget the deep emotion shown by our beloved Queen when I gave her the letter announcing Mrs. Davies's death, and the motherly sympathy she expressed regarding her, saying with deep feeling, 'She was such a dear creature.'"

The lines on Mrs. Davies's cheeks, so clearly shown in the portrait, are the tribal marks of the Egbado tribe, a branch of the Yoruba nation.



SARAH FORBES BONETTA (MRS. DAVIES),
In her younger days, and in native dress.

AN ACROSTIC FOR CHRISTMAS.

COME join the strain which angel
notes began ;
HAIL to the SON of GOD for us
made Man !
RING sounds of life, sweet bells !
though earth seem dead :
IMMANUEL in the manger lays His
head.
SWELL out, ye organ-pipes, your
loudest strain ;
THE time of joy and hope returns
again.
MAN's woes and God's great love
woke angel song ;
AND are we mute to whom the joys
belong ?
SING, Man ! and singing, join the
bright celestial throng !

A. E. MOULE.

OKUSENDE'S TWO BAGS.



APPY illustrations often serve good purpose in pressing home great truths. In various parts of the Mission field particularly a homely proverb or apt metaphor will sometimes do much towards securing the attention and winning the approbation of an opponent. An instance of this is given in a recent report from the Rev. Daniel Olubi, of Ibadan. It appears that at Ogbomosho, an out-station north of Ibadan, in connection with the Church Missionary Society, there is also a small Mission belonging to the American Baptists, under the charge of a Native agent, Mr. M. L. Stone. Not long since one of the Baptist converts died. Just before his death he charged his sons to bury his remains in the graveyard, and this charge the sons wished to carry out. The old man, however, had some heathen daughters who objected to this mode of burial, and going to a chief besought him, with many tears, to prevent it. On the night of the man's death a number of angry natives surrounded the home of Mr. Stone, who was making the coffin for the burial next day. Mr. Stone, fearing violence, barred his doors, and the rioters proceeded to pull down the fence around the house, and destroyed other property. From the house they went to the chapel and literally pulled it to pieces, carrying away the materials. The next day Mr. Stone went to the principal

chiefs and asked them to inquire into the case and to punish the offenders. - Nothing came of this, however, and as the persecution still continued the Baptist agent wrote to Mr. Olubi at Ibadan, and begged for his interposition. Mr. J. Okusende, one of the C.M.S. catechists, was accordingly sent to see what could be done.

On arriving at Ogbomosho, Mr. Okusende found much angry feeling prevailing against the Christians and the Native evangelists, the former having been warned against attending service, and the latter ordered to quit the town. With some difficulty he obtained an interview with the Bale or head chief, and expostulated with him, enlarging on the freedom enjoyed by the Ibadan Christians. The Bale replied that they had no ill-feeling against the Mission, but made certain complaints against the converts.


"Now, why," said Mr. Okusende, "do you trouble yourselves about such things? Why give heed to these foolish reports? I beg," he continued, "that you, the Bale, and the elders of Ogbomosho, make two bags, long and large. One must be strongly sewn up with a good thick bottom; but the other must be without a bottom. All reports and false accusations that would trouble you and agitate your town *drop into that bag without the bottom*, that they may fall through; but all beneficial and peaceful affairs, put into the other." When he had finished, the Bale authorised his "Are Ago" to welcome Mr. Okusende, and to wish him much blessing for the good message he had conveyed to them; and then himself added, "We are not vexed with the teachers, but with our own people, who go down to them to be taught, and who reveal secrets of Egingun, Oro, &c." [these are well-known Yoruba superstitions]. "Stop," said Mr. Okusende, interrupting him, "such a word belongs to the bag with the hole; *drop it in!*" "Very well," the Bale replied, with a smile, and after a few words he declared that all the suspicions and misunderstandings were now removed out of the way. "The town elders and myself," he said, "have done with them. Church is again free and open as before, and all may attend who choose; and we will help in the rebuilding of the chapel."

Was ever a moral victory so cleverly and pleasantly won? And may not we too adopt Mr. Okusende's advice, and have a bottomless Bag of Slander, and a strong and safe Bag of Truth?

TALKS WITH YOUNG WORKERS.

BY THE REV. J. E. SAMFSON.

CHAPTER XI.

 NOTICE," continued the Vicar, "among the memoranda of that true-hearted, whole-hearted worker for God, the late Frances Ridley Havergal, an item of intercession written in her Bible—'That my life may be laid out to the best advantage as to God's glory and others' good; for the Church Missionary Society and Zenana work; for success and usefulness with my subscribers.' Not only was her eye upon subscriptions, but her heart was yearning over her subscribers. Her object was not pecuniary only, but personal. For their contributions she asked, but for their own souls for Christ she longed supremely."

"She was singularly gifted, sir," remarked Mr. Harper.

"Indeed she was. Her special gifts may be beyond our reach, though I would not certainly say that; but the charm and power of her life lay in that which is within the reach of every one of us: I mean her single-hearted devotedness to God. Her musical talent, her rare poetic gift, were perhaps peculiarly her own. But we may every one of us, in our own circle, live her life, for it was simply a life surrendered to God."

"Her life, after she apprehended fully the cleansing power of the blood of Christ, appears to have been one continued, unbroken prayer, as if she had said with her Master, and ours, 'I give myself unto prayer' (Psa. cix.)," said Mr. Harper.

"So let your life be, my young friends," said the Vicar. "Take your collecting book into your hand with prayer, knock at every door with prayer, enter every room with prayer, and God will give you His blessing."

"Would you advise us to encourage the people in our districts to take boxes?" asked Mr. Welton.

"I would say, aim first at a subscription, to be called for regularly. This gives you and them a more personal interest in the transaction. You get the opportunity for the *usefulness* of which F. R. H. speaks. At the same time, together with the individual subscription paid monthly or otherwise, the box is a very useful means."

"Do you approve of having the box carried from door to door by children?" asked Mr. Harper.

"Certainly not. I think that such a plan does the children harm, exposes them to what they ought not to feel very often, and also interferes with the work of collectors who are able to do it better. The box should be for home, for family mercies. Not to obtrude before every visitor who calls, but rather to be as the hand of God, always open to receive our thank-offerings, the tokens of our grateful love to Him for all mercies to us. I knew a working man whose wife had been ill; she much better and apparently recovering, and they each put half-a-crown in their missionary box while they gave thanks to God. A child sick and recovers, a year is passed without the doctor, an unlooked-for blessing comes, in a time of trouble a Christian friend (as Miss Havergal gracefully expresses it) throws a rose among the thorns. Oh! if we God and mark His providences, we shall find many such occasions when the missionary box will be useful."

"Then you would not like me to ask the children in my Sunday-school class to take a box?" asked Mr. Lukewell. "I had rather set my mind on having one in the hand of every one of them."

"It is highly important, I should say, Mr. Lukewell, to interest children in the great work, but I am always a little jealous lest parents should get to look upon it rather as children's work. It is real, serious service for the oldest and the wisest among us. Let children see that their parents are interested in the missionary box."

"But many of the parents have no interest in the work of God. Is not a box in the hands of their child be the means of awakening their concern about it?"

"You are right, Mr. Harper. But I would suggest that a box should never be entrusted to a child without having obtained the consent of the father and mother. Your call to obtain that consent, your explanation of the reason which leads you to require it, your acquaintance thus made with them, may be the means of much usefulness to them; and the child will be led to see more clearly the greatness and solemnity of the work."

"I shall certainly call upon the parents of all my Sunday scholars," said Mr. Welton.

"How often should boxes be opened?" Mr. Lukewell asked.

"Some say quarterly; my own experience leads me to say half-yearly. If you attempt to do it too frequently, the box-holders may think it tiresome. Also you may not be able to get them all in; and if you once relax the rule that boxes must be brought in at certain times, you will get into confusion. I have sometimes sacrificed a box rather than give way in this matter. The thing must be done in a business-like way. Order is heaven's first law."

"When and by whom should the boxes be opened?" Mr. Harper asked.

"I should say by yourself, Mr. Harper. I propose that you take charge of this association into your hands, and be its working head."

Several voices said, "Hear, hear!"

"Would it not have more influence if the Vicar were to take the position?" suggested Mr. Harper, smiling.

"I should perhaps say so if I had not a Mr. Harper in my congregation. With the multitude of other strings I have to finger, I am afraid I would not have its due attention. Of course I should take my position as your captain, but the working of the ship would be better in lay hands."

"Would it not save trouble," Mr. Green asked, "if the box-holders and collectors were to open their own boxes?"

"I should say," the Vicar answered, "decidedly not. Box-opening requires great care, and so does box-closing. If the box-holders do it many cases it is not done at the time, and when done it is not done effectually. I have seen many cases of this kind. It should be a rule that all boxes should come to Mr. Harper half-yearly, that he should open and close them with his own hand, and label them, and return them securely closed to those who hold them."

"Is it desirable that the children should see their own boxes opened?" Mr. Lukewell asked.

"I think it would be well to have a half-yearly meeting for the purpose, and if the children come with their boxes, there can be no harm in opening them before them, unless it be the discouragement of the poorer children who have obtained less than others. At any rate, it relieves those who come from suspense. But by no means let the children take their own boxes home again from that meeting. It is very essential that the boxes should be secure before they are returned."

"You spoke of a label, sir, for the boxes."

"Yes, I propose having a label printed to gum on the bottom of the box, with a few hints upon it, the date when it must be returned, and what it contained when it was opened before.* The new substantial boxes issued by the Society are a great improvement on the former flimsy ones, and will in the long run be a great saving to the Society. Carefully handled in the opening and closing by an experienced hand, they will last for years."

* Printed labels, of the kind mentioned by "the Vicar," can be obtained gratis at the Church Missionary House.—(Ed.)

"I know a good old Christian who collects rags and bones and sells them, and puts the money into the box," said Mrs. Hope.

"I knew a zealous laundress who dropped into her box all she earned by *crimping*, if you know what that is," said the Vicar.

"I know," said Mrs. Hope, looking as if she was in advance of every one else.

"A clergyman friend of mine has a missionary box in his spare bedroom, labelled in pretty illuminated letters, 'FOR TRAVELLING MERCIES.' He is an old missionary, so no wonder his heart is alive. Being a hospitable man, he gets a goodly sum in it."

"A shopkeeper friend of mine," said Mr. Lukewell, "possessed some steps. His neighbours used often to borrow them, so he thought each borrower should put a penny in his missionary box. It was quite weighty when I was there last."

"Two lady friends of mine," said the Vicar, "wrote a book, and dedicated the gains thereof to the Lord of the whole earth. I don't think book-making is usually a profitable thing to the writers, but God blessed this effort, and a goodly sum found its way into the Church Missionary coffers, to the great joy of the ladies as well as of their pastor."

"Missionary zeal, when it is real, is very ingenious," Mr. Harper remarked.

"The object is so grand," said Mr. Verity, "and the spiritual affection which prompts the zeal is so warm; it is a fire in the bosom which will not be put out. Only let the love of Christ be in us by the Holy Ghost, and it *constrains*. It is a mighty force within us. It looks out with tearful earnestness upon perishing souls. It meets with rebuke often, and coldness, and hard words; but many waters cannot quench it. May this love of Christ, dear fellow-workers in the Lord, constrain you in all your work and service for His name!"

CHAPTER XII.

"THERE are one or two other matters," continued the Vicar, "which I should like to bring before you in connection with parochial missionary work. You are engaging in the work of the Lord. Do so as His servants. Look to honour Him everywhere. In one way I think some of you forget, I will not say Him, but His honour. There is a holy table in the church: it is the Lord's Table; I would counsel His servants to meet their Master there, with a regularity which will show your regard, your love for Him. I think all missionary workers should remember this."

"I am afraid I for one," said young Welton, "have not been so regular as I should have been."

Others, too, of the party felt that they could say the same.

"If we are the Lord's, we must serve and please Him in all things; He points to the world, and He says, 'Go there,' and in our way we are trying to do so; He points to His Table, and says, 'Do this.' Let us take care that we attend to both calls."

"We shall still, too, of course," continued the Vicar, "have our annual sermons in the church, and I shall look to you, my missionary helpers, to bring your subscribers both to these and to the annual meetings. A Church Missionary meeting is a blessed means of grace. We meet in the Lord's presence to hear what He is doing among the heathen, and He meets with us there. Always go round your districts and invite every subscriber to come and hear what is being done. It will increase their interest, and more than that, we may pray, and therefore hope, that while they hear of the salvation of heathens they may be stirred to think of their own."

"Some of my earliest religious impressions," said Mr. Harper, "were received at missionary meetings."

"I think," the Vicar answered, "it is often so."

"We shall have a juvenile meeting, of course, sir?" asked Welton.

"O yes; they will not be happy without that. It is a good plan, too, to have a Sunday-school address once in the month on the subject, illustrated with diagrams and pictures and maps, if they can be had. There is nothing like giving information, and there is no time for it like early life."

"Do you think it would be a good plan to invite the parents to come to the addresses?" asked Mr. Harper.

"I think it would; but perhaps it would be better to make that quarterly, and let two or three of the teachers prepare very short addresses for the occasion. It would do both them and you good. A collection might be made in the Sunday-school box, and to each contributor might be given a quarterly paper or token. Care, I should remind you, should also be taken to give the *Quarterly Paper* punctually to every subscriber, and the *Token* to every box-holder."

"A missionary prayer meeting is held once a month in some places, I understand," Mr. Harper remarked.

"Yes, and if it can be maintained it is a great help to the work. But I doubt whether, as a stated regular thing, it is ever maintained with any spirit. Prayer should be offered at all meetings of collectors, at your own meetings here, and on all occasions when as workers you come together.

But I confess I rely mainly on secret prayer. A prayer meeting may be a meeting-place for friends, but in the closet we meet only with God. There is no better helper of missionary work than the man who sustains continually, in the freshness and vigour of living faith, his supplications and intercessions in the closet. Pride and self-seeking will, I know, find their sinuous way everywhere, but they are less likely to be found there than anywhere."

"If we don't talk about our prayers," said Mrs. Hope.

"It almost ceases to be secret prayer if we come forth to talk about it to others," Mr. Harper remarked. "The very essence and strength of closet prayer is that 'nobody knows but Jesus,' as Miss Havergal tells in one of her beautiful poems."

"Let us keep it a secret till it tells itself in the answer," said Mr. Verity. "Your heavenly Father shall reward you openly." The little fibrous rootlets which strike their hidden force in the soil, these are the support of the great tree. Cut them off and the tree withers, or stands but a great and almost leafless trunk. Secret prayers are these tender, life-drinking, life-imparting fibres which support our great Missionary Society."

"Would you like us to agree together to remember missionary work on a given day?" asked Mr. Green.

"I think it is a good plan, because it is sure then to suggest itself once a week at least. I have for many years rarely omitted the mention of missionary work on Mondays, both in family and in closet prayer. Shall we all make Monday our united day of missionary intercession?"

This was heartily agreed to.

"And I would suggest that we should be the Lord's remembrancers, not for the heathen only, but also for the Jews. (With me the Jews have their place on Fridays.) Remember the Committee who manage our Society, who select the missionaries, who have to deal with all the difficult cases which are continually rising in conducting so large a concern; remember the missionaries, the native pastors and teachers, the converts and their families. Oh! how the stream spreads into a sea when we get down upon our knees."

"And don't forget to give thanks," supplemented Mrs. Hope, "I'm sure I do now, for what the Lord is leading us all to do."

"Thank you, Mrs. Hope, for reminding us of that. A long life like yours in the service and love of the Lord is but a long catalogue of mercies to give thanks and praise for. But now I must leave you; I have prolonged your talk beyond its usual time."

"Not before I ask you two favours, dear sir," said Mr. Harper; "one is to give your advice as to our continuance of these Talks among ourselves. The other is that you will kneel down with us before you go."

"As to the former I should say, most decidedly. The object of your meeting is twofold. First, to pray together; and, secondly, to edify one another by imparting information concerning the work of the Spirit of God by means of this Society. Come together regularly. Read all the publications. Become familiar with all the work in all its branches. Know the names of the missionaries, and be at home with what is going on in all fields of labour."

"The Zenana work is very interesting now," remarked Mr. Harper.

"A year ago I should have asked in what quarter of the globe Zenana is," said Mr. Green; "but I know now, thanks to Mr. Harper's Talks; I do hope we shall continue them."

"I am sure I have found them very profitable," said Mr. Tredell.

"And I am very thankful for the practical results which have grown out of them," was the Vicar's remark. "I shall be happy to give you the Annual Report to lend among yourselves. The *Church Missionary Atlas* you have; it is full of information. Then if each was to buy a book during the year, and after having read it, lend it to each in turn, this would keep you up in all Church Missionary matters."

"I am very thankful that we have a Mr. Harper among us. It is not every congregation that possesses such a kind helper," said Mr. Welton.

But why not? A kind heart and a ready hand, this was all Mr. Harper had. Many may do his work. Christian gentlemen know not what a field of real happy, holy work is near them, if they will enter in. It is not necessary to wait for numbers. Give the mind to the work, and numbers will grow with interest. Will you look around you, and see what can be done? Do not leave all work for your clergyman. Work with him, and under his guidance and sanction, and the work will go on. There is no work which supplies such an abundance of material for creating and keeping up interest as missionary work. All the world contributes to our store. All the Scriptures give their gracious instructions, their rich promises, and hopes, and holy examples. The primeval covenant speaks of "all nations," and it is the germ of all revelations. Read the Bible with a missionary eye, and the starry host of promises and predictions which glisten everywhere in the dark sky of its human history tell of Christ, the Bright and Morning Star, the coming Seed in whom "all nations shall be blessed."

And so they knelt, and parted. And so we leave the happy, useful company to encourage one another in the best and holiest duties, till they are called one by one to be with Jesus, or till the shadows which are fallen on the world flee away before the sunrise of His appearing.

BISHOP GOBAT.



OUR readers will be glad to have a portrait of the late revered Samuel Gobat, Bishop of Jerusalem. He was a native of Berne, and was educated for a missionary life at the Basle Missionary Institution. In 1825 he entered the C.M.S. College, and after a few months' further study sailed for Abyssinia in November of that year. For ten years he laboured there amid difficulties and trials innumerable, and at last returned to Europe in shattered health. He was afterwards at Malta, where the C.M.S. then had a Mission. In 1846, on the death of Dr. Alexander, the first Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, he was nominated to the vacant see by the King of Prussia (who appoints alternately with the Crown of England). His subsequent work cannot be better summarised than it is in the following letter to the Society from the Rev. John Zeller, our well-known missionary at Jerusalem:—

JERUSALEM, Jan. 1880.

It is impossible for me to review the past year without speaking of an event whose consequences will be felt in all branches of our work—I mean the death of our beloved Bishop Gobat. The changeableness of earthly things reminds us of the great comfort expressed in the words of the Psalmist, "O my God, Thy years are throughout all generations. . . . Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end." To Him, the unchangeable God, we look up at the end of this year, trusting in His faithfulness and mercy, through Jesus Christ, amidst the changes which have come over us. Our loss will long be felt, for Bishop Gobat was the promoter of every good work, and the centre for all endeavours to spread the Gospel of Christ. He was the father of all who came to him in spiritual distress, as Mrs. Gobat was a mother to them for their material wants. But the Bishop was also the founder of the Mission to the Natives in Palestine. Already, in the year 1847, Michael Tamala, a convert from Mosul, was sent by him as an evangelist to Nablous, and Michael Sweda, from Jerusalem, as Scripture-reader to the Bedouins and to the country east of the Jordan. Throughout the land a hunger and thirst was felt for the Word of God; the Bishop was therefore very happy when, in 1849, Mr. (afterwards Bishop) Bowen came out to assist him in spreading the glad tidings of salvation, and when the same missionary repeated his visit in the year 1855. Very thankful he was also when the Church Missionary Society entered into the field and sent (1851) Dr. Ch. Sandreczky to Jerusalem and (1852) the Rev. F. A. Klein to Nazareth. The Bishop gave a firm footing to the Mission by buying school-houses at Nazareth, Nablous, Ramleh, and Salt. He opened the school in Nazareth in 1848, and the school in Bethlehem in the year 1852: in 1856, one in Ramleh; in 1857, the school in Acca; and in 1864 the one in Lydd. All these schools have now passed over to the C.M. Society. In 1867 Salt was occupied, and from these different stations the knowledge of the truth spread to the neighbouring villages. In this wise the Bishop showed our Native converts, who had to bear much persecution for the truth's sake, that they were not deserted by their chief shepherd. Besides these schools, our Society received of late an important inheritance by taking over the



THE LATE BISHOP GOBAT.

Bishop's Orphanage and Boarding-school on Mount Zion, founded him in the year 1852. We may well thank God that in times past much could be accomplished in so quick and unostentatious a way.

The Bishop's death is indeed a loss, and will mark an epoch in missionary work in Palestine. To myself this loss is simply irreparable, having been permitted to labour under him for the last twenty-five years; and I am often reminded of the Arab poets, who never express themselves with more power and feeling than when they speak of transitoriness of this life as illustrated in the removal of a Bedouin camp. Though nobody is more accustomed to constant changes in life, yet one expresses himself with deeper grief than the Arab poet, when he sees the place in the desert empty which once was occupied by the tents of his friends.

Bishop Gobat was a thorough Christian; all his gifts were subordinated to the one desire, that he should be nothing, and Christ all. No ambition, no private aims, interfered with the transparency of his Christian character. He was of one metal, without admixture of other worldly ingredients.

The secret of his humility was his constant communion with God; he was a man of prayer, as everyone knows. The secret of his power was his unrivalled acquaintance with his Bible, which he knew almost by heart. He was a man of love, ever ready to forgive and forget; ever remembering that as Christ has forgiven us, we should also forgive our brethren and be merciful to them. He was a man of natural dignity, having authority without seeking it. His confidence in his God was unbounded, and therefore he could always say with the Psalmist, "The Lord is light and my salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, whom shall I be afraid? He was a man whose doctrinal views were extremely clear and evangelical; he built his life on the Eternal Rock, Jesus Christ, and His righteousness, and we may well apply the words of Scripture to him, "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

Bishop Gobat entered into rest on the 11th January, 1879.

MORE GOOD EXAMPLES.

A SERVANT here, a woman, could not get to our Church Missionary Meeting last evening, so she sent a hearty note with ten shillings as a donation toward the collection. Would there were many such! St. Mark's Vicarage, Wolverhampton, Oct. 12th. G. EVERARD

A class of young men in our Mission Room have paid me their year's contribution for C.M.S. This was £5 16s. 4d., as per card. Is not this worth noting? Twelve, and their teacher, have done it nearly all! St. Mark's Vicarage, Wolverhampton, Oct. 18th. G. EVERARD

* * The card enclosed by Mr. Everard, one of the ruled collecting cards issued by the Society, is indeed "worth noting." There are thirty regular subscribers, including the teacher, and a few odds and ends. The subscriptions are 2d. and 3d. a week, and we observe that whenever a member has been absent for a Sunday or two, he pays up the arrears. Some have given 10s., 11s. and 12s. in the year. Have these young men missed the money thus given to God's treasury?

"Whatever, Lord, we give to Thee,
Repaid a thousand-fold will be."

THE LONELY LIGHT.

I TURN the pages of the Atlas* o'er,
And trace on every map the marks† that tell
How faithful men are labouring to pour
A flood of light where death's dark shadows dwell.
Some clustered close, some scattered wide apart,
They fill with cheering hopes the thoughtful Christian's heart.

There is a map where only *one* is found,
That of a land oft named in Holy Writ,
An empire, in old times with glory crowned
Though now decay has long o'ershadowed it.
In PERSIA's sky one star alone I scan—
The solitary light that shines at Ispahan.

Many have sought an entrance there to gain,
To testify of Him Who vanquished death.
Moravian zeal attempted it in vain;
There Henry Martyn taught with failing breath.
Fresh hopes have dawned: a passing traveller came,‡
And stayed, and fanned a spark into a trembling flame.

Burn brightly on, O lonely beacon! till
The whole land wakens from her death-like sleep.
Till answering gleams flash out from hill to hill,
And into deep ravines like torches leap.
Light does not lose by giving, is not spent
Though to a thousand lamps its kindling beams are lent.

Statesmen in many a distant Cabinet,
O'er Persia's boundaries have held debates;
For earthly schemes alone in council met,
They weighed the claims of rival potentates.
O Bruce! thou tellet of another King,
Whose right it is to reign, Whose rule true peace will bring.

Mightier than Cyrus, whom by His right hand
He held, and strengthened him to do His will.
Restoring captive Judah to her land,
That KING INVISIBLE is guiding still.
We know, for He hath promised it, that He
At last will bring again Elam's captivity.

* The CHURCH MISSIONARY ATLAS, containing thirty-one maps and 140 pages of letterpress descriptive of the C.M.S. Missions. Price 10s. 6d.

† In the maps in the C.M. ATLAS, each station is indicated by a red mark.

‡ In 1869, the Rev. Robert Bruce, C.M.S. Missionary in the Punjab, was returning from England to India, and visited Persia on the way. There he stayed for a time, and at length established a permanent Mission at Julfa, adjoining Ispahan.



PERSIAN WOMAN (UPPER CLASS).

OUR PERSIA MISSION.

IF our readers will turn back to their GLEANER volumes for 1876, they will find at page 54 an account of the Society's new Mission in the country of King Cyrus, where Daniel and Nehemiah showed how God-fearing men may be wise and trusted statesmen, and where Queen Esther exemplified the power of believing prayer. They will find how dark a land Persia is, and has been for ages, and how the "lonely light" of which our friend "Q." speaks in the adjoining lines was kindled by Mr. Bruce. Since that article appeared, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce have clung bravely to their difficult post at Ispahan, and they have now been joined by a brother missionary, who is both a clergyman and a doctor, the Rev. E. F. Hoernle, M.B. The schoolmaster, Mr. Carapit



PERSIAN WOMEN (LOWER CLASS).

Johannes, is an Armenian, who formerly worked at Nasik in India with Mr. Price. In a recent letter to Mrs. Price he mentions that the Prince-Governor of Ispahan (son of the Shah) patronises the school, and calls it after his own name. He tells also of a visit lately paid to Persia by some Japanese!—accompanied by a Hindu interpreter who had been in Russia many years, and who called himself Prince Ram Chandra and said he was a relative of Nana Sahib, the cruel tyrant in the Indian Mutiny. Truly indeed have the prophet's words been fulfilled, "Many shall run to and fro:" may the Persia Mission help forward the fulfilment, in the highest sense, of the words that follow—"Knowledge shall be increased!"



ARMENIAN LADY.



PERSIAN LADY READING.

MISSIONARY ALMANACK.

New Moon... 2d. 2h. 56m. a.m.
First Qr. 8d. 6h. 38m. p.m.
Full Moon... 16d. 2h. 39m. p.m.

DECEMBER.

Last Qr. 24d. 6h. 57m. p.m.
New Moon... 31d. 1h. 56m. p.m.

- 1 W Behold, He cometh with clouds. Rev. 1. 7.
2 T Cometh with ten thousand of His saints. Jude 14.
3 F Ye know not what hour your Lord doth come. Matt. 24. 42.
4 S He that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Heb. 10. 37.
- 5 S 2nd in Advent. The Spirit and the bride say, Come. Rev. 22. 17.
M. Is. 5. 2 Pet. 2. E. Is. 11. 1-11, or 24. John 14.
6 M Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden. Matt. 11. 28.
7 T All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me. John 6. 37.
8 W Let us come boldly unto the throne of grace. Heb. 4. 16.
9 T Bp. Stuart consec., 1877. The man of God is come hither. 2 K. 8. 7.
10 F P. of Wales met Tinnevelly Chris. 1875. Come and see. John 1. 39.
11 S S. Crowther bapt., 1825. Let him that heareth say, Come. Rev. 22. 17.
- 12 S 3rd in Advent. Ember Wk. Thy kingdom come. Matt. 6. 10.
M. Is. 25. 1 John 4. 7. E. Is. 26. or 28. 5-19. John 19. 1-25.
13 M Supposed day of Smith & O'Neill's death, 1877. Come ye blessed of
14 T Joy cometh in the morning. Ps. 30. 5. [My Father. Matt. 25. 34.
15 W Bps. Russell, Royston, & Horden consec., 1872. Occupy till I come.
16 T Many shall come from the east and west. Matt. 8. 11. [Lu. 19. 13.
17 F Behold we come unto Thee, for Thou art the Lord our God. Jer. 3. 22.
18 S Penrose killed, 1878. Affliction cometh not forth of the dust, Job 5. 6.
[cometh. Zech. 9. 9.
- 19 S 4th in Adv. H. Edwards inv. C.M.S. to Peshawar, 1853. Thy king
M. Is. 30. 1-27. Rev. 4. E. Is. 32. or 33. 2-23. Rev. 5.
20 M All things come of Thee. 1 Chron. 29. 14. [Lord. Ps. 121. 2.
21 T St. Thomas. Bp. French consec. 1877. My help cometh from the
22 W 1st Miss. landed, N.Z., 1814. We are come as far as to you also.
23 T My salvation is near to come. Isa. 56. 1. [2 Cor. 10. 14.
24 F He shall come unto us as the rain. Hos. 6. 3. [was lost. Lu. 19. 10.
25 S Christmas Day. The Son of man is come to seek and to save that wh.
M. Is. 9. 1-8. Lu. 2. 1-18. E. Is. 7. 10-17. Tit. 3. 4-9.
- 26 S 1st aft. Christmas. St. Stephen. Come up hither. Rev. 11. 12.
M. Is. 42. or Gen. 4. 1-11. Acts 6. E. Is. 43. or 44, or 2 Chron. 24. 15-23. Acts 8. 1-9.
27 M St. John. Alexan. Sch. op., 1878. Shine, for thy light is come. Is. 60. 1.
28 T Innocents' Day. Suffer the little children to come unto Me. Mark
29 W Hold fast till I come. Rev. 2. 25. [10. 14.
30 T Mrs. Galt d., 1878. Surely I come quickly. Rev. 22. 20.
31 F Even so, come, Lord Jesus! Rev. 22. 20.

THE GLEANER COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

NUMEROUS inquiries have been made to us from different parts of the country respecting the Examination proposed to be held on Dec. 14th. Most of the inquirers, however, have been intending candidates; whereas our notice distinctly stated that they were not to apply to us, but to the local clergy and Secretaries of Associations. Only a few names have been sent to us of clerical and other friends of the Society who are prepared to make the local arrangements, i.e., (1) to invite competitors in a town or district; (2) to have a room for them to be examined in on the evening of Dec. 14th, and to provide pens, ink, paper, &c.; (3) to receive from us the Question Papers and return them to us with the answers; (4) to be generally responsible for the conduct of the examination in their respective localities. The following have intimated their intention to arrange for these local centres:—

Rev. C. V. Child, Kilburn, N.W.
Rev. Uriah Davies, St. Matthew's, Islington, N.
Rev. W. E. Littlewood, Bath.
Rev. G. F. W. Munby, Turvey, Bedford.
Rev. J. Scott Yardley, Shrewsbury.
Rev. F. H. Ashley, Wooburn, Beaconsfield.

Rev. E. T. Cardale, Uckfield, Sussex.
Rev. C. C. McArthur, Burlingham, Norfolk.
Rev. Canon Blenkin, Boston.
Rev. W. S. Bruce, Bristol.
Rev. H. H. Streeten, Bristol.
Rev. G. S. Streetfield, Louth.
Rev. J. Deck, St. Stephen's, Hull.
Miss White, Cashel, Ireland.

Names will be received up to Dec. 10th: that is to say, not the names of candidates—these are not required beforehand—but of clerical or other friends who will make the local arrangements.

We shall require to know from each local centre, not later than Dec. 10th, the number of probable candidates, in order that the right number of Question Papers may be sent.

One other remark. The Examination this year is merely an experiment, made in response to the suggestions of friends. The Society's expenses for printing, postage, and prizes, have been covered by a special donation kindly given by the Rev. G. Blisset. If the experiment should prove moderately successful, we hope the Committee will sanction its repetition in future years. Let it be noted that it is not meant for

children. Our younger friends have their questions month by month in the *Juvenile Instructor*. The *Gleaner* Examination will probably attract elder boys and girls, but it is not limited to them. Candidates must not be under fourteen years of age, but they may be of any age above that. If we find adults competing, as we hope, we may be able to arrange two sets of prizes another year. At Bath, where the scheme has been warmly taken up, the Local Committee have offered additional prizes for Bath candidates, dividing them into two classes, above and below sixteen years.

EPITOME OF MISSIONARY NEWS.

The Rev. Frederick E. Wigram, M.A., Incumbent of High Street, Southampton, has been appointed Secretary of the Church Missionary Society in succession to the late Rev. Prebendary Wright. Mr. Wigram will, like his predecessors, Mr. Venn and Mr. Wright, be an Honorary Secretary.

The Rev. John Rooker, Director of the Missionaries' Children's Home, has accepted the Vicarage of St. Peter's, Clifton. His departure, after service of over ten years, from 1863 to 1867, and from 1873 to 1880, a great loss to the Home, and missionaries in all parts of the world, deeply indebted to Mrs. Rooker for her loving and unwearied labour in the care of their children. (This paragraph was accidentally omitted last month.)

The Rev. G. E. Moule, D.D., for twenty-three years a C.M.S. Missionary in the Che-kiang province of China, was consecrated "Missionary Bishop in Mid China" on October 28th. The territory over which the late Bishop Russell exercised episcopal superintendence have now been divided, Dr. Moule taking "Mid China" and Dr. C. Scott, of the S.P.G. Mission, "North China." Dr. Scott was consecrated at the same time, and also Dr. Nuttall to the Bishopric of Jamaica. The ceremony took place at St. Paul's Cathedral, the Archbishop of Canterbury officiating, assisted by the Bishops of London, Winchester, Rochester, Antigua, Trinidad, and Bishops Cloughton and Perceval. Archdeacon T. T. Perowne preached the sermon.

The congregation of St. John's, Hampstead, have raised £580 a memorial to the late Rev. Henry Wright, who was minister of the church, and have presented the money to the Society for the special purpose of sending out an additional missionary this year. This offering, together with a special collection of £400 for a like purpose made at St. Paul's, Onslow Square, and other sums contributed by friends of the Rev. W. H. Barlow, has been set aside to maintain a mission for three years; and it is proposed to send the selected man to Yoruba Mission.

One of the missionaries lately ordained, but kept back for lack of funds, the Rev. I. J. Taylor, has been lent to the Bible Society for a year, to go to Japan as its agent there. Mr. Taylor was for a short time connected with the Ceylon Mission.

The C.M.S. settlement at Frere Town has been in considerable danger from the hostility of the Mombasa slave owners, who are alarmed at the moral influence of the colony upon the domestic slavery prevailing in East Africa. Their slaves, when badly treated, run away, and seek protection of the Mission. Of course the missionaries have no power to keep them, but it affords them the opportunity, when giving up fugitives, to remonstrate with the owners on their conduct. On September 10th an attack on Frere Town was hourly expected; but by the October mail, just in as we go to press, we hear things had quieted down.

Bishop Sargent preached the sermon at the consecration of Bishop Caldwell's new church at Edeyengudi, the chief S.P.G. station in Tinnevely, on July 6th. His text was Micah vi. 6. He mentioned that the first came to Palamcottah that day forty-five years ago. There were 3,000 persons present, and 648 communicated.

We hear with regret of the death by drowning, on his voyage from Sierra Leone to Rio Pongas, of the Rev. David Brown, a Native student of the C.M.S. College at Fourah Bay, who, after his ordination, Bishop Cheetham, joined the Rio Pongas Mission, which is mainly supported by a Church Society in Barbados.

Professor Ram Chandra, who, as one of the leading Native Christians in the Punjab, has often been mentioned in our publications, is dead. He was a convert of the S.P.G. Mission at Delhi, and was baptized in 1851. He had a narrow escape in the Mutiny of 1857, a friend who was baptized with him being killed. He was an eminent mathematician.

The new Church of England Zenana Missionary Society has issued a preliminary number of a new magazine called *India's Women*, which is to be the society's organ. This first number is excellent, and we have the promise of a most interesting periodical, which we hope will come into the hands of many of our readers. It should stir up our lady friends to take a more intelligent and active interest in Christian work among the women of India.